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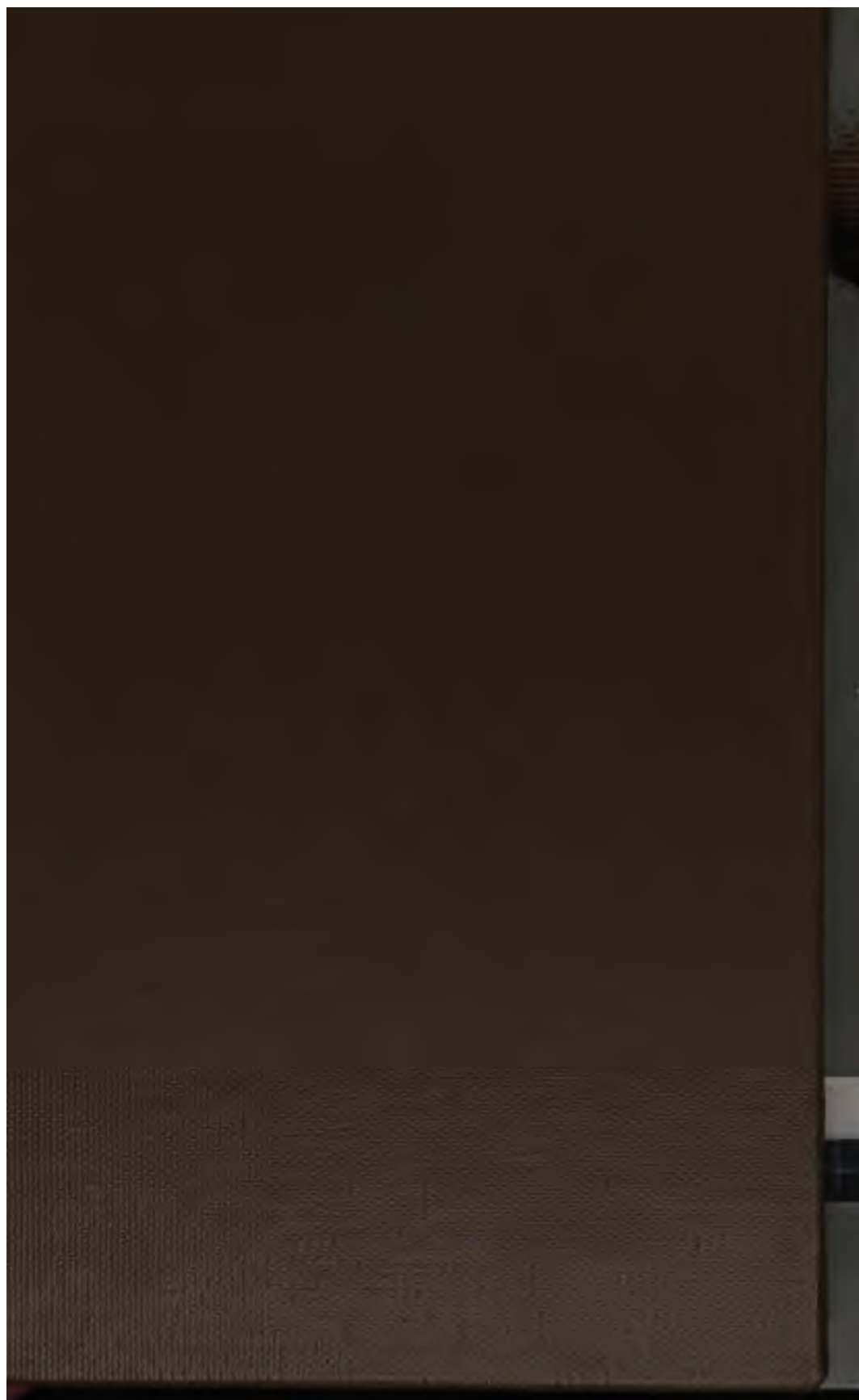
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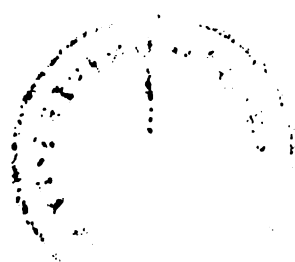
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THE
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Art 1.—BYRON AND BONAPARTE.

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2. *The Substance of some Letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris during the Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon.* Two vols. London: Ridgways, 1816.
3. *Byron: the Last Phase.* By Richard Edgcumbe. London: Murray, 1909.

ALL books of good gossip are good things, but one strongly flavoured with two such ingredients as our title indicates transcends its congeners. In the history of Europe there have not appeared half a dozen human manifestations upon the Napoleonic plane, nor have there arisen more than that number of poets as great or greater than Byron in the literature of England. These two personages were in their several ways the most prominent children of the French Revolution, and every new thing written of them has still that odour of freshness which hangs about all topics that have been touched by the rose of the great epoch.

Lord Broughton was a well-known social and literary figure in the first half of the nineteenth century. A catalogue of his works fills more than a column in the pages of the Dictionary of National Biography. But of these we need only now mention his two octavo volumes published in 1816 upon Napoleon's 'Last Reign,' from Elba to Waterloo, and his 'Recollections of a Long Life,' privately printed in 1865. The first of these was somewhat severely attacked at the time of its publication,

chiefly on account of its author's marked dislike of the Bourbon dynasty and his sympathy with Napoleon. It is not very easily accessible, so that possibly the general reader will have to rest content with the not infrequent quotations from it in the volumes now in review. With regard to the second work, the same intelligent class will have to repose for the present upon that instalment of the five volumes of 1865 which Lord Broughton's daughter has thought sufficient for to-day. We desire, however, to express a respectful hope that ere long Lady Dorchester may not consider it indiscreet to complete a publication which we confidently venture to assure her will be neither valueless nor unwelcome.

John Cam Hobhouse was born at Bristol in 1786, two years before his illustrious friend Lord Byron. He got his earliest teaching at a school in that city, kept by Dr Estlin, a Unitarian minister. Accident had at that time brought together in Bristol a group of famous residents, including Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, besides Dr Beddoes the chemist, and his still more remarkable assistant, Humphry Davy. The fact that as Hobhouse rose to the top of the school he was allowed to be present at some of the small literary suppers which Dr Estlin was in the habit of giving, has enabled him to tell one or two of the earliest among the many good stories which are to be found in these 'Recollections.' From Bristol he was removed to Westminster, and while there, and subsequently, in the enjoyment of an admirable privilege, he occasionally sat under the stranger's gallery and listened to the debates in the House of Commons. He thus heard Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Windham, in the zenith of their fame, and Plunket, Grattan, and Canning, in the dawn of theirs. From Westminster he proceeded to Trinity, Cambridge, where he formed the friendship of his life. The immeasurable superiority of Byron does not preclude an admission that it is scarcely more to Broughton's honour that the brilliant man of genius should have selected him, than it is to the advantage of Byron's repute that a man of Broughton's character should have remained his persistent upholder and unshrinking friend. Lord Rosebery has called him the High Priest of the Byron mystery, and we may feel sure that, had certain alleged forms of pollution been enacted

in the Temple, he would not have remained to officiate at the shrine.

In June 1809 the two friends set forth upon their memorable tour in southern and eastern Europe. To Byron the occasion was the baptism and illumination of his genius, a revelation of the past, an exposition of the present, a vision of the future. To him this tour was in all reality a pilgrimage from which the votary brought home four precious relics preserved to us in the cantos of *'Childe Harold.'* It is amazing how soon the false theatrical costume drops from the limbs of the true poet. We echo his own *'good night'* to the Childe as soon as his *'Adieu'* is sung at the close of the thirteenth stanza of the first canto. From that moment all obsolete affectations are abandoned; the very verse, with a few occasional lapses, grows natural and genuine, and the antique Spenserian stanza becomes a modern creation all Byron's own. The sea voyage has done its health-giving work, and the landscape and history of the Spanish peninsula dominate him forthwith. We are whirled with him through, or rather over, all the natural glories of Lusitania and Hispania—mountain, forest, vale, and river. Was ever landscape painted on so grand a scale, with so broad a brush, except elsewhere by himself! It is true that we are drawn off from it to give a momentary blush for the Convention of Cintra, to pay a passing tribute to Pelagio, to gratify our taste for battle over Talavera and Albuera. We help to glorify the Maid of Saragossa; we are even induced to yield to the unhealthy but seductive excitement of a bull-fight. Fired by all we have read of the past, and indignant with all we know of the present, we break out with him into the spirited cry:

'Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!

Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,

But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,

Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:

Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,

And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar;

In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"

Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,

When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?'

But it is the masterful landscape that chiefly enthral

us; as is most natural, while we are the companions and shadows of a boy poet. The book itself marches on, improving in an unbroken progress, and accumulating wealth of scenery, historical association, and passion, now enthusiastic, now indignant, now melancholy. The last canto is its culmination, surpassing the others, swift as they had been, in the rush and speed of its composition. It was written in five or six weeks, almost as many years after its inspiration had been imbibed, yet it is still the gospel of Italy, and has left no room for a second evangelist.

But, if his voyage of two years wrought the intellectual transformation of Byron, the ten months during which he shared it were of great if lowlier advantage to Hobhouse. To him they gave that enlargement of experience which the grand tour, sensibly spent, gives to an intelligent young Englishman. He published an account of his travels, which was well received. The references to them in these 'Recollections' involve just such incidents as a clever and observant youth would care to record. They still make very good reading, but we must leave the reader to pick the plums out of the pudding for himself.

Their sea-passage from Malta through the Gulf of Corinth was enlivened by a series of adventures which have a strong flavour of piracy. It is only fair to give these in Hobhouse's own words:

'Sept. 19. Left Malta and on the 23rd got our first sight of Ancient Greece from the channel betwixt Cephalonia and Zante. On the morning of the 24th, as we were entering the gulf of Corinth we fell in with, chased, and captured a small boat laden with currants, and, fitting her out as a privateer with a spare two-pounder, we went off in her with the surgeon, Mr Swann, a Midshipman, Mr Barker, and ten men. The next day we fell in with a Turkish vessel of about 70 tons, to which we immediately gave chase. She fired upon us in return. One of our crew sitting next to me being shot, and another bullet passing within an inch of my ear. Eventually, the wind dropping, we pulled up alongside of her, and, jumping on board, her crew at once surrendered. We brought her into Patras the next day. . . . That evening we captured a boat from Ithaca, and a Turkish ship from Dulcigno. Lord Byron rummaged her, but found nothing save some worthless arms.'

These four days luckily concluded their piratical escapade. After a picturesque excursion on the north side of the gulf, they found themselves back at Patras, having touched at Missolonghi—fateful spot!—on their way. They rode from Salona, via Cressa, to Delphi, saw the *βαθὺ* of the Pythoness, looked up to the snowy peaks of grim Parnassus, and dutifully drank of the Castalian spring. Hobhouse's description of Delphi is all but limited to a declaration that it 'has nothing either alluring or romantic.' It may be that the hand of the excavator has done much even for the scenic effect of the place, but a modern pilgrim would record a very different sense of its charm.

The travellers made their way overland through Phocis and Bœotia to Athens. They explored the city and its environs, made a tour of Attica, and touched at Eubœa. It is strange that, among a great deal of pleasant and varied chitchat, Hobhouse makes but slight reference to the sights and sites of Greece. The Parthenon is dismissed with the following entry:

'Feb. 28. With Mr Galt we went to the Parthenon to view more closely the bas-reliefs.'

However, mercifully, Byron was at work, and the second canto of 'Childe Harold' more than makes up to the world for the somewhat niggardly notes of his less impressionable companion. They parted at Zea, a fact which Hobhouse thus characteristically notifies:

'July 17. Arrived at the port of Zea. Went on board with Lord Byron and his suite. Took leave, *non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young person, on a little stone terrace at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers, the last thing perhaps I shall ever divide with him.'

The original 'Recollections' of 1865 passed at once from the year 1810 to 1813, and Lady Dorchester has had recourse to diaries to fill the gap. It looks as if Hobhouse's days were full of reminiscences worth record. As it is, we find sparse notices of dinners in Hall at Trinity, Cambridge, among distinguished company; of two days spent at Canterbury and in its neighbourhood with Byron, who had returned in July 1811, and is now spoken of as his 'dear friend'; later on, of another dinner

at the Club of the Royal Society, where Richard Heber told him a good story of Frederick North and the Dey of Algiers. North, it seems, had asked for permission to see the ladies of the harem. After some parley, the Dey said, through an interpreter, 'He is so ugly, let him see them all.' North had observed that after most of his own speeches to the Dey, the latter unfailingly made one interjection, 'Kedah!' He accordingly asked for a translation of the word, and was tenderly told that the best English equivalent was 'Damned lie.' Heber also told him during the same repast that Lord Portsmouth and the Duke of Grafton, on their way to a duel at Wimbledon, encountered a hearse, which Lord Portsmouth stopped, saying to the driver, 'Hullo! wait there a minute or two, and I'll give you a fare.'

Set among such anecdotes we find a short but doubtless authentic account of the murder of Mr Perceval, of his assassin's trial, condemnation, and courageous death; and a story to the effect that Dr Johnson in his last illness repeatedly forced his infidel physician to kneel while he prayed, and turned round upon him in a rage whenever he failed to say 'Amen.'

Though respectful and correct in his behaviour to his father, he makes it tolerably clear that their relations were, to say the least of it, reserved, and that the absence of confidence and intimacy was, in his judgment, owing to want of active affection upon his father's part. So convinced was he of this that he allowed himself to theorise upon apathy and lethargy of feeling as the common fault of old age. A half-humorous entry of June 27, 1812, deals frankly with this topic:

'*Meus pater* wants me off with all speed; but, feeling convinced of the truth of the old adage "Out of sight out of mind," and seeing that the same person did the other day leave unread for some time a letter from his son abroad, about whom he did once so much talk, I will not, if possible, consent to be absent from the spot where I may keep the recollection of others alive. Everything I see confirms me in my opinion of aged persons.'

This passage was probably written during an access of the melancholy which occasionally beset him; for he passes on straightway to discuss despondently a still

more serious theme. He laments that he has lost all relish for the books that once delighted him. He asks himself what, after all, is the use of reading or composition. 'We work on,' he says, 'and die without achieving any good to ourselves, and, if we do good to others, we never know it.' He confesses a hunger for fame, but doubts both the use and the pleasure of it. Even, if gained, it adds not an inch to a man's stature, and puts not a guinea in his purse. It does not prevent him from 'rotting partially while above ground, or altogether when under it.' Neither merit nor fame leaves him 'anything but what it found him—a mere grub, whose annihilation would mean less than the evaporation of a single drop of water from the surface of the ocean,' seeing that the extinction of earth itself would be 'unfelt, except by one small spot in the boundless universe.' He muses on the fact that Herschel's telescope had shown him stars whose light has been two millions of years reaching earth, and from this alone he accepts the unimportance of man.

In 1813 travel-hunger once more overcame him. Byron, with whom he had renewed the closest relations of friendship, was unhappily far too much and too unworthily occupied to go with him. Had it been otherwise, the course of the two years which indelibly blackened the poet's fate might have been differently ordered.

This time he attacked the Continent from the north. According to prevailing fashion he had furnished himself with despatches, as a sure method of obtaining social advantages and facilities in travel. He was thus enabled to present himself to King Bernadotte at Stralsund, and to the Duke of Cumberland at Strelitz. He passed through Berlin, where he was honoured by the notice of distinguished personages, and left that city in company with Mr Douglas Kinnaird. The armistice of Plesswitz was then subsisting, and, through it, the pair were enabled to reach the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander at Breslau. Besides the honour of an introduction to the Tsar, they made the acquaintance of General Potemkin, Lord Cathcart, Sir Hudson Lowe, Baron Stein, and other prominent people. They were warned off Prague through an oversight in their passport, and turned aside to Vienna where they settled

themselves for some time. I was then on foot which the favored abortive. Peace on the would have left to France an and the madness which could might well have been accompanied by Hobhouse, of having through, flung his cocked hat room, exclaiming, 'Metternich give you to propose such tea was not long in coming. Did hard on one another. Mr Ke second battle, but Hobhouse Thence he went to Fiume, where he was much struck with theatre, in spite of his memories in Greece.' His experience and included a shooting excursion into Carinthia. At Gratz given by the Countess Purgstall Hohenzollern the first news He was soon back at Vienna fortune to achieve something aged patriot the Prince de Talleyrand seventy-six years, and much offered his services to his master the negotiations at Prague. questioner as to how he came he replied, 'Because I am the whom Napoleon has not known another anecdote of his illustrious strikes us as still better. The private dinner where a secret on being asked for a toast, given Napoleon.' 'Sir,' said the Prince enough to see the bad taste not deaths; and besides, we capital to the deaths of Emperor have been much affected at last 'C'est avec beaucoup de peine puis pas vous parler,' said the elementary letter of farewell into

From Vienna to Prague, Prague to Dresden, Dresden to Leipzig, Hobhouse went, accumulating from point to point ghastly evidences of the horrors of war. In fact all the way from Frankfort to Holland he was in the thick of the details of contemporary history, always of the most stirring, too often of the most terrible kind. But though he does full justice to the more serious elements in all he saw, he never fails to regain his lighter touch, and in this chapter of his second tour he is as full of anecdote and appreciation of place and scenery as ever. Having enjoyed the sights of Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and the Hague, he sailed from one of the Dutch ports, and reached England, after an absence of eight months, some time in February 1814, to find his father 'as glad to see him as a man of fifty-six is to see anything'!

His 'Recollections' of the first three months of 1814 are sprightly and full. Once again, in April, he tried to get Byron to go abroad with him, but once more, and unhappily, he failed. It was not that the friends were slipping apart; they were as intimate as ever; for upon March 21 he makes this entry:

'Lord Byron, whom I love more and more every day, not so much from his fame as from his fondness—I think not equivocal—for me.'

It was because Byron was deep in the mire of passion and intrigue that, after breaking a promise to go, he let Hobhouse start for Paris without him. The latter took Mr Henry Grattan by way of a companion. He enjoyed the Louvre Museum, and the playing at the Français of 'Orestes' by Talma, and of 'Hermione' by Mademoiselle Georges. He preferred the man to the lady, although he objects to his declamation. He liked the Champs Élysées even less than Talma's declamation. He makes a note of the likeness between Napoleon and Claudius; he had not yet seen the Vatican galleries, or he would have carried the parallel of facial type between the Bonapartist and Cæsarean families much further.

His historical sketches of Paris at the moment of the first Bourbon restoration make the chief charm of the chapter in which they are found. Light as they are, the faintest of aquarelle, they are still precise and clear, and

vigorous as they are delicate. He insists that, 'amidst all the sights and ceremonies of these surprising days, the fallen conqueror, though unseen, was not forgotten.' Rumours of his attack by a dangerous if not a fatal illness were rife; the story of his attempt at self-destruction was first asserted, then discredited, and at last stoutly denied. We know now that it was actually true. Hobhouse went to St Denys, was shown the place where the body of Henri Quatre had been discovered, and the exact corner in the same vault of which Napoleon in 1811 had said to the sacristan, who was then conducting the two English visitors round the cathedral, 'C'est ici que j'ai fixé ma sépulture.' He had even gone the length of having the chosen corner painted a light yellow and dotted over with Bees, which were already half-effaced by damp. He is better off at the 'Invalides'!

Hobhouse quotes Dr Woolstan as authority for the statement that when Marshals Macdonald and Ney came back to Fontainebleau charged with the refusal of the Emperor Alexander to treat with Napoleon, they found him reviewing thirty-six thousand troops, and were for delivering their message secretly. 'Speak out,' said their master, 'there is nothing you can say that should not be heard by *ces braves*.' On hearing this answer the troops offered to march with him upon Paris, and Napoleon at first accepted their offer. The marshals, however, told him that he would find himself faced by 130,000 men, and that it would cost 40,000 lives to force a way through. 'I see it,' admitted Napoleon, and the fateful departure southward was made. He was protected by a bodyguard of his own soldiers as far as Rouen; but from Rouen onward, where these left him, he was ill-received, hissed, and loaded with abuse. More than once he was in danger of his life, and had to submit to disguises. He even condescended to set a white cockade in his hat, and to cry at intervals, 'Vive le Roy.' At one town the mob endeavoured to seize him and pull him to pieces, but the general in whose charge he was said, 'My friends, let him live; death will not be a sufficient punishment for his crimes.' Napoleon turned to him with, 'General, I have heard and understood you; I thank you.' If his custodian were an Englishman—of which we are left unaware—let us hope that his speech was a *ruse*, and that the magnani-

mous rejoinder was not undeserved. Through undeniable peril he and his escort arrived at Fréjus, which he had not visited since he landed there on his return from Egypt. Thence, with some five hundred men of his Old Guard, he embarked for Elba, where he was cordially welcomed. 'Believe me,' he had said to the Comte de Flahaut, when taking leave of him at Fontainebleau, 'I had rather be master of Elba than of a diminished France'; and we ourselves agree with Hobhouse in believing him; witness his rejection of the proposals of Prague.

Hobhouse quotes largely from his own book of 'The Last Reign' to enrich these 'Recollections' with an account of the great exile's life on the island. His principal authorities are Captain Usher of the 'Undaunted,' who had him in charge during his voyage, Colonel Campbell, who attended upon him at Elba, and a Mr Macnamara, a friend of Hobhouse, who threw himself in the Emperor's way, and, if he be to be believed, had a conversation with him of some hours, during which Napoleon permitted, and indeed invited, a very impertinent cross-examination upon many of the most debatable incidents of his life. This account, if only it be true, abounds in curious detail of explanation and self-defence; but Hobhouse is careful to say of it that he only tells the tale as it was told to him, but that he does not believe that his old friend, 'though a very cool hand,' was untruthful.

His diary, on March 11, 1815, has this remarkable entry:

'Lord Cochrane has escaped from prison; Buonaparte has escaped from Elba. . . . From the first I feel sure of Napoleon's success.'

His prognostic was right, in the sense that Napoleon regained his army, his capital, and his throne, and once more enabled France under his captaincy to confront the world in arms. He devotes some hundred and twenty pages to a summary of the Hundred Days. This may strike lovers of consecutive narrative as disjointed and fragmentary, but it must be remembered that these 'Recollections' are nearer to being a diary than a book, and that the book for which such critics ask had already been written by the author of them. Lord Rosebery

thinks that the two volumes of 'The Last Reign' might be boiled down into a single good one; for ourselves, we have lately re-read the longer work, and we feel by no means sure that it needs serious compression. The discursive essays on liberty, constitutional government, the policy of Pitt and Castlereagh, the personal characters of the French royal family, and the possibility in 1815 of a fresh start by Napoleon upon a nobler path of peace and domestic reform, certainly stay the action of the drama, but they are well written, and disclose an honourable and enlightened mind. Considering the reactionary epoch in which they appeared, they are very remarkable.

Full of enthusiasm for the man who was one of his two idols, he made a somewhat adventurous journey to Paris, for the purpose of seeing him. His pilgrimage was rewarded; he actually stood, and that for no mere moment, but during a succession of exciting intervals, close by him against whom all Europe was rising, while he reviewed the veterans who were to support his supreme effort to stem that reactionary tide which was destined to overwhelm both him and them.

Hobhouse remained in Paris until June 16, when he started with a passport for Geneva. He was turned back at Morez, and retraced his steps to Bourg, where several of his most interesting letters of 1815 were written; and before the end of the same month he was once more at Paris. There he stayed till July 20, when, all being over, he started for England.

Interesting as is the earlier part of Lord Broughton's second volume, we propose to pass at once to the last long chapter in which he deals elaborately, and, as we think, finally, with that saddest of all matrimonial catastrophes the separation of Lord and Lady Byron. Seldom have two such lives been mutually wrecked; seldom has such a wreck been more complete; seldom, if we regard its effect upon Lord Byron's genius, character, and destiny, has a similar event been more disastrous to mankind. Splendid as is the literary heritage which he has bequeathed to us, but for this overthrow, and the moral breakdown which followed it, that heritage might have been at once more health-giving, and more splendid still. The story of his connexion with Miss Milbanke is well known, but it may be so briefly stated that it is worth

repetition. He met her in 1812, and, after a short acquaintance, proposed to her. She refused him; wisely, no doubt, had her refusal been final. But this she probably did not intend it to be. She began a correspondence with him immediately afterwards, and this she continued until the successful renewal of Lord Byron's offer in the autumn of 1814. They married on the 2nd of January, 1815; had a child born to them on December 11 in that year; on the 15th of January, 1816, Lady Byron with her child went on a visit to her parents at Kirkby Mallory; and on the 2nd of February Lord Byron received a formal letter from her father demanding a separation from her upon terms to be settled by private arbitration. Such terms were eventually arranged, and carried out by deed in April 1816. Lord Byron forthwith left England for ever. Such is the skeleton; now for the scandal that has been draped on it.

Lady Byron having for some time persistently based her demand personally, and through her parents, friends, and legal adviser, upon Lord Byron's general behaviour to her during her married life, his violence, his cruelty, his commonplace infidelities, his opinions, and the absolute incompatibility of their temperament and character, suddenly changed her ground. She then avowed confidentially to her lawyer, Dr Lushington, and to one or two other friends whom she had consulted, and whom she rightly thought disposed to advise a reconciliation with her husband, that, over and above the reasons which we have recapitulated, there was another, namely, that she suspected him of having been guilty of incest with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Of this dreadful accusation thus secretly made she did not, even to those to whom she confided it, adduce one tittle of evidence. We should say that it was her own independent fabrication, but for one reason. Among the many cruel and fantastic rumours let loose upon society about Lord Byron, as about Shelley, this hideous falsehood had had a momentary and limited circulation. It is known to have been started, in tigress-like revenge, by a certain lady of quality, who was a discarded mistress of Lord Byron. It was plainly employed by Lady Byron for the purpose of stiffening the attitude of her advisers. Mr Edgcumbe—to whose book we henceforth refer no less gratefully than to Lord

Broughton's—thinks that at this moment Lady Byron had further been alarmed by a suggestion that, unless she could hurry through a separation, Lord Byron might either kidnap or, by legal process, obtain possession of her infant child. But even if this last incentive be not superadded, it is obvious that what she whispered into the ears of Dr Lushington was, though bred of another's rancour, adopted of her own design; and that it was never hinted by her to anybody till long after her true reasons had been carefully formulated, nor until she feared that they might prove insufficient. The new insinuation was effectual. Her group of advisers took note of it, and, although they would not allow her to make it any part of her case, they desisted from their suggestions of compromise.

On the 14th of March 1816, these 'suspicions' of Lady Byron were reduced to writing in the form of a statement said to have been made by her at Dr Lushington's request, and certainly settled by himself. It opens thus:

'During the year that Lady Byron lived under the same roof with Lord Byron, certain circumstances occurred, and some intimations were made, which excited a suspicion in Lady B.'s mind that an improper connection had at one time, and might even still, subsist (sic) between Lord B. and Mrs L——.'

The document goes on to admit that Lady Byron's suspicions were not based on any proof; proceeds to say that it does not pretend to contain any grounds which gave rise to those suspicions; and ends by acquitting her of anything dishonourable in not having acted upon them. It was signed by Mr Wilmot, Colonel Doyle, and Dr Lushington. It is pretty clear that Dr Lushington never heard of these suspicions till the 22nd of February. Up to that date he, like everybody else concerned, had been under the impression that her husband's general conduct and the conditions of her life with him were the true causes of her resolve. We do not shrink from declaring our strong belief that the disclosure of these suspicions—said in the statement to have existed through her married life, that is, before any outside rumours had come into existence—was a false pretence, designedly advanced with the object already mentioned.

Scorn as well as candour underlies Hobhouse's dealing

with this abominable topic. That he does so conclusively all impartial readers will, we think, acknowledge. We propose to transcribe from him and from Mr Edgcumbe the salient points which make for the impossibility of the charge, and, so far as may be, we shall take things in their chronological order.

Mrs Leigh was married in 1807, when Byron was nineteen years old and she at least twenty-four. No one has ever suggested, not even the late Lord Lovelace, his grandfather's worst traducer, that anything could have happened before her marriage. The truth is that the brother and sister had been brought up entirely apart, Byron with his mother in Scotland, Augusta by her grandmother, Lady Holderness. For some time Mrs Leigh's marriage was happy, and she had three or four children in rapid succession. Meanwhile Byron went to Cambridge in 1805, and kept terms there, somewhat intermittently, till 1808. In June 1809 he went abroad, and only returned to England in July 1811. Even during this year he did not see his sister. He went to Newstead from London in August, at the time of his mother's death, and, while there, he writes thus to his sister for the first time since his return, much as to a comparative stranger (the italics are ours):

'I am losing my relatives, you are adding to yours; but which is best God knows. *I hear* that you have been increasing his Majesty's subjects, which in these times of war and tribulation is really patriotic.

I believe you know that for upwards of two years I have been wandering round the Archipelago.

I shall soon go abroad again, for I am heartily sick of your climate and everything it rains upon, always save and except yourself, *as in duty bound*.

I should be glad to see you here, *as I believe you have never seen the place*.

By-the-bye, I shall marry if I can find anything inclined to barter money for rank within six months, after which I shall return to my friends the Turks.

In the interim I am, Dear Madam' (signature erased).

In a letter dated the 2nd of September, Augusta asks if he is likely to be staying long at Newstead, hopes that he will visit her at Six Mile Bottom, says that their cousin *had told her that he had grown very thin* (which shows

that she had not seen him since he went abroad), says further that she shall be daily expecting to hear of a Lady Byron, and signs herself 'Your most affect^d Sis. and Friend, A. L.' Mrs Leigh did not go to Newstead, and Byron, after a visit to Cambridge, was back in London by the end of September. He was very soon in the mire of his *liaison* with Lady Caroline Lamb, and from that time to March 26, 1813, there is not apparently a single letter extant between the brother and sister. On this date a letter from Byron marks the renewal of their long intermitted correspondence. It is obviously an answer to one from his sister asking for money. Her husband's irregularities had seriously embarrassed him. Byron starts by regretting that he cannot at the moment help her, and tells her why. His reason is that he had been vainly trying to sell Newstead, and her ignorance of this shows how little she had heard or seen of him. He adds (once more the italics are ours):

'I am going abroad again in June, but should wish to see you before my departure. *You have perhaps heard that I have been fooling away my time with different "regnantes," but what better can be expected from me? I have but one relative, [herself] and her I never see.* I have no connections to domesticate with, and for marriage I have neither the talent nor the inclination. . . . My parliamentary schemes are not much to my taste. *I spoke twice last session, and was told it was well enough.* . . . On Sunday I set off with the Oxfords. I see you put on a demure look at the name; but I am quite out of a more serious scrape with another singular personage which threatened me last year. . . .

'I am a fool, and deserve all the ills I have met, or may meet with, but nevertheless, *very sensibly*, dearest Augusta,

'Your most affectionate brother,

'BYRON.'

Could such a letter have passed from one to the other of two persons whose relations were so hideous as those suggested for this brother and sister? On the contrary, does it not show what strangers they still were? Besides, it must be remembered that the year 1812-13 had been occupied in the two great scrapes to which he alludes, between which his first proposal to Miss Milbanke had come as a respectable interlude.

Two letters follow, but not before June 26, 1813, and they are equally commonplace in tone and subject. After this he remained silent for so long that his sister thought he must have offended him, and he accordingly wrote to her on October 10, 1813 to assure her that she was mistaken, and that his silence was owing to circumstances which he could not then detail. On November 8, 1813, he writes again :

I have only time to say that I shall write to-morrow, and that my present and long silence has been occasioned by a thousand things with which you are not concerned. It is not D., C., nor O.; but perhaps you may guess, and if you do, do not tell. . . .

'You do not know what mischief your being with me might have prevented. You shall hear from me to-morrow; in the meantime don't be alarmed. I am in no immediate peril.'

The italics again are ours.

That he had been engaged upon the perpetration of some act during that year which even he deplored, the letter which we have just quoted plainly shows. But, whatever it was, it is clear that it was not the seduction of his sister. Mr Edgcumbe insists, and there is much to be said for his contention, which we will discuss presently, that the victim was his early love, Mary Chaworth. During the summer, autumn, and winter of 1813 he vibrated between London and Newstead, and his intermittent letters to his sister, bearing dates in the last four months of the year, show that he had seen little or nothing of her, and heard almost as little. He was at Newstead by the third week of January 1814. On the 12th he had again invited his sister to visit him, and the form of invitation, especially the words we have italicised, show that she had never been there before.

On Sunday or Monday next, with the leave of your Lord and President, you will be well and ready to accompany me to Newstead, *which you should see*, and which I will endeavour to render as comfortable as I can for both our sakes.'

She came with her children, and stayed with him from about January 17, 1814, to the middle or end of the first week in February. On the 4th of February, he writes to John Murray : 'Mrs Leigh is with me—*much pleased with*

the place, another phrase which shows that it was her first visit. He returned to London on the 9th of February. There is no published letter from him to his sister, though others had probably passed, until one of May 9, 1814, which consists of four lines referring to a loan or gift from him to meet the difficulties of her extravagant husband. Another followed upon the same subject on the 24th of June. Mrs Leigh had had a child born on April 15, 1814, called Medora, after the heroine of 'The Corsair,' and whom a latter-day hallucination of Lady Byron, ignorant or reckless of all these dates and circumstances, prompted her to call, some five-and-twenty years afterwards, the daughter of Augusta and Lord Byron! Early in the autumn of 1814 Mrs Leigh and her children again spent some time at Newstead, and Byron paid a return visit to Six Mile Bottom. While there he made his second proposal of marriage to Miss Milbanke, and was accepted. Is it not obvious that Byron's action was taken, not only with the goodwill and good wishes, but also upon the urgent advice of his loving hostess?

We have given above a plain narrative of events, unforced, uncoloured, which leave absolutely no room for the infamous scandal which chronology, unassisted, would be enough to refute. But more remains.

The Byrons passed the period of their married life together partly at Seaham, partly at Halnaby, and partly at No. 13 Piccadilly Terrace. In March they paid a visit of a fortnight to Mrs Leigh at Six Mile Bottom, and at the beginning of April Mrs Leigh came and stayed no less than ten weeks with them in Piccadilly. A letter is extant written after the conclusion of this visit, expressing Lady Byron's sorrow at losing her sister-in-law—whose return to her home duties she admits was inevitable—and her comfort in looking forward to having her back later on. On November 15 Mrs Leigh did return to Piccadilly at Lady Byron's request, and remained to give companionship and comfort to her sister-in-law during her confinement.

There can be little doubt that towards the end of 1815 Byron's conduct became deplorable. What with his obvious discontent with the restraints of marriage, and the state of irritation reaching almost to madness into which his financial difficulties threw him, he was

no fit companion for anybody. His wife and his sister were afraid of his outbreaks of violence and rage; and Lady Byron admitted gratefully that she looked upon Augusta's presence as her one consolation and safeguard. We only dwell upon all this, and upon Mrs Leigh's two long visits, in order to point the question, How could it be true that '*during the year she had passed under the same roof with Lord Byron*'—to quote again the words of the statement of March 14, 1816—Lady Byron had suspected Mrs Leigh? Can anybody conceive that in such a case she would have hailed her back to her bedside? Is there any means of avoiding the conclusion that the charge was, as we insist, a dishonest afterthought?

As a fabrication it was not harder than the deception which she played upon her husband on leaving him. She left Piccadilly more than five weeks after the birth of her child. There was every reason why she should go; the house, disturbed by execution after execution, was no place for a young mother. But there was no pretence for saying that she and her husband had parted on bad terms. Byron insisted, and Hobhouse believed him, that they had lived in the closest possible conjugal relations up to the very day of her departure. On her way she rested at Woburn, whence she sent back a letter which began thus:

'DEAREST B.,—We arrived here safely—the child is the best of travellers. Now do leave off the abominable trade of versifying, and brandy, everything which is nau——'

The rest of the letter is lost, but it is hardly presumptuous to fill in the rest of that imperfect last word. It is known to have reference to a late infidelity, which he had confessed, and she had pardoned. The very next day she sent a far more loving and playful letter upon her arrival at Kirkby.

'DEAREST DUCK,—We got here quite well last night, and were ushered into the kitchen instead of the drawing-room by a mistake that might have been agreeable enough to hungry people. . . . Of this and other incidents Dad wants to write you a jocose account, and both he and Mam long to have the family party completed. . . . Such . . . ! and such a sitting-room or sulking-room, all to yourself. If I were not always looking for B—— I should be a great deal better

already for country air. *Miss* finds her provisions increased, and fattens thereon. It is a good thing she cannot understand all the flattery bestowed upon her. "Little Angel" . . . and I know not what. . . . Love to the good goose, and everybody's love to you both from hence.

'Ever thy most loving

'PIPPIN . . . PIP . . . IP.'

For 'goose' read Augusta. What! Love to the woman whom for a year past she had been suspecting of incest, and that with the man to whom she was writing! Incredible.

It is hard to believe that during the very week which followed the date of this epistle Lady Noel and her *âme damnée* Mrs Clermont had been in London seeing lawyers, and taking other steps 'to provide means,' as Hobhouse puts it, to procure a separation between Lord Byron and his wife. What had happened at Kirkby we shall never know. It is possible that Lady Byron was nettled at her husband's silence—for he never answered the 'Dearest Duck' letter—and that she went off in a pet to her mother with a string of tales about Byron's sulkings, violence, opinions, and general irregularities at Drury Lane and elsewhere. It is even possible that such a revelation synchronised with a conviction of Lady Noel's that it would be convenient to get rid of Lord Byron, the burden of settlements on the Wentworth estate, and the financial difficulties arising from the non-sale of Newstead and Rochdale, at one swoop. Sir James Bland Burges, one of Lady Noel's nearest relatives, and a trustee of her estate, confided and 'confirmed this suspicion [to Hobhouse] by the communication of many particulars, and his general impression as to the [then] present owner of the Noel property.' On the 3rd of February, little more than a fortnight after he had received the 'Dearest Duck' epistle, with its fun, its loving intimacy, its invitation to Kirkby from everybody there, the promise of a 'jocose letter from Dad,' and all the rest of it, came a formal missive from Sir Ralph, of which it is only necessary to quote the first paragraph; the italics are ours.

'MY LORD,—However painful it may be to me, I find myself compelled by every feeling as a parent, and principle as a

man, to address your Lordship on a subject which I hardly suppose will be any surprise to you. *Very recently*, circumstances have come to my knowledge which convince me that *with your opinions it cannot tend to your happiness* to continue to live with Lady Byron, and I am yet more forcibly convinced that *after her dismissal from your house and the treatment she experienced whilst in it*, those, on whose protection she has the strongest natural claims, could not feel justified in permitting her return thither.'

Byron answered this startling letter by return of post. His reply was temperate and dignified. He repudiated his wife's dismissal, and declared that they had parted in perfect amity; though he admitted that he had been gloomy, and at times violent, he urged that of these moods his wife knew the causes too well to attribute them either to himself or to his feelings towards her. He finally appeals from her parents to herself, and declares that his determination shall depend on hers. On the same day he wrote to Lady Byron herself, 'asking,' says Hobhouse, 'in affectionate terms for an explanation of Sir Ralph's letter.' As she did not answer, he wrote again on the 5th of February as follows:

'DEAREST BELL,—No answer from you yet; but perhaps it is as well; only do recollect that all is at stake, the present, the future, even the colouring of the past. My errors, or by whatever name you choose to call them, you know; but I loved you, and will not part from you without your express and expressed refusal to return to or to receive me.

* * * * *

'Ever, dearest, yours most, etc., B.'

He followed up this on the 7th of February with another appeal to Sir Ralph, explicit, dignified, full, earnest, and genuine. And on the 8th he made another effort with his wife. We give from this letter a few scattered phrases, selected to illustrate its tone:

'All I can say seems useless, and all I could say might be to less unavailing, yet I cling to the wreck of my hopes. . . . Were you then never happy with me? . . . Have no marks of affection passed between us? Or did in fact hardly a day go down without some such on one side, generally on both?

* * * * *

'Had I not acknowledged to you all my faults and follies? . . .

I do not require these questions to be answered to me, but to your own heart * * * * Will you see me?—when and where you please—in whose presence you please * * * * It is torture to correspond thus * * * * You are much changed within these twenty days, or you would never have thus poisoned your own better feelings and trampled on mine.

‘Ever yours most truly and affect’ly.’

And yet again, on the 15th of February, he wrote :

‘I know not what to say, every step taken appears to bear you further from me, and to widen the gulf between thee and me. I have invited your return ; it has been refused. I have requested to know with what I am charged, it is refused. . . . And now, Bell, dearest Bell, I can only say in the truth of affliction . . . that I love you . . . and shall do, to the dregs of my memory and existence.’

Through all his correspondence at that time with his wife and her father, of which we have given but imperfect extracts, he had the concurrence and support of his sister. May we not ask whether the most case-hardened villain would have dared to indite such appeals, if guilty, when he knew that he laid himself open to a direct and crushing retort? And, however far the man might have dared to go, would the woman in such a case have encouraged or allowed him to run the risk?

It is impossible here to follow minutely the course of the ensuing negotiations. During their progress rumours reached Byron and his friends which made them insist upon knowing whether this infamous insinuation formed any part of his wife’s charges against him ; and it was not until it had been formally disavowed in a document dated March 9, 1816, signed by Lady Byron and witnessed by Mr Wilmot, her relative and representative, that Byron consented to the principle of a separation.

In the meantime every line written by Lady Byron gives directly or indirectly the lie to her subsequent affectation of belief. By way of illustration, we take some extracts from letters written by her to Augusta during January and February 1816, the italics being again ours.

‘KIRKBY MALLORY.

‘MY DEAREST A.,—It is my greatest comfort that you are in Piccadilly.’

* KIRKBY MALLORY.

'Jan. 23, 1816.

'DEAREST A.,—I know you feel for me, as I do for you, and perhaps I am better understood than I think. *You have been, ever since I knew you, my best comforter*, and will so remain, unless you grow tired of the Office, which may well be.'

'January 25, 1816.

'MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—Shall I still be your sister? I must resign my rights to be so considered; but I don't think that *will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you.*'

It is necessary to give the following letter in full; it is dated February 3, 1816:

'MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—You are desired by your brother to ask if my father has acted with my concurrence in proposing a separation. He has. It cannot be supposed that in my present distressing situation I am capable of stating in a detailed manner the reasons which not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it; and it can never be my wish to remember unnecessarily those injuries for which, however deep, I feel no resentment. I will now only recall to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed ever since its commencement to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable—though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part. He has too painfully convinced me that all those attempts to contribute towards his happiness were wholly useless and most unwelcome to him.

'Ever yours most affectionately,

'A. J. BYRON.'

She followed up this, next day, with a request that Augusta would show it to her brother, as it was very important that, in view of a letter which he had written to her, he should know its contents. Three days afterwards, in answer to one of the loving and imploring letters from Byron to which we have already referred, she writes referring him to this last letter to Augusta for 'fuller particulars.' She upbraids him for his persistent ill-treatment, and adds,

'After seriously and dispassionately, *viewing the misery I have experienced, almost without* *real, from the day*

of my marriage, I have finally determined on the measure of a separation.'

These italics are once more our own. Will any sane person dream that if incest had been the moving cause she would have written a string of other reasons to the supposed partner of her husband's guilt? Would she have referred her husband to that person and to that letter for fuller particulars? Moreover, is incest, if only seriously suspected—we do not say proved—a cause which demands 'serious and dispassionate review' before acting on it? On the other hand, such words are applicable to the string of reasons in the letter to Augusta. In this connexion it is also worth while to quote a phrase in a letter she wrote to Hobhouse declining an interview for which he had asked:

'You must be ignorant of *the long series of circumstances* which have necessitated this afflicting step.'

Hitherto we have used Lord Broughton's 'Recollections' and Mr Edgcumbe's book indiscriminately for materials in support of Mrs Leigh's innocence. But Mr Edgcumbe is not content with her acquittal. He is persuaded that she sacrificed her own reputation to shield her brother and Mary Anne Chaworth from the consequences of a criminal intrigue. His theory may be stated thus. Miss Chaworth in 1805 married Mr Musters, and became Mrs Chaworth-Musters, having rejected her boy lover in favour of his more mature and by no means ineligible rival. Byron and she did not meet again until late in the year 1808. Mr Musters had shown some jealousy of Byron even before the marriage, and resented all approach to intimacy in 1808. In 1811 there was something like a recrudescence of friendship, which once more Mr Musters cut short. In 1813, however, the position of both had become dangerous, Byron's moral character had degenerated, and was perhaps additionally disturbed by the rejection of his first proposal to Miss Milbanke. As to Mary, the infidelities of her husband had become so intolerable that she had left him. She was living alone at Annesley, an estate of her own, close by Newstead. Byron too, during the early summer, was alone at Newstead, and Mary wrote asking him to go and see her. A lingering sense of

honour towards the companion of his boyhood prompted him to hesitate. He wrote to Augusta and asked her advice, which she gave in behalf of rectitude and prudence. There seems no doubt, however, that he went, and not much that events followed the course which in such circumstances may almost be called natural. He practically admitted the result to Medwin, who thus records his avowal:

'She was the *beau idéal* of all that my youthful fancy could paint of beautiful; and I have taken all my fables about the celestial nature of women from the perfection my imagination created in her—I say "created," for I found her, like the rest of her sex, anything but angelic.'

In August 1813 Byron wrote to Moore from Newstead:

'I am at this moment in a far more serious and entirely new shape, than any (sic) of the last twelve months, and that is saying a good deal.'

A week later he wrote again:

'I would incorporate with any woman of decent demeanour to-morrow—that is, I would a month ago, but at present. . . .'

In his journal, upon November 24, we find this:

'I am tremendously in arrear with my letters except to * * * *, and to her my thoughts overpower me; my words never compass them.'

It is not difficult to find four letters for these four asterisks; especially as four days later we find this even more tell-tale entry:

'I believe with *Clym o' the Clow* or *Robin Hood*,
"By our Mary (dear name!) thou art both Mother and May;
I think it never was a man's lot to die before his day."'

On November the 8th, after a solitary month at Newstead, he wrote the letter to Augusta, already quoted, containing the words:

'You do not know what mischief your being with me might have prevented.'

On November 30 he writes to Moore, who had been living that autumn in Nottinghamshire:

'We were very near neighbours this autumn, and a good and bad neighbourhood it has proved to me.'

In his journal, on November 14, there is this entry :

'Last night I finished "Zuleika." . . . I believe the composition of it kept me alive—for it was written to drive my thoughts from the recollection of * * * * [again the four asterisks]. Dear sacred name, rest for ever unrevealed ! At least even here my hand would tremble to write it. . . .'

Again he makes his journal speak :

'* * * * is distant and will be at * * * *, more distant still, till the spring. *No one else*, except Augusta, cares for me. . . .'

And again, on December 10, he writes :

'I would commit suicide, if it would not annoy Augusta, *and perhaps* * * * *.'

Is this, then, not clear that during 1813 he enacted a great moral tragedy, that the *locale* of it was in the neighbourhood of Newstead, and that its heroine was not Augusta but 'some one else' ? Who else could it have been, if not Mary ?

About this time he feared that a letter of his to Mary had miscarried. He writes to Moore on the 6th of January to tell him this, and to warn him that he may have to fight a duel with her husband. But the next day he had heard from Mary ; the letter was safe, and he accordingly wrote Moore to reassure him :

'My last epistle would probably put you in a fidget. But the devil, who ought to be civil on such occasions, proved so, and took my letter to the right place.'

Here is Mary's letter, undated, but obviously in answer to the one which he feared had been lost :

'Your kind letter, my dear friend, relieved me much, and came yesterday when I was by no means well, and was a most agreeable remedy, *for I fancied a thousand things*. . . . I shall set great value by your seal, and see no reason why you should not call on us and bring it. . . . We [herself and Miss Radford, her companion] return to Annesley to-morrow. . . .

We are very anxious to see you, and yet know not how we shall feel on the occasion—formal I dare say at the first, but our meeting must be confined to our trio, and then I think we shall be more at our ease. Do write me, and make a sacrifice to friendship, which I shall consider your visit ; you may always address your letters to Annesley perfectly safe. Your sincere friend,

'MARY——'

Augusta had evidently been made his *confidante*, for he writes to her :

'M—— has written again—all friendship—and really very simple and pathetic—bad usage—paleness—ill-health—old friendship—once—good motives—virtue—and so forth.'

And a few days later he writes begging her to come to Newstead, '*which she had never seen*,' and winds up his letter with this phrase :

'More news from Mrs [Chaworth-Musters]—all friendship; you shall see her.'

Mary had already repented, had recoiled from her criminal *liaison*, and made that resolve of reformation which none of Byron's entreaties could induce her to break. Hence her and his references to the 'friendship' of which these last letters are so full.

A number of Byron's most passionate lyrics burst from him at this time. They were pretty obviously all addressed to Mary. Such as that which begins :

'Farewell, if ever fondest prayer.'

Probably, though less certainly, this :

'There is no more for me to hope,
There is no more for thee to fear';

* * * * *

which seems to allude directly to the fact that their episode of criminality was over, and that her secret was safe. Also the well-known stanzas beginning :

'I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name—
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame.'

And lastly, quite as direct, and still more sad :

'When we two parted
In silence and tears
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.'

His verses written to Augusta, which run parallel with all these, are of a totally different order; they breathe

nothing but brotherly love and devotion, with enthusiastic gratitude for her sisterly support and constancy through all his follies and their resulting troubles.

The strain of two terrible years bore an equally terrible fruit. Shortly after the final farewell which she and Byron took of one another in the third week of April 1816, Mary's mind gave way. She recovered, and was at last reconciled to her husband in 1817.

In 1819 Byron wrote a letter from Venice, dated May 17, 1819, obviously to Mary. He sent it through Mr Murray, under cover to Augusta, who very wisely never delivered it. With equal unwisdom, after having erased the address, the name of the correspondent and the signature—which, on the assumption that it was addressed to her, and that she had confessed, or was about to confess, was altogether unnecessary—she sent it to Lady Byron, with whom she was still on most affectionate terms, asking her how she could best deal with it in the interest of 'the unfortunate being to whom it was addressed.' Lady Byron jumped to the conclusion that it had been written to Augusta herself, and Augusta, still over-anxious, perhaps, to shield Mary, and not stopping to forecast the possible cost to herself, would seem to have left her to her mistake. The letter remains to speak for itself, and it obviously applies perfectly to Mary, and is as obviously inapplicable to Augusta. A few extracts will suffice to designate Byron's real correspondent. It begins with a confession of negligence in not having written, but says by way of apology that three years' absence, and total change of scene and habit, have left her and him nothing in common but their affections and relationship. Mary and Byron were cousins. The writer then protests:

'I have never ceased nor can cease to feel for a moment that perfect and boundless attachment which bound and binds me to you. . . .

'My own * * * * (here was a short name which had been carefully erased, and which even Lord Lovelace admits to have consisted only of three or four letters), we may have been very wrong, but I repent of nothing, save that cursed marriage, and your refusing to continue to love me as you had loved me. I can neither forget nor quite forgive you for that precious piece of reformation . . . and whenever I love

anything it is because it reminds me in some way or other of yourself. For instance, I not long ago attached myself to a Venetian for no earthly reason but because she was called * * * *, and she often remarked, without knowing the reason, how fond I was of the name.'

Again there is the erasure of a four-letter name, and Mr Edgcumbe reminds us that the Venetian was called Marianna, *Anglicè*, Mary Anne, which were the two Christian names of Mrs Chaworth-Musters. The writer goes on to declare that the thought of their separation is heart-breaking, and that Paolo and Francesca were more leniently treated in hell; he insists that her reformation tortured him; asks her if she recollects their parting; begs her to write not of commonplace people and topics, but of herself, and to say that she loves him; and winds up by protesting that his passion grows and will grow till it annihilates all thoughts, hopes, and feelings that do not refer to her and their recollections.

Everything worth noting in this letter precludes the idea of its having been written to Augusta, whose name was all but twice as long as 'Mary,' to whom the suggestion about the Venetian woman's name would have been meaningless, and from whom he had heard repeatedly, and to whom he had written, says Mr Edgcumbe, twice a month on an average since he left England! We will contrast this outpouring of despairing passion with some extracts from letters really written to his sister in the first three years of his exile. The first is from one written on June 3, 1817:

'For the life of me I cannot make out whether your disorder is a broken heart or earache—or whether it is you who have been ill or the children—or what your melancholy apprehensions tend to—or refer to—whether to Caroline Lamb's Novels—Mrs Clermont's evidence—Lady Byron's magnanimity, or any other piece of imposture.'

The second was written about six months after the letter of May 17, 1819; so far as we need quote it, it runs thus:

'DEAREST AUGUSTA,—The health of my daughter Allegra, the cold season and the length of the journey induce me to postpone for some time a purpose (never very willing on my part) to revisit Great Britain.

'You can address me to Venice as usual. Wherever I may be in Italy, the letter will be forwarded. . . .

'I wrote to you not very long ago, and as I don't know that I can add anything satisfactory to that letter, I may as well finish this. In a letter to Murray I requested him to apprise you that my journey was postponed; but here, there, and everywhere, know me, yours ever and very truly,

'B.'

Can anything be more ordinary, easy, brotherly, and genuine, or freer from fiery passion and tearful reminiscence?

How Augusta could have played so fatuously upon Lady Byron, as she undoubtedly did, in regard to the letter of the 17th of May 1819, and during the correspondence which arose upon it, is one marvel. How Lady Byron could have spread the falsehood of a confession by Augusta to herself, which, if actual, would have been in the highest degree confidential, is a second. How these two women, in the circumstances, could have remained 'Dearest A.' to one another for eleven years, until 1830, is a third. They quarrelled in that year over the appointment of a new trustee to a marriage settlement, and only met once afterwards, in 1851, in presence of the well-known Brighton clergyman, Mr Frederick Robertson. That meeting was avowedly arranged with the object of bringing Augusta's admission or denial of guilt to a point. Augusta sternly asserted her innocence, and a memorandum of the conversation was drawn up by Mr Robertson. But it was too late; by that time irreparable mischief had been wrought.

Thus far, then, we are in agreement with Mr Edgcumbe. We accept as real poor Mary's tragedy. We adopt the ascription to her of all the verses quoted which ring of remorse and guilt. We feel sure that the letter of May 17, 1819, was addressed to her. The false fatuousness of Augusta in playing upon Lady Byron in regard to it may startle and shock us, but no more. But when Mr Edgcumbe goes on to enunciate a second theory, that Medora Leigh was the child of Byron and Mary, and was acknowledged by Augusta as her own to shield its parents, we respectfully take leave of him. We feel inclined to smile when he asks us to believe that she went through the form of a 'simulated confinement' for this purpose. Mrs Leigh had indeed a child by her own husband in April 1814. The event was generally known,

and anticipated in the ordinary way. Byron himself casually mentions his sister's condition, in a letter written to Mr Hanson, while she was visiting him for the first time in the winter of 1813-1814, as a reason why he could not ask her to leave Newstead, so long as the roads were rough, dangerous, and almost impassable from snow. The whole idea is monstrous, against nature, and would have involved a fatuity far beyond that connected with the letter from Venice. May we further ask what part the husband would have played in the concoction of such an arrangement? The assertion, for it is no more, is unsupported by a tittle of evidence, and is, moreover, gratuitous, and quite unnecessary for Mrs Leigh's acquittal. We leave it with a confession of regret that this one blot should deface an otherwise well-considered and valuable contribution towards the solution of a long-standing mystery. There may even be some who will think that to prove the guilt of poor Mary is a piece of cruel surplusage, but it must be remembered that Mr Edgecumbe's apology for this is the publication of Lord Lovelace's '*Astarte*.' The one point in that book which seemed to want a conclusive answer was the letter of May 17, 1819, and the correspondence to which it gave rise. The internal impossibility of its having been written to Mrs Leigh was, indeed, always existent, but the discovery of its real destination is invaluablely conclusive. And if truth does indeed lie in the attribution to Mrs Chaworth-Musters of misconduct which, though sad and reprehensible, is still within the range of condonation, it is something like a consolation that such of us as value the memory of a great genius should be able to repose upon the certainty that at least its possessor was not guilty of a crime which would have put him beyond the pale.

Art. 2.—THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES.

1. *A Guide to the various classes of Documents preserved in the Public Record Office.* By S. R. Scargill-Bird. Third edition. London: H.M. Stationery Office, 1908.
2. *Studies in English Official Historical Documents.* By Hubert Hall. Cambridge: University Press, 1908.
3. *Bibliothèque de l'École nationale des Chartes.* Paris: Picard, 1835, etc.
4. *Archivalische Zeitschrift.* Munich: Ackermann, 1876, etc.
5. *Les Archives de l'Histoire de France.* By C. V. Langlois and H. Stein. Paris: Picard, 1891.
6. *Revue des Bibliothèques et Archives de Belgique.* Brussels: Misch et Thron, 1903, etc.
7. *Guide to the Manuscript materials for the History of the United States to 1783 in the British Museum, etc.* By C. M. Andrews and F. G. Davenport. Washington: Carnegie Institution, 1908.

THE origins of the national archives occupy such a prominent place in the best modern text-books of historical bibliography that we may fairly assume the existence of a wider interest in the subject than is usually aroused by the perusal of departmental Blue-books. In any one of a round dozen of scholarly monographs we can read the life-history of Domesday Book, and of the almost unbroken series of judicial and ministerial enrolments which illustrate the domestic history and foreign relations of this country. Visitors to the interesting museum erected on the site of the old Rolls Chapel are able to view the iron-bound chests and leather pouches which formed the primitive receptacles of priceless records. There too they may see specimens of ancient charters and writs, under successive devices of the royal seal, or bearing the sign-manuals of well-instructed kings, together with tokens of a wealth of State-papers and historical autographs that could scarcely be matched in any other country.

The romance of the archives has also an archæological interest which is frequently demonstrated by English antiquaries. The ancient palaces of the kings of England were naturally selected as the repositories of records; and we are told that these were as precious

to our sovereigns as the relics and regalia beside which they were deposited. Closely connected with these ancient treasuries of records were the strong-rooms in Westminster Abbey, in the Temple Church, and in the Rolls Chapel itself, which has superseded all other repositories. From a very early date this classic site, commemorated by Matthew Paris and associated, after his time, with a long succession of famous judges and divines, was apparently destined to be the lasting receptacle of the public records. Whether this advantageous position is due, as the latest historian of the archives seems to think, to the central position of the Rolls Chapel mid-way between the fortress of London and the palace and courts of Westminster; or whether its later pre-eminence is due to the departmental change whereby the guardian of converted Jews was transformed into the keeper of the Rolls of Chancery, we need not pause to enquire. In any case, the earliest custody of the public records is marked by many strange vicissitudes and many quaint devices down to the year 1838, when the sixty scattered Record Offices of the metropolis were forced, by the pressure of public opinion, to yield up their contents to the new repository on the Rolls estate.

The history of a younger branch of the national archives, the State-papers, runs a course parallel to that of the legal records, traversing historic scenery that is scarcely less romantic. The evolution of the State Paper Office of the early Victorian period from the king's 'study' at Westminster and the royal library at Whitehall is indeed an instructive change; while the history of the great departmental collections, including those of the royal household, is full of antiquarian and personal interest.

At the same time it must be admitted that a large proportion of this official literature does not make pleasant reading to those who are jealous of national credit. The documentary treasures of which we are justly proud are, after all, the fortunate survivors of a great *débâcle*. We have certainly good reasons for believing that the records preserved to us form by far the more important portion of the entire series; but even the famous Chancery enrolments are incomplete. The total loss that we have suffered in respect of original instruments and detached

documents can scarcely be estimated; and apparently no serious attempt has ever been made to calculate the extent of the deficit in individual series.

It is true that foreign archives have probably suffered more extensive damage than our own; but these losses have been largely the outcome of invasion or civil war, while ours are chiefly due to the inefficiency or apathy of the official custodians. The almost incredible recital of these misdeeds may be perused in the reports of parliamentary committees during the eighteenth century; and the charges have been repeated by modern antiquaries. Some of us will recall the brilliant passages in which the late Prof. Maitland described those shameful scenes; and a fairly comprehensive sketch will be found in the most recent story of the archives. Painful as this story is, it has a moral that must be impressed upon the public conscience. The heritage of the ages must be closely guarded by its official trustees, for moth and rust can corrupt even the treasure of kings. Unfortunately the prerogative of the Crown has for a long time past been impaired in several important particulars. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries legal records and State-papers were removed from official custody with complete impunity. The records of the Assize Courts throughout England have been abandoned since the reign of Edward IV to inadequate local custody; and the bulk of these records have long since perished. Even in the present day State documents are openly sold by booksellers whose title the most zealous official would scarcely venture to question. Besides the outstanding judicial records, there are many others that would be regarded abroad as 'departmental' or 'communal' archives. The fate of these does not immediately concern us here. That it is trembling in the balance was clearly shown by the report of a Treasury committee in 1901; but, as matters stand, we are not entitled to claim more than a small proportion of these 'local records' as official documents.

Such was the treatment of the ancient archives of this country from their earliest inception down to the accession of Queen Victoria. Their primitive but no insecure custody in royal palaces or churches had been exchanged, during the eighteenth century, for emergent

quarters in numerous defective repositories, where the ravages of hungry vermin and the greed of ill-paid officials completed their destruction. Here, moreover, the records were almost as inaccessible to the public as in the days when lions roared and arms clashed within the Tower, or when watchmen in coats of mail stood on guard outside the Treasury at Winchester.

The very fact of the preservation of the earliest records in company with the regalia and the royal treasure is perhaps sufficient evidence that their contents were from the first at the disposal of the Crown. So early as the fourteenth century, however, the right of public access to certain legal records was vindicated in Parliament; and, even in causes in which the Crown was interested, an appeal to such documentary evidence was readily conceded. During the seventeenth century the records were of course regarded from a constitutional point of view as public documents; and this theory has only been affected, in the subsequent period, by the exigencies of their custody. During the eighteenth century, indeed, it was readily conceded that the record-searcher might inspect any document that he was fortunate enough to find, provided that exorbitant official fees were paid for the privilege. The dark scandal of this system has been fully exposed by official writers since the reign of William IV. It would clearly seem to have been the intention of the famous Act of 1838 to put an end to these abuses; but this was not finally accomplished for another twenty years.

There is one more aspect of the ancient records of the Crown which is presented to us both in early treatises and modern handbooks. Their custody is, from the very first, associated with the preparation of official inventories distinguished by well-known symbolic press-marks. The medieval compilations of this nature will naturally appear more curious than helpful to the modern student; and their scope is not extensive, though Palgrave's 'Kalendars' do not include all the lists that are now known to us. The subject of the equipment and functions of the medieval archivist is, however, an interesting one; and it has been too long neglected in this country. With the advent of the printing-press we have indeed a few professional works dealing with the classification of the

documents or describing their contents; but these are wholly inadequate in both respects. After the middle of the eighteenth century, the perfunctory or obscure official index was supplemented by the more pretentious undertakings of the methodisers and Record Commissioners. These unscholarly labours were considerably amended by the permanent official staff at the Rolls House, between the accession of Queen Victoria and her first Jubilee, in the voluminous but disconnected series of the Deputy Keeper's Reports.

In other directions, work of a more ambitious character was accomplished by the last generation of official antiquaries, though much of it has no connexion with the English archives and should never have been undertaken by the Rolls authorities in preference to the elucidation of their own treasures. The famous series of 'Chronicles and Memorials,' published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, is chiefly concerned with literary MSS.; and, in fact, out of the hundred editions comprised in this collection, less than half a dozen deal with actual records in official custody. But, besides this extraneous undertaking, Lord Romilly and his advisers, or their immediate successors, may also be credited with the series of 'Calendars of State Papers,' which, with all its defects of execution, must be regarded as an epoch-making work. Not the least important feature of this edition consists in its inclusion of the Scottish and Irish documents deposited amongst the public records.

The literary relations between the English archives and those of the sister kingdoms and Imperial colonies have formed an occasional subject of discussion in the 'mother of Parliaments'; but they are seldom rightly understood by English scholars. In the case of Scotland, there has existed from very early times a collection of national records which has fortunately survived several wanton acts of spoliation and careless restitution on the part of English conquerors from Edward I to Oliver Cromwell. These records were retained as a national possession under the Act of Union; and they have been published in a national series. In addition to the above-mentioned records, a few stray Scottish 'documents' and State-papers preserved in London, together with numerous English records relating to Scotland, h

also been published in a separate form. Very much the same conditions exist in the case of Ireland, though here, as in Wales, the type of national record is merely a replica of English forms.

We find, therefore, that the bulk of the Scottish and Irish records are preserved in their own national archives, while the documents relating to those countries preserved in London are carefully distinguished in the classification and publication of the English records and State-papers. It is otherwise in the case of Wales. Here many 'documents' that were formerly preserved under the convenient heading 'Wallia' have now been partially absorbed into the English series; and at the present time the 'Welsh documents,' as a class, can scarcely be said to exist. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the great mass of the Welsh records, transferred to London in 1854 from the local repositories, are destined to undergo a similar process of fusion. It does not seem to have occurred to the local authorities in Wales, who reluctantly acquiesced in the transfer of these records to the Rolls repository, and certainly not to Lord Langdale, whose motto, 'Suum cuique,' was no empty profession, that absorption would be the inevitable result of the contact of these hybrid records with the English series. Still less could any one have then foreseen that the time would come when the Principality would possess an imposing university, where the study of the national history and language form parts of the curriculum; or that it could produce an active band of students, deeply learned in the origins and development of their national history, and clamorous for the official recognition and publication of native records on an equal footing with the archives of the United Kingdom.

In his first Report, presented in the year after the passing of the Public Record Office Act of 1838, the then Deputy Keeper, Sir Francis Palgrave, describes his official premises as consisting of certain chambers in the old Rolls House, supplemented by a stable and coach-house in the Rolls Yard, while the Rolls Chapel itself served as a general repository. Fifteen years elapsed before the building of the great repository in Fetter Lane was taken in hand. Since that date the aggrandisement of

the Rolls Office has kept pace with the vast expansion of the Civil Service; and the cost of the English Record establishment during the last ten years has been proportionately greater than that of similar institutions elsewhere. The credit for these material improvements may be assigned to various official agencies, as well as to the intelligent appreciation of record sources by the present generation of historians and antiquaries. It is known that the Treasury at last sanctioned a vast expenditure for the enlargement and embellishment of a repository, the erection of which, however, was unfortunately delayed until countless records had perished from exposure. The Office of Works is now able to set off one admirable design against a long series of unadmired buildings. Moreover, the press, the learned societies, and other academic bodies, by commendation and example, have steadily encouraged this striking development in the establishment of our national archives.

These favourable circumstances, however, would have availed little without the initiative of an administrator of marked ability. The present Deputy Keeper assumed office in 1887 at a time when the archives, as an official department and an educational agency, were confined to a few rooms in the old Rolls House and to the dark and dreary Victorian repository. Many of us who still frequent the Record Office will recall those depressing surroundings—the dingy dwellings of bygone Chancery clerks, and the hideous excrescence known as ‘Judges’ Chambers,’ which blocked the light and greenery of Clifford’s Inn. In the Rolls House itself official existence must have been sufficiently depressing; but here there was at least the use of artificial light, which was banished from the ill-heated and unventilated search-rooms. In other respects the provision for students and readers was inadequate. The records and State-papers had remained in much the same condition as when they were removed from their former repositories. They were often produced with difficulty, under an artificial and cumbrous system of reference. Of printed lists and calendars there were few, if any, for the medieval period, while those for later times were compiled upon a defective plan. Finally, the time available for the inspection of documents, already too short, was further reduced by liberal vaca-

tion closures and frequent interruptions owing to defective light.

In all this a great transformation has been effected, largely by the administrative ability of Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte. We now possess a fine approach to the imposing buildings which form a connected repository and official bureau. The museum displays its instructive contents, which have afforded a rich treat to hundreds of visitors and students; the corridors and search-rooms are well lighted and heated; there is a sense of cleanliness and ventilation; the shelves are filled with helpful inventories; and many other conveniences have been added, including an extension of hours, for which older readers, at least, are profoundly grateful.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that these striking improvements have been accompanied by certain disadvantages, while several long-standing defects still remain to be remedied. The great repository in Fetter Lane is over-hung at several points by lofty warehouses and factories which seem to threaten grave danger to the safety of the records. In this respect the relative positions of the Record Office and the British Museum present a curious contrast to the most casual observer. The latter institution, with its massive railings and its buttressed dwelling houses occupied by vigilant custodians, seems far removed from any risk of fire or civic tumult; and yet, however irreparable the damage that such catastrophes might inflict upon a collection acquired with much pains and expense, it would scarcely be more disastrous than the loss of the nation's title-deeds, the authentic records of its past existence.

Some ten years ago a number of insecure repositories fronting on Chancery Lane were demolished; and on their site there has been erected a noble suite of apartments for the official staff. Readers will doubtless have noticed with satisfaction that many rooms, formerly holding records, have been cleared for the sake of increasing the dim light that filters into the repository. At the same time the loss of space for the storage of records caused by these notable improvements, coupled with the long-delayed transfer of outstanding documents, renders an extension of the present buildings inevitable during the present generation. The sanction of Parliament has also

been invoked for the destruction of superfluous documents in order to make room for such as cannot be dispensed with. This expedient may be inevitable, but it is that must not be regarded lightly. As Gibbon has said, 'if the inscription of a single fact be once obliterated it can never be restored by the united efforts of genius and industry.' The risk of such an accident is not imaginary one, for the Act of 1877 apparently makes no provision whatever for the cooperation of historical scholars in the process of rejection. Documents which to an official mind, appear wholly unimportant, may otherwise be regarded by a trained historian.

Another inevitable danger is one that especially threatens the most ancient and valuable of our national treasures. The wide distribution of the published calendar has led to an increased reference to the original documents; and the deterioration of certain classes, through mere wear and tear, has been already indicated by experienced antiquaries. In many cases, indeed, very ancient and historic records have apparently not been repaired since they were deposited in official custody; and to find a modern State-paper volume with its cover intact must be an unusual experience for many readers. The neglect in either case is doubtless due to the immense bulk of injured documents awaiting skilful treatment; but, though the causes of this malady may be beyond official control, it is one that calls for drastic remedy.

The admirable facilities that now exist for the inspection of the public records furnish a marked contrast to the difficulties encountered by the student in obtaining access to outlying collections which have not yet been transferred to the custody of the Master of the Rolls. Lost to sight in the recesses of departmental pigeon-holes, such documents are accessible only to some literary official or privileged antiquary. From time to time some book based upon these researches is published; and earlier writers who failed to find those sources in the main collection are naturally aggrieved that their labour was in vain.

The survival to the present day of numerous restrictions on the use of certain classes of State-papers is a fact that is only too well known to many students. It is true that similar restrictions are imposed abroad; but we

where that they are not to be found within the precincts of the national archives, being enforced only by the bureaux which have retained possession of their departmental records. The position in which our own official historians are placed towards these privileged collections is therefore clearly an anomalous one. The denial of access to any of the contents of the Public Record Office can only be justified by the plea that the State may be endangered by their disclosure.

Such a plea cannot reasonably be advanced in favour of the excessive restrictions imposed by the State departments upon access to the documents under their control. There are students old enough to remember the time when even their researches in the history of the Revolution of 1688 barely escaped the censorship. Matters were subsequently improved by a considerable extension of dates, and rumours of still further extension are 'in the air'; but American students have still to exercise some self-restraint in dealing with the stirring events of the day when George III was a young and enterprising king; while references to the constitutional *four per* which are amongst the common-places of our text-books must be made with bated breath within the precincts of the archives. But there are cases in which danger to public safety is not even suggested, and students are debarred from free inspection of ancient records which have by chance come into the keeping of some modern department. In cases of this sort it is clearly desirable, in the interests of historical study, that inept and irresponsible custodians should be relieved of the charge of documents which ought obviously to be regarded as public records and historical State-papers, recent archives being placed in the care of departmental librarians or registrars who have been carefully trained in the essential duties of an archivist. The contents of the 'government pigeon-holes' of to-day will be, as foreign scholars often remind us, the archives of to-morrow. And further—an argument that ought to have weight even with those who are indifferent to historical considerations—the archives of to-morrow often become the State weapons of the day after. Their practical value to the State has been proved by recent cases of international disputes submitted to arbitration. Under these conditions the

pen may easily win more territory than the sword, and the written evidence of contemporary records is eagerly, and, as we know to our cost, sometimes vainly, sought for in the archives. A nation which neglects the aid of science and method in the preservation of its own history must inevitably be worsted in a modern battle of the Hague.

In the face of the general recognition of the benefits which the public has derived from the present régime of the Public Record Office, it may appear somewhat inconsistent and perhaps a little ungracious to indicate defects in the existing system or to suggest some possible improvements. It will be evident, however, that these disadvantages are for the most part beyond the immediate control of the departmental authorities; and, for the rest, this article is not intended as a mere panegyric of the improvements that have taken place, to the exclusion of any modest aspirations for the future of the great national institution of which we have much cause to be proud and equal reason to be hopeful. For we cannot afford in these days of international competition and intellectual progress to rest upon the laurels of a single decade. The great reforms of 1838 retrieved our national credit from an abyss of official apathy and incompetence, but still left us far in the rear of European scholarship. Then our reformed official system slumbered again for fifty years before its next awakening. During all these years continuous improvements were effected abroad; and the intellectual gap was still further widened. It is not to be wondered at, then, that scholars have come to the conclusion that it is no longer prudent to rely entirely on the genius of an occasional reformer in the place of a scientific and professional system such as has now prevailed abroad for nearly a century.

It will be remembered that the late Regius Professor of History at Oxford, in his frequent references to the use of archives, was accustomed to express the blunt opinion that in France they do these things very much better than in England. We certainly find that abroad the care of archives and the study of archives go hand in hand, producing a special cult which is known as the 'science of archives' and, in another aspect, as 'archive-

economy.' We should seek in vain for these terms in Dr Murray's great Dictionary of the English Language, where even the title 'archivist' has no native analogue. But on the Continent they take their archives very seriously. There are 'public' archives, containing purely official documents, and 'private' archives comprising unofficial muniments, while the word is commonly applied to historical works or periodicals which are ostensibly concerned with documentary sources.

It is natural that the foreign archives should be especially associated in the minds of English students with the École des Chartes at Paris. This institution has been of peculiar value to ourselves, because, unlike most other European nations, we have not yet adopted the practical system of study for which it has long been famous. From time to time English students have been sent, chiefly from Oxford, to attend the courses which constitute a liberal education for historical research. Many English scholars must have visited that well-found building in the precincts of the Sorbonne to gaze with envy on the crowded lecture-hall and *salle de travail*, the library with its careful choice of books and the unequalled collection of facsimiles. It is almost incredible that, in return for a trifling yearly expenditure of 3000*l.*, the French nation has been able to enjoy for nearly a century the credit of possessing one of the most admired and most widely copied educational institutions of modern times. For, although the intention of the enlightened ministers of the restored monarchy and the Second Empire alike was to provide a technical training for State archivists, their 'School of Charters' has exercised from the first a marked influence upon the method of historical study, not only in Paris and the French provinces, but also in the universities and academies of learned Europe from St Petersburg to Lisbon.

The link between the technical and educational systems will perhaps be found in the French École des Hautes Études, established in 1868. Since then the tendency has been for the history schools to pay increasing attention to historical method, and to combine the most approved instruction with the practice of original research. To the efficacy of this modern plan the German and Belgian 'seminar' system has no doubt largely contributed, while

the responsibility incurred by the preparation of a thesis has given a new zest to the requirements of post-graduate study. The spirit of adventure may now indeed be said to roam most freely from the West to the East; and the American student who seeks materials from European archives is the latest product of the system which emanated from the École des Chartes.

This phase of modern study is not, however, directly connected with the subject of archives. A closer connexion will perhaps be found in the case of the remarkable societies of past and present student-archivists with their academic reviews and publications. Again, the same professional coterie, whether in Paris itself, the departments, or in the great schools established in the seats of classical learning at Athens and Rome, is largely responsible for the scholarly methods of the French historical reviews, and especially for the many admirable works dealing with the auxiliary studies of history.

But it is in his own archives that we see this trained expert at his best. There may be times and places when the wandering scholar can listen with otiose indulgence to the crude platitudes of some uneducated custodian of national monuments or relics. On the eventful occasion of a visit to the archives, however, our scholar is prepared to make the most of his opportunities. He is not there to take his pleasure sadly. The interest of his subject, the excitement of the pursuit of elusive facts through a maze of unexplored documents, the charm of novelty in his antique surroundings, all combine to exalt his conception of official methods. To him the archivist must be a guide, philosopher, and friend, whether by verbal or by written direction. Vexatious delays in the production of documents and lofty indifference to the progress of the searcher's quest will bring utter discomfort with disillusionment. Less grievous, though not less detrimental to the reader's interests, will be found the failure of the *genius loci* to render help, through lack of understanding rather than from want of sympathy.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand the importance to the studious public of the scholarly training and disposition of the archivist. He has been himself a hard-working student, as he is now a hard-worked public

official. In his leisure hours he has kept himself abreast of historical enquiry as a writer or teacher; and in both capacities he is qualified to assist and encourage the labours of others. It is not even necessary that he should come into actual contact with the reading public. As a compiler of official inventories of the archives, he will have at least equal opportunities of earning their gratitude. We have one more view of the continental archivist as a frequent contributor to some grave symposium in the pages of a learned journal. Here he may be regarded also as the champion of professional interests, for these technical dissertations upon points of archive-science or archive-economy are varied by the discussion of matters which concern the welfare of his own order.

It is true that there is another side to the picture. The archivist is in fact an official; and on the Continent an official is always in some degree a despot. There is always a danger of his becoming a law unto himself while laying down the law for others. But, if an archivist who knows too much is sometimes an inconvenient chaperon, one who is not a trained scholar as well as a good official may possibly prove to be a blind guide. On the whole, then, we have good cause to appreciate the highest type of the official scholar who is the direct product of the French *École des Chartes*. The type itself, and the system that it represents, are now widely distributed through the states of continental Europe. Everywhere we find a similar conception of archives, the same training and establishment of archivists, and a professional review. In recent years there has even been an international congress of archivists; and a notable, though unsuccessful, attempt has been made to establish an international Review.

It will be found, indeed, that in some countries this organisation, based upon a French model, is more complete than in others. Moreover, in more than one of the great European states the initiative in the description and publication of the archives has been left to local authorities or to learned enterprise, while better provision has still to be made for the accommodation of historical students; but even in the smallest, the newest, and the poorest States of Europe, on both the American continents and in some British colonies, we

find an appreciation of the national archives to which we are unfortunately strangers in this country.

A similar uniformity of design will be found to prevail in respect of the official literature of foreign archives, which is chiefly remarkable for its wealth of inventories. These, it may be observed, include local records which in this country are still for the most part undescribed, and, there is reason to fear, have in many cases perished for want of this attention. A bold attempt has also been made to present a conspectus of the existing archives; and it is especially noticeable that these official works are supplemented by numerous 'Guides' to the archives, compiled by private enterprise, as well as by occasional inventories published in professional journals. Another form of these common archive publications is that of a published text which may be produced directly by the State itself, or under the auspices of a State commission, or else by a staff of departmental specialists. In this country we have not the exact equivalent either of the historical or the bibliographical 'Guide,' nor a series of inventories comparable to that produced in modern France. We are certainly richer than our neighbours in respect of Calendars of State-papers and medieval documents, but these do not serve the precise purpose either of an inventory or of a printed text. We can also hold our own in respect of printed indexes; but these have been chiefly published by private scholars and are often of purely local interest.

There is another side of the literary activities of our neighbours which deserves our close attention. At an early stage of the continental movement which resulted in the modern science of archives, it was apparent that the study of the original sources for the national histories must be pursued by means of a comparative method. The official missions of French antiquaries in the eighteenth century have been imitated by other nations with very striking results. These undertakings have not only assumed a permanent form, in the shape of continuous series of official publications, but have also encouraged private researches, which have been still further facilitated by many admirable 'Guide Books' to foreign archives compiled by trained investigators.

In recent years this branch of historical method has been developed in a remarkable degree through the special requirements of American and colonial students, whose early national archives have been depleted by natural or political causes. In these archive missions the British Government has participated during the last thirty or forty years to a considerable extent, so far as mere expenditure and actual publication are concerned. Unfortunately, however, these activities were not, from the first, directed on any scientific or comprehensive plan. Copies were made by English agents at a few important centres, such as Rome, Paris, and Simancas, in a more or less haphazard fashion; and, except where they have been utilised for a printed calendar, they have been of little service to any but a few specialists. No attempt was apparently made to ascertain the relationship of these foreign documents with the enrolments preserved in our own archives; and the scholarly form of the latest Calendars, which is due to the present Deputy Keeper, cannot remove the stigma of unworthiness from the whole undertaking.

It would seem, therefore, that there is some force in the plea so eloquently advanced by the late Prof. York Powell, and supported by the calmer reasoning of other earnest scholars, for the adoption of scientific methods in connexion with the establishment of our own State archives. So far, however, the academic discussion of this question does not seem to have aroused any public interest; and yet, during the later Georgian and early Victorian periods, this interest was widespread. Historians vied with literary antiquaries and record officers in devising better methods of custody and publication; and more than one of their interesting essays will be found in the volumes of this Review.

The results obtained under the Act of 1838 in the direction of strengthening and enlarging the legal powers already exercised for several centuries by Masters of the Rolls have proved to be satisfactory up to a certain point, but not to the extent that is demanded by modern conditions of learning. The statutory control of the Master of the Rolls over outstanding records has not extended beyond the normal transmissions to

the Record Office indicated in the Annual Reports of the Deputy Keeper. Repositories of State documents have existed since the year 1838, of which there has been no official cognisance; and a vast mass of official papers have been allowed to perish without remonstrance. Numerous volumes of 'Addenda' prove only too clearly that the official editors of the Calendars of the last fifty years have been usually unaware of the existence of materials which lay within their reach. As for the 'Lists,' which should long ago have replaced the 'repertories' of former times, and which should correspond in their design with the 'inventories' of continental archives, it can only be said that, like newborn babes, they must be the subject of congratulation and not of critical inspection.

This is a defective and regrettable condition of things. None of us would have a high opinion of the business capacity of a guardian ignorant of the minor items of his trust, or of the scientific attainments of a naturalist content to omit what he regards as uninteresting species from his scheme of classification. Then we learn from the investigations of a Regius Professor that the expert on whom we depend for the arrangement and description of our records, the State archivist who is to hold his own with the highly-trained student of continental schools of charters, gains his position by success in the same examination that qualifies the pupils of a 'crammer' to write official *précis* or to cast accounts of revenue.

We have no desire to urge the necessity for a complete change of system in the administration of our archives. It may be that such a change is eventually inevitable; and it is noticeable that we already possess in this country specimens of an official machinery that has produced valuable results abroad during the last century. For example, the Historical Manuscripts Commission possesses an excellent record for work performed, for the most part, skilfully and with a due regard to economy of labour. In another quarter we have the unequalled administration of the British Museum; while, for the purpose of occasional reports upon the state of outlying archives or other historical origins, remarkable results have been obtained by the employment of experts as

members of a Royal Commission. But, although there is certainly something to be said in favour of a State department, or at least of a new Record Commission, it is only fair to remember that the existing administration of the archives dates from an early period of the history of this country; and, like other survivals of our ancient constitution, it should not be incapable of responding to the requirements of modern times.

The existing powers of the Master of the Rolls, as the statutory custodian of the national archives, if they were duly enforced, would probably suffice not only for the adequate preservation, arrangement, and production of the records already placed under his charge, but also for the recovery of those documents that have not yet been transferred to the repository. How great and far-reaching these powers are will appear from a perusal of the Public Record Office Act of 1838. This measure appears to have contemplated the ultimate transfer of every official document more than twenty years old to the Master's custody. Moreover, since it was wholly impracticable to include all the existing repositories within the immediate operation of the Act, powers were expressly given for dealing with the residue under an Order in Council. This order was eventually issued on March 5, 1852, thus completing the provisions of the Act of 1838. On this showing, therefore, every official document down to the year 1889 is presumably a public record, and is under the 'charge and superintendence' of the Master of the Rolls. It is true that both the Act of Parliament and the Order in Council have been officially interpreted in a permissive sense, and that some temporary saving clauses in the Act itself have been gratuitously extended to the government departments at large. But a permissive reading of the Act cannot be reconciled with the wording of the Order in Council; and, in any case, it is significant that this 'beneficial construction' has been equally applied to cases in which the express direction of the Act has remained a dead letter.

The above arbitrary interpretation of the reforming Act of 1838 is probably responsible for the loose and dangerous provisions of the Act of 1877 authorising the destruction of superfluous records. It is certainly unfortunate that this amending Act should have recognised

the paramount control of departments which must be held responsible for the serious losses sustained by the records in their charge. At the same time it is not suggested that those departments have shown a very strong inclination to assert their proprietary rights. Without any special aptitude for the custody of historical documents of great importance, they have been content to acquiesce in the official theory by which the plain intention of the Act of 1838 has been set at naught. It is absolutely essential, therefore, that this illusory departmental custody should be forthwith set aside, and that effectual steps should be taken to place all the outstanding official documents which fall within the purview of the Public Record Office Act under a responsible custodian.

This is no trifling matter, at least for the historical student of the future. We have no hesitation in asserting that, if an official return could be compiled of all the public documents that have remained out of official custody since the year 1838, when their status as public records was explicitly decreed by Act of Parliament, our historians would be equally appalled by the risks that have been incurred and by the actual losses that have been sustained. Moreover, such a return would necessarily include documents that have been lost to sight from a date long anterior to that of the Act in question. When the arsenals and dockyards of this country, the ports and other local repositories, have yielded up their contents to swell the *trouvaille* of the vaults and garrets of the metropolitan departments, many gaps in the official inventories may be closed, and many details of our political and fiscal history will need to be revised.

The Act of 1838 may thus be regarded as furnishing suitable directions for the custody of the archives. It does not, however, indicate with sufficient clearness the right of free access to the documents which are to be henceforth regarded as 'public records.' Doubtless the cause of this reticence or evasion is to be found in the notorious circumstance that Parliament, while raising the neglected archives to the dignity of a national department, had not at that time the means to make any adequate provision for an official establishment. Thus, the old fee-system was tacitly continued down to the

year 1858; but, although a declaratory section might well be added to the Act in order to vindicate its very title, means have long since been found to hold the system of fees in strict abeyance. Indeed, in respect of facilities for the inspection of the records, the rules and regulations made from time to time by the Master of the Rolls will apparently suffice for every purpose. If we may assume, therefore, that a slight amendment of the Public Record Office Act of 1838 would secure the transfer of all outstanding official documents to the custody of the Master of the Rolls, the existing departmental authorities might be trusted to accomplish in due course the remaining *desiderata* of historical students.

Of these the question next in importance to the concentration of the records and free access to the same under reasonable conditions is naturally that of a sufficient indication of their contents. The cry for inventories is heard to-day all over Europe; and it is raised not only by the rank and file of historical workers, but also by the ablest modern writers on historical method. We note with satisfaction the great efforts that have been recently made in this direction by the present Deputy Keeper; but the arrears of fifty years cannot be overtaken in fifteen. Again, something more than a perfunctory list is now required to satisfy the critical demands of local antiquaries and foreign experts; and the inventory of the future must aspire to a standard in respect of classification and description that was never contemplated by an earlier official régime. Such a list, in addition to an explanation of the principle of classification adopted, should preserve every indication of the earlier systems employed, together with a reference to related documents which have been destroyed or are not now preserved in official custody. It should also clearly express the form and extent of every document, and should note the existence of any mutilation.

It will be seen that the above requirements would involve the task of identifying the State documents that have found their way into public and private libraries. In order to accomplish this task it does not necessarily follow that we must first prepare a comprehensive 'Guide' to these official estrays. In the case of the larger public libraries, a descriptive catalogue is already

available; and with this assistance the work of identification should be fairly simple. It will be remembered that similar identifications have been recently attempted, with remarkable success, in the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. As we have seen, this co-ordination of our national archives should be supplemented by the skilful investigations of a foreign intelligence department organised on the lines of the continental and American 'archive missions.' Such an organisation would not only promote the long neglected comparative study of European history, but would serve as a useful bureau of information for the assistance of English students in every capital of Europe.

These operations are not beyond the powers of the authorities of the Record Office, and perhaps they might add to them the advisory direction of the training and examination of archivists; while the desirability of consulting professed historians on the subject of the destruction of superfluous documents has been already referred to. At the same time some such consultation may also be advantageously held in respect of record publications. Finally, the recognition and encouragement by the State of the extensive but often ill-directed schemes of publication from the resources of learned and local societies is a matter deserving consideration; and the new British Academy is well qualified to act as an intermediary between the Government and these isolated bodies. As it is, instances will occur to the reader in which the privately-printed description of a class of records or local muniments dispenses with the need for an official inventory.

The existence of certain defects in our meritorious but antiquated archive system need, after all, give rise to no feeling of despondency or irritation. It must be remembered that the scientific study of this subject abroad was due to causes that have never operated in this country. The sense of national responsibility for the well-being of these priceless possessions has undoubtedly tended to the advancement of more than one branch of learning. It would almost seem that the experiment might be tried by ourselves, *salvo jure cujuscumque*, as the old law books remind us.

well known to St Francis and his companions, who were wont to nurse its sick and exhort its sound early in the thirteenth century. Eight o'clock struck as we entered Bevagna, the 'misty Mevania' of Propertius, dear to all who honour the memory of St Francis. We could not fix the spot where he preached to the birds, but it was just before the entrance-gate. We halted for two hours to breathe our excellent steeds, and looked, as he must often have done, on the high walls of San Michele and San Silvestro, pierced with tiny arched windows.

How beautiful was the drive over the gentle ascent of the pass and along thirty miles of high road to Todi! Behind us was the great plain backed by Subasio and the high range about Foligno and Trevi, where the Topino has its source; further south was Spoleto, and near it Clitumnus, whose steers are still snow-white. To our left rose hills terraced with farms and vineyards, on one of which stands Montefalco, the watch and ward of Umbria, north and south. To our right the low Apennines stretched westwards, broken, as they neared Perugia, by the valley of the young Tiber making its way to Todi from the north. On either wayside lay cushions of thyme, purple, mauve, and lavender, in continuous masses. Where the ground was cultivated, long flax-furrows bent their sky-blue waves to the wind; here and there spread acres of dark blue salvia; on the roadside lingered roses, red and white, unsoiled, for here motors have not begun to forge their desecrating way. We topped the brow and came into sight of the southern valley. It is much narrower than the valley of Spoleto and much more wooded. Oak-trees grow everywhere, in clumps or in straggling lines; and mile after mile repeats the landscape of vineyard, corn, and bosage, of farmhouse and wayside hamlet, till Todi on her throne is espied where the plain widens, where the Tiber gleams, and the Rio and Naja render up their tributes to its historic stream.

We stopped only once at a smithy, where our careful driver flung beakers of red wine down his horses' throats, the smith helping, as they resented the refresher. But it availed, and they spurted cheerfully onwards to the foot of Todi's hill, where stands a fine church of the decadence planned by Bernini. Winding round the walls, we climbed up a steep and narrow street and drew up below

a flight of steps down which the host of Todi's only hotel came to meet us. The *salone* where we had tea was a relic of the palatial past; and the whole house bespoke bygone importance, its solid structures broken by arches so symmetrically grouped that they claimed their descent from an age when building was a regal art. In that age Todi was a wealthy city which had outlived two civilisations, and had learnt from both such architecture as defied time. Twenty thousand people then filled the town, and forty thousand more farmed the plains which the Counts of Todi owned. Now, five thousand in the city and ten or twelve thousand in its communal environs complete the muster-roll. Its walls are based here and there with massive Etruscan masonry, and an arch spans the main street whose foundations may be Etruscan too; but its broken bridge joining two sections of some ancient magnate's palace belongs to the decadence. Tudertum, Tudertanum, Tuder—for such are its antique names—was a city of importance, perhaps because of its position on the left bank of the Tiber. Roman remains are plentiful, the Forum with its fractured wall still showing four arched recesses in which booths or stalls might be set up. An amphitheatre and twenty great halls for public cisterns testify to the munificence of Imperial provision.

But it was medieval Todi and its condition during the thirteenth century which had lured me thither, and which lure all who care to understand a little the literature preceding Dante and expressing Italian ideals before his time. He was familiar with this literature, and in the twenty-fourth canto of his 'Purgatorio' puts into Forese's mouth the names of some of its most eminent representatives. Neither in that list nor in those of cantos XI and XXVI does Jacopone's name appear, probably because he was still alive in 1300, the date chosen by Dante for his spiritual pilgrimage. But it is impossible to suppose that he never read Jacopone's Canticles and Lauds written in the vernacular, nor the two great Latin hymns of the 'Stabat Mater,' 'Mary at the Manger' and 'Mary at the Cross,' which rank in the Church with Thomas of Celano's 'Dies Iræ.'

It was to catch the spirit of their poet's time, to learn the aspect of his surroundings, to look on the nature

which soothed him in his agony, to visit the house to which he brought his bride, that I went to Todi. I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Monsignor Alvi, Archdeacon of Todi and Prior of the Cathedral, who helped my quest. I discovered the house for myself. It stands on a wide ledge of the hill up which Todi climbs, a ledge known locally as La Piana, a little way below the ruins of the Forum. On this ledge, a row of houses with massive substructures faces the mountains and looks over the plain. One of these houses is built on to an antique church, San Carlo, no longer used, whose beautiful façade and belfry recall a more primitive architectural epoch than that which produced the Duomo and San Fortunato. Its pierced window and delicate decorative mouldings point to the tenth or eleventh century. When Jacopone was born these other churches did not exist, although they were begun during his life.

This house, joined to San Carlo, which it outsteps a pace, is the most imposing in the row. Its bases are very old and are probably Etruscan. I pushed open its *portone* and entered a stone hall, at the far end of which is a great recess where stands a huge quadrangular trough, very high, into which *acqua vivente* falls, its overflow disappearing down an ancient drain in the floor. Above the hall are several stories which form separate dwellings, their rooms still on the original plan, covered by the same beams, protected now by strong wooden boxes. The windows were renewed in the eighteenth century and provided with mullions, which detract from their antiquity, but their outlook is the same, away to the mountains of Massa Martana and to the eternal snows of the glorious Leonessa.

Jacopone's father was a famous notary of Todi, Benedetto di Simo, of noble family and possessing a feudal estate outside the city called Spagliagrano. He was a Ghibelline, and popular amongst the people, who had submitted to the Emperor Frederick II. So far as can be gathered, his son was born in his house outside the city. His birth-year was probably 1228, two years after the death of St Francis, and about the same time that his future foe Benedetto dei Gaetani, afterwards Pope Boniface VIII, was born at Anagni. They were contemporaries for seventy-three years.

Gregory IX was pope at the time of their birth, and aged war with the great Emperor with all the craft and determination which had characterised him as Cardinal golino. Like his predecessors, he established the papal court about once in three years at Perugia in order to keep the Imperial popularity in check. When Jacopo, the son of Benedetto di Simo, was eight years old, Gregory was there for the last time. He drove back to Rome through Todi, after a somewhat troubled residence, for even at Perugia he found a warm leaning towards the cultured and fascinating Frederick, which troubled the reverence due to the pontiff. But as the people believed that the Holy Father's power could avail against flood, famine, and pestilence, by which Umbria was then devastated, the province executed a discreet *vultu-fac* during his stay, and he was received at Todi with every kind of spectacular honour. We know that Jacopo was in the crowd assembled to receive his benediction; and perhaps Benedetto Gaetani was there too, for he had powerful relatives at Todi and got his early schooling there. They were not unlike each other in character at that time, both full of spirit, reckless, delighting in wild games, disobedient, quarrelsome, ready for the minor encounters of the street, perhaps rivals in and out of school.

The young Gaetani's claim to nobility of birth rested on somewhat insecure assumption; one can imagine the two braggarts taunting each other, for we know that both were boastful; and, although a century or so may seem to us of no lofty status, Jacopo was born of a highly placed family, its members Counts of the Empire, owners of feudal property and notaries, because the position carried high privileges—magistracies, ambassadorial possibilities. It may be that they were already contained some mutual grudge and animosity, the later hostility. But there was no difference of rank between them. Benedetto had imagination as well as Jacopo, boundless imagination, but it showed its power and had visions only of superiority. Jacopo's imagination rioted in all that made for a brilliant life, for sumptuous apparel and feast, for rivalry amongst his peers, for song and other sports, for wit and ingenious wit. In him an imagination was impelled; in Benedetto Gaetani an imagination was

Jacopo, as we learn from his own confession, was difficult to control and was often in disgrace with his stern father. It was Ser Benedetto's desire that his boy should succeed to his professional position and its emoluments; and he had had hard work to keep the lad steady to his lessons in Latin. In time, however, he was sufficiently advanced to be sent to Bologna for training in canon and civil law, in literature and in theology. Gaetani was despatched to Paris, also bent on jurisprudence and theology. At Bologna Jacopo studied diligently, and we find him already doctor of law at the age of twenty. Signor Biordo Brugnoli describes his triumphant course through the city of scholars when he attained his degree:

'Surrounded by a troop of roystering, cheering fellow-students, and preceded by the four University trumpeters, a youth of about twenty years, clad in scarlet gown, rode a palfrey adorned with decorated trappings, and comported himself with a comic air of scholarly dignity. It was the newly-made Doctor Jacopo, who traversed the streets of the city amidst an applauding crowd of friends of both sexes, acquired during his residence in learned Bologne.'

His exuberant humanity helped his popularity, and he must have been delightful company. His gifts were roused by the vivifying influences of the place; along with canon and civil law he studied literature, which had received a definite impetus from the fervours of the century, and, following the lead of St Francis, was finding its occasional expression in the vernacular. Jacopo probably knew Guinicelli, who is extolled in the 'Purgatorio' (canto XXVI) as a poet

'Who was a father to me and to those
My betters who have ever used the sweet
And pleasant rhymes of love.'

And again:

'Those dulcet lays which, as long
As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,
Shall make us love the very ink that traced them.'

Dante mentions him too in the 'Convito' and in 'De Vulgari Eloquio.' Guido Guinicelli was of noble Bolognese family, and was already a noted poet. If his

beautiful sonnets so impressed Dante when he was first finding the sonnet form a fitting shrine for the memory of Beatrice, we cannot doubt that Jacopo read them eagerly, perhaps engaged in friendly rivalry with the acknowledged poet, discovered for himself the poetic value of the vernacular, and tried his prentice hand on every classic mould. Guinicelli was eight years older than Jacopo, and was resident in Bologna. It was still the time of troubadour poetry; and both practised the 'sweet and pleasant rhymes' of Provence. There is a delicacy in Guinicelli's thought and diction to which Jacopo never attained, but Jacopo had the stronger afflatus, the finer frenzy of the two.

The thirteenth century Renaissance, in which more than half a hundred poets—the foremost being Guinicelli—took part before Dante, possessed two distinguishing characteristics—its fine aftermath of classic philosophy, and its own tremulous sense of sin, death, and judgment. What in Imperial Rome had become a melancholy acceptance of annihilation, a creed leading either to desperate courses of intemperate dissipation, or to cold and pulseless resignation, was in this outburst of mental growth, of emulation, of vitality in vernacular evolution, quite as sensible of death and of failure, but penetrated by a savage theological faith whose most potent tenets were hell and the judgment to come. This penitential fervour derived from St Francis and St Dominic. So overwhelming was this flood of emotion that, although the century's poets were not carried out of their depth upon its current, they did not and could not escape its influence. It was as much in the air as was puritanism in England when the Tudors and Stuarts reigned, or as is agnosticism in our own time. And dread of hell was a profitable weapon for the Church.

A renaissance spirit is apt to breathe doubt, to loosen moral obligation, to counsel pleasure, even while it is enhancing men's knowledge, expanding their outlook, enriching their powers. It takes time for the ferment to subside, for the new order to appear. But in the thirteenth century the Church was still a living and authoritative power. Jacopo had come under its influence both in Todi and at Bologna, and was as learned in its theology as in law. But the Church had its pet

toleration; and we learn from the 'Divina Commedia' how infinitely more heinous in its computation were the sins of the mind and the spirit than those of the flesh. The latter could be confessed, paid for in penance and annealed; the former incurred censure, suspicion, torture, martyrdom.

We find Jacopo not only a successful student, but a boon companion of the nobler and richer youths of Bologna. He was advised by his worldly-wise father to make friends of the 'mammon of unrighteousness,' and chose his comrades with an eye to their position and wealth. His father gave him funds for extravagance, and he was conspicuous by his fine clothes and equipages, the banquets he gave, and his reckless expenditure. Amongst his friends were the choicest spirits of disorder in Bologna; and he tells us in his satires and confessions how wild were their excesses, how insane their pranks, how opposed they were to order and authority. Indeed their follies overleapt the limits of decency and of reverence for things sacred. It was a common feature of their entertainments to sing ribald songs which parodied the metre, the words, and even the music of religious chants and hymns. Jacopo was skilled in this ignoble mimicry; and, as he studied secular verse, so he studied the forms used in church services that he might use them for this purpose. In time he almost exhausted his father's estate, and was recalled to assist in its recovery.

On his return to Todi he seems to have been astounded at the effect of his vainglorious career in Bologna and set himself to professional work with energy. He made an excellent notary, conducting the local cases with skill and success, and securing both confidence and esteem from his fellow-citizens. Knowledge of the world, wide interests, and great charm of manner, made him a marked personage in Todi and its environs. But he resented lack of means to maintain the state he loved, and he added to his professional activity a secret source of money-making by usurious lending. He avows this in the 'laud' 'O pitiful Christ,' and adds the detail that he gave scarcer measure to the poor than to the rich, and dunned them more ruthlessly for payment. He was soon as wealthy as he desired to be; but there was still lacking to him the dignity of a household presided over by a

highborn and beautiful wife. The years which made him rich made him older, and he was nearly forty years of age when he decided on marrying. His father was dead, and he was living in the big house on La Piana at which we have already glanced. To this house he brought a bride in 1267. She was Giovanna di Bernardino di Guidone; and her family ranked amongst the Counts Comitoli. Ser Bernardino was a Ghibelline, as was Jacopo; and his feudal property was at Canalicchio, near Todi. The Counts Comitoli had freed themselves from subjection to Perugia, and had established themselves within the more tolerable jurisdiction of Todi. Vanna was good and beautiful, and not only won the devotion of her brilliant husband, but influenced him for good. Like a very troubadour, he extolled his 'treasure' in song. She gave him all her affection, meeting his wishes even when they ran counter to her own.

For Vanna had felt the strong wind of the Spirit which swept through Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France from 1258 for more than a decade of years. Perhaps it originated in Umbria and was a natural sequel of the Franciscan reformation, acting on and through the people rather than through the degenerate friars. War, pestilence, and famine were desolating central Italy; spiritual scourges followed—suspensions, interdicts, excommunications—even more formidable to the imagination than material troubles; and consciences were shaken into a penitential conviction that they were the tokens of God's wrath. It may be that Raniero Fasani snapped the cord, and liberated crowds to the freedom of agonised confession; but it is evident that the way of the Spirit had been long prepared by the example, the rule, and the third order of St Francis.

The highways of four countries were filled with wandering companies calling men, women, and children to prayer and penance, to the praise of God, and to poverty. These strange wayfarers took the road from Perugia to Todi, and had been seen there long before Jacopo's marriage. There is indeed some reason to suppose that even his conscience had been stirred, and that he had abandoned his unholy practices. Vanna had been more than moved; she had yielded to the influence of the Spirit; she had in her seclusion given

herself to prayer; and underneath the robes which, as Ser Jacopo's wife she wore, a hair-shirt and a chain girdle fretted her tender skin. To him she spoke no word of this, but obeyed him even to the wearing of gorgeous velvets, brocades, and jewels, at balls and banquets where he loved her to shine. She practised her humilities and austerities in secret, and prayed for his entire awakening. The high gods took her at her word, but at the cost of her innocent life.

The story is well known to readers of English poetry through Matthew Arnold's sonnet, 'The Austerity of Poetry.' Vanna went one day, a few months after her marriage, to celebrate a civic festival. There were crowds of citizens in the piazza, great banquets in the palaces, balconies and terraces adorned with gay hangings. Part of the spectacle took place in the square; and the balconies were filled with richly-dressed ladies. Vanna was amongst her friends. The crowd about her pressed and swayed; and the floor on which they stood gave way, precipitating them all to the ground. Many were hurt; all suffered from the shock; and one of them, the gentle and beautiful Vanna, was mortally crushed. Jacopo, called to the spot, lifted her in his arms and bore her to a quiet room, where he helped to unfasten her dress that the physician might examine her wounds. Beneath her festal robes he found the penitential shirt and chain. Vanna had just life left to turn her eyes full of tenderness upon her husband and to smile. Smiling she died, and then Jacopo went out of his mind.

For a long time his aberration lasted, but it took an exceptional form. It was remorse, self-abasement, gone mad. The sight of Vanna's penance, her silent protest against the vanities and gaieties which she endured in obedience to his will, the thought that but for his love of the world she would not have died, pierced him to the heart; and his whole nature revolted against himself and against the world. What happened to him in the earlier months of his calamity we do not know. He emerged from them a new creature. The tempestuous nature which had given itself wholly to the world was now given wholly to God; and he was dominated by an impulse to make his surrender manifest to all.

○ Doubtless this impulse first made itself felt in ways

which indicate the impact of mental disturbance as well as of emotion. There is a frieze of small frescoes in two rooms of Jacopo's house on La Piana, painted about a century after his death and recently discreetly restored for Count Pongelli the present proprietor. Those frescoes of incidents in the years of his life after 1268 endorse the surmise that his vagaries had a spiritual significance. The seizure immediately after Vanna's death had affected his speech; and for some time he could not utter his message, so he acted it. When his younger brother was married, he was invited to the wedding. He collected the feathers of capons and chickens plucked for the banquet, smeared his body with honey and went covered with fluff and feathers. It was his renunciation of fine dress which had been not only his inordinate passion, but was linked to the memory of Vanna's death. Another fresco tells us how a cousin met him while marketing, and entrusted him with a pair of chickens to carry 'home.' Jacopo took them to his friend's new sarcophagus in San Fortunato, lifted the lid and dropped them in. There was naturally an angry remonstrance from the cousin, but Jacopo explained that no man had a home so certain as the tomb, and that he was bidden carry the chickens 'home.'

One other incident carries us further into his freakish reasoning. Having rejoiced in costly and sumptuous robes, in great personal nicety, and in a somewhat haughty carriage and manner, he did penance by wearing the skin of an ass and crawling on all fours. His fellow-citizens took him for a creature afflicted by God, a harmless madman; but the children, less merciful, pelted him with stones and gave him the nickname of *Jacopone*, or 'Big Jacob,' which he accepted and adopted, for beneath his crazy behaviour there was a great spiritual change at work. It is asserted that his prank of wearing the semblance of an ass was suggested by the guardian of a convent of Franciscans whom he wished to join. Knowing his former character, he was bidden 'become an ass, so that as an ass he might live amongst asses.' But many years passed before he joined their order.

In the meantime other influences were at work to heal him. Mute, stricken, humbled, he was wont to seek

the solitudes of nature and there to pour out his passionate confessions in prayer. As the power of speech returned he began to sing praises to God, of whose presence and consolations he grew conscious. Amongst the itinerary penitents were some known as the *Laudesi*, because they sang aloud as they marched; and it is probable that he joined one of their companies for a time. It is certain that he wrote 'lauds' for their use, 'lauds' breathing renunciation and yearning after the spiritual life. He was absorbed, too, in meditations on death and the grave, and contributed to the literature of penitence, so characteristic of that time, several remarkable poems satirising himself in his former wordliness. One is catalogued as his Fifth Satire:

'Man, O think within thy heart
 Whence thy boasting comes to thee.
 Think, O man, of what thou art,
 What thou wert and what shalt be,
 And to what thou shalt return:
 Let thy thoughts within thee burn.
 From the dust, of dust conceived,
 Subject thou to fret and fray,
 If thou hast some jot achieved,
 Is it worth thy boast to-day?
 Thou art formed of vilest earth,
 And in weeping wert thou born;
 Versed in misery from thy birth,
 Shalt to earth in time return.
 Thou didst come a pilgrim poor,
 Naked, helpless and undone;
 And with sobs and weeping sore
 Was thy pilgrimage begun.
 Sobs for songs when thou didst start,
 Not a doit to pay thy cost;
 But God one grace did impart—
 His own image thou couldst boast.
 Hast thou glory in thy dress
 Gathered to thee by thy wit?
 Vain it were thou must confess
 To find cause for pride in it.
 For the lamb gives thee its wool,
 And the corn yields thee its grain—
 Sooth thou art an arrant fool;
 'Tis God's creatures thee maintain.

Look, O man, upon His trees
 Bearing fruit for thee to eat,
 Fragrant fruit thy taste to please,
 Full of flavour, too, and sweet.
 See the vine its clusters bear,
 See them ripen midst the green;
 Leave them slow to ripen there;
 They will yield thee drink, I ween.
 Dost remember, man, how thou
 Vermin bearest and not fruit,
 Vermin that thee torture now,
 Rob of peace and bite to boot?
 Dost thou glory such to bear?
 O believe me when I say,
 To the end they will be there,
 In the grave till judgment day.'

In the fourth book of the Venetian edition of his Canticles we find a 'Contemplation against Pride,' numbered xxv, which consists of a gruesome conversation between the dead and sepulchred bones and Jacopone. A few stanzas suffice to convey its message:

1. 'When thou takest thy delight,
 O worldly man of wealth and might,
 Turn, turn thy mind unto the tomb,
 And hither let thy footsteps come.
 Bethink thee well that thou must turn
 Unto like dust as in this urn,
 To ashes such as thou dost spurn.
2. O answer me thou buried one,
 Now rapt away from sky and sun,
 Where are the garments thou didst wear?
 For now foul rags alone are there.
3. O brother mine, it pains me not
 That thou enquirest of my lot,
 Since I am stripped of all I wore,
 And for my covering nothing more
 Than dust and ashes can I boast.
4. O where is now the head that most
 Thou cherishedst—what has so marred
 Its form as if with flame 'twere scarred?
 Could ever sight more painful be?
5. From this my head once fair to see
 Gone all the flesh, fallen all the hair;

I never dreamt in upper air
That I such misery should bear.

6. And where are now thy vanished eyes?
From out their sockets, I surmise,
The worms have eaten them, nor feared
Thine anger when their prey they neared.
7. Lost are they, servants to my sin,
O woe is me, without, within:
O woe is me, now know I well
My flesh devoured, my soul in Hell!

And so, through every feature and limb, Jacopone chastised his own vainglory in the things of flesh and time, and ended with an appeal to all to come and contemplate their destruction in the tomb; for what can they profit a man whose soul they send to hell?

After some years spent in this half-abject and half-lofty contrition, Jacopone recovered. The paralysis of his powers was relaxed; the activity of his brain and judgment returned. Long hours spent in the open air and a measure of gladness in poverty and renunciation braced his resolution towards the spiritual life. He was often absent from Todi, making his way from shrine to shrine of St Francis, seeking at Assisi, in the March, at Rieti, Camaldoli, Alverna, to find his footsteps and to follow in them. At Alverna he made the acquaintance of Brother John, a zealous champion of true Franciscanism, from whom he received spiritual instruction and whom he held very dear to the end of his life. Perhaps, too, he sought the more renowned hermitages of that time. One of these was on Monte Morrone in the Abruzzi, where Pier Angeleriére practised a vigorous asceticism. Here a cave hollowed in a limestone rock has been for six centuries the haunt of a long succession of hermits, amongst whom St Onofrio and Pope Celestine were the most notable. The latter, born in Salmone and ordained in Rome, gave up his priestly life and retired first to this hermitage, thence to the Majella and after a few years back to Monte Morrone, where he built an oratory and founded an order of monks for whom he erected a convent. He obtained Pope Urban's authorisation for his order, to which he gave the name of the Celestines. He himself lived in the cave and was accounted one of the holiest of men.

When Jacopone returned to Todi, he was fortified to combat with a recrudescence of desire for the luxurious habits of his youth and manhood. He was beset by a great necessity for distraction that he might not fail. He sold all his possessions and gave their price to the poor of Todi, left the city and avoided contact with his fellow-citizens and with anything that recalled the prosperous worldliness of his earlier years. He sought shelter in the mountains and forests, and in touch with nature began to reconstruct the fabric of his life. It is said that he drew up a rule which included recreation as well as religious exercises. Since he must renounce all human friendships, he made friends of the mountains, the groves, the rivers, and took them for the audience of his verse. To them he sang his 'lauds'; to them he danced; to them he poured out his longing for holiness, ridding himself in their sympathy of his sorrows and the remembrance of past years. In child-like gaiety he declared himself a child—born again. The fantasy went far towards his healing; and summers so spent, with seasons of wandering planned to give battle against himself, proved effectual in the end. As Prof. Brugnoli suggests, the artist in him inspired means for his own salvation.

With restored health he set himself to make detailed confession of his sins in 'lauds,' which, although they breathe horror of his guilt, contain no morbid exaggeration, but rather a supreme sincerity; and this sincerity is emphasised by his use of the Umbrian vernacular. He tells a plain unvarnished tale in the homely language of the people. So plain it is that sometimes it quits the region of poetry, and descends into mere rhyming narrative; but thence again it soars into allegory, spiritual fervour, mystical exaltation. Umbria and Tuscany were the homes of that form of poetry called 'Lauds'; and in Umbrian and Tuscan-Italian they were composed.

About eighteen years after Vanna's death Jacopone was received into the Franciscan order. He was a tertiary, and called himself one of God's minstrels, like Fra Pacifico, for years before he entered the convent at Pantanelli. He took the vows with a solemnity scarcely understood by the friars of that generation. In the split between the conventual friars and the faithful followers of St Francis—the brothers of hermitages and huts—Jacopone's mind

was wholly on the side of the latter, and his love of saintly poverty was only second to that of the Patriarch. There had been hesitancy on the part of the Guardian at Pantanelli about his reception. In order to propitiate the friars he had given them a Latin chant, 'Cur Mundus militat sub vana gloria,' and a 'laud' in the idiom of Todi upon the uncertainty of all earthly good; and the quality of these poems led them to admit him, expecting honour to their convent from his renown.

At first he was happy in strict obedience to authority; but his devout submission to asceticism, his poverty and humility, soon brought him into disfavour with the lax and self-indulgent friars. Their contempt of the rule grieved him to the quick; and a number of his 'lauds' were inspired by the pain he suffered. 'Ah!' he cried, 'I weep because Love is not loved.' In keen and dramatic satire he represented Poverty as going about the ways seeking in vain for recognition. Driven from their gates by prelates and monks, she hoped to be welcomed by the followers of Francis her spouse, but found them well clad and abundantly fed. They, too, scornfully refused her shelter; and she turned to the abodes of the sisters of poverty. But the portress bade her be gone; the abbess cried out with horror at her appearance, and bade the gardener chase her away with blows. Weeping, poor Poverty called aloud: 'Francis alone truly loved me.'

Jacopone wrote three beautiful 'lauds' on St Francis, which contain the whole theology of the order as he founded it. In 'O Francis, beloved of God,' we find set forth the saint's mission to defeat a second time the machinations of the devil. First, Christ humbled his power in the world; then Francis was sent by God to resist his lures and weaken his hold upon both Church and people. All three poems are explicit as to his place in God's plan; and Jacopone has always been associated with St Anthony of Padua and St Bonaventure as the third Franciscan theologian. Other poems were satires scourging the decadent friars, 'wolves in sheep's clothing' he called them, 'displeasing to God'; wounding Christ anew, persecuting His 'little flock.' For his efforts he received hatred and persecution at Pantanelli but, undiscouraged, maintained his single-handed crusade. His satires commended themselves to the Umbrian people,

1296, and Boniface had the cynical audacity to prepare for his victim's beatification. In the same year he enraged the King of France by a Bull forbidding the French clergy to subsidise the royal revenue; on which Philip the Fair took the part of his enemies, and helped Sciarra Colonna with troops against him.

From the first, Jacopone sided with the Pope's foes. The poet had left Pantanelli and was in a convent near Preneste. He was a signatory to the protest against Boniface, drawn up at Palestrina by Cardinals Pietro and Jacopo Colonna, and his signature reads, 'Jacopo Benedetti da Todi.' For this Boniface summoned him to Rome, and then condemned him to imprisonment in a filthy pit of the convent on Mount Preneste, where the poor 'minstrel of God' was nearly suffocated. But he prayed and sang with redoubled energy, and defied his persecutor in a satirical poem. In this he describes jestingly the horrors of his prison—the foul air, the stale bread and water lowered to him, the rats which disputed his food, his chains rattling when he moved, his plank bed, and the darkness. But he called the world to witness that his foe was powerless to crush his triumphant spirit. Then the angry pontiff launched a Bull of excommunication against him. The act struck home into the old man's breast; for it was a binding dogma that a pope—atheist though he might be, guilty of every deadly sin—could wield the weapons of divine wrath. Jacopone tried to soften the hard heart; he entreated absolution and leave to return to the 'flock of Francis,' in vain. But the acute mind of Jacopo the notary soon came to his aid; and he knew that such a one as Boniface was powerless to snatch his soul from God. The pope was 'Lo falso clericato,' foe to the Church; and he wrote his laments on the Church degraded by such a lord.

It is said that, one day in 1299, Boniface came to see the ruins of Preneste and passed by Jacopone's dungeon. Looking down he called out mockingly, 'Well, Jacopone, when are you coming out?' and the old poet answered, 'When thou shalt come in.' Four years later the prediction was fulfilled; and when Boniface, made prisoner, died of shame and vexation, Jacopone was released, and absolved by Benedict XI. He returned to Pantanelli,

but only for a brief time, as he was directed to retire to Collazzone about twelve miles north-west of Todi.

He passed his native city on the way, and blessed it as St Francis had blessed Assisi. The journey was long, and he was worn by seven years of cruel imprisonment; so he rested a few days at the convent of the Vallombrosiani in Fontanellis, whence he walked to San Lorenzo at Collazzone. As he entered, he chanted, 'This is my rest; here have I desired to dwell.' And here he dwelt three years in peace and in a rapture of devotion, his most exalted poems being written at this period. The love of God, the love of Christ, were his themes; there was no more satire, no more morbid depreciation of life, of the senses, of the needs of 'Brother Body.' He recognised that sight, touch, hearing, and tasting are gifts from above; that the fragrance of fruit and flower, the glory of mountain and valley, the singing of birds and murmur of streams, the pleasant flavours of food and drink, the kindly touch of a friendly hand, were created by divine love and are eloquent of their Creator. Constant meditation on the love of God inspired him to write his 'Laud of the Five Gateways,' at which a man may meet these varied gifts of love. It was also during these last years that Jacopone composed his great Latin hymn, 'Stabat Mater Dolorosa,' the undying evidence of his power, since it has been fitted with music as immortal for the solemnity of the Mass. It is less well known that he wrote a second, the 'Stabat Mater Speciosa' of the manger-cradle, inspired by the memory of St Francis and the *Presepio* at Monte Colombo. It expresses Mary's wondering worship of the Babe of Bethlehem.

In December 1306 he lay dying in the hospital of San Lorenzo at Collazzone, worn out with suffering, perhaps with joy. On his pallet he sang his last praise of divine love. The friars had entreated him to receive the last sacraments, but he bade them wait, 'for,' said he, 'John of La Verna will come and he will administer them to me.' As he spoke two travelling friars sought admission; and one of them was his friend. The last offices were performed, and in a rapture of devout and radiant gratitude he sat up in bed and sang his swan-song:

* O Love Divine, Thy wounds,
With which Thou woundest me,

Forbid all other sounds
 But praise, O Love, to Thee.
 For I am Thine, O Love,
 Who kindled hast this fire;
 And Thou art mine, O Love—
 Whom else should I desire?
 For Thou dost fill my heart
 With yearning Thine to be;
 O Love let me depart,
 I pray now unto Thee.
 I long for Jesu's love;
 With Him for aye to live.
 O Love Divine above,
 Rest and my Saviour give!
 Jesu, Thou art my all;
 I lose myself in Thee.
 Jesu my Love I call,
 My hope eternally.'

It was his message to the world, and singing it, he died.
 And still, six centuries later, his message is proclaimed
 in every basilica of Europe, and men's voices rise on
 glorious strains of music as they pray:

'Eia Mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

 Fac me tecum pie flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero;
 Juxta Crucem tecum stare
 Et me tibi sociare
 In planctu desidero.'

Todi received its dead with pomp and all solemnity. His
 body was first laid in state in San Carlo, but was eventu-
 ally buried under the high altar of San Fortunato.

Art. 4.—ANCIENT JERUSALEM.

1. *Jerusalem: the Topography, Economics, and History, from the Earliest Times to A.D. 70.* By George Adam Smith, D.D. Two vols. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1907-8.
2. *Ancient Jerusalem.* By Selah Merrill. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1908.
3. *Jerusalem in Bible Times.* By Lewis Bayles Paton. Chicago: University Press. London: Luzac, 1908.
4. *The City of Jerusalem.* By Colonel C. R. Conder. London: Murray, 1909.
5. *The Second Temple in Jerusalem: its History and its Structure.* By W. Shaw Caldecott. London: Murray, 1908.
6. *Sacred Sites of the Gospels.* By W. Sanday, D.D., with the assistance of Paul Waterhouse. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1903.
7. *Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre.* By the late Major-General Sir C. W. Wilson. Edited by Colonel Sir C. M. Watson. London: Published by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, 1906.
8. *Die El-Amarna Tafeln.* Translated and edited by J. A. Knudtzon. Leipzig: Hinrichs, 1908.
9. *Studien zur hebräischen Archäologie und Religionsgeschichte.* I. *Der heilige Fels auf dem Moria und seine Altäre.* III. *Der Schlangenstein im Kidrontal bei Jerusalem.* By Rudolf Kittel. Leipzig: Hinrichs, 1908.
10. *Siloah; Brunnen, Teich, Kanal, zu Jerusalem.* By Carl Mommert. Leipzig: Haberland, 1908.

THERE is no site on earth round which human interest might be expected to centre more keenly than about the site of Jerusalem. If the uniquely sacred associations which the place possesses, for Jew and Christian alike, fail to make their appeal, yet to any mind possessing an imagination capable of being kindled by the romance of history, Jerusalem offers a field of study unrivalled in its possibilities. Still the fact remains that for the great majority, at least among English-speaking races, the spell fails to work. For one visitor to Jerusalem who can say that he has realised his expectations, there are ten who freely confess that they are disappointed. Two

or three days—so they tell their friends at home—are enough for the sights of Jerusalem; and these, when seen, scarcely repay the trouble of the visit.

The reason is that the modern English tourist knows too much and too little to profit by his opportunities. He cannot go with the childlike faith of the Russian peasant, and bow with awe and wonder before the reputed sacred sites of Gospel history. It needs but little study to convince him how largely the fixing of these sites depends upon the arbitrary assumptions of an uncritical tradition; and he is apt to be repelled by the confident assertions of his dragoman as to the occurrence at a particular spot of one or another event which, from the nature of the case, must be incapable of identification. On the other hand, he knows too little, because such knowledge of the past history of Jerusalem as he possesses is most often formless and unconnected, and he brings it to bear upon a site of which even the ancient contours have long since disappeared, and lie buried beneath the rubbish of ages, which represents the demolition of city upon city. What he needs is the guidance of some one at once scholar and historian, archæologist and poet; some one in whom the vivid imagination of the artist is tempered by the sane caution of the critic, who has the learning and the acumen to weigh and to appreciate the results of topographical investigation when tried by the information afforded by ancient writers, and at the same time the literary skill to make the past rise again out of the stones and dust, and to kindle in his reader something of his own enthusiasm and interest.

Such a combination of qualities can rarely be realised in a single individual; yet we may claim to find them all in due measure in Prof. George Adam Smith, whose long-expected work on Jerusalem is now before us in two handsome volumes of some 1100 pages. Here we have an ideal guide to the study of ancient Jerusalem. The first volume falls into two books, the former of which deals at length with the topography, and is prefaced by a careful consideration of the geological formation of the site, and the possible influence of earthquakes as affecting the existence or location of the sources of water-supply. In Book II the economic problems and internal administration of ancient Jerusalem are treated in detail; and

the way is thus fully prepared for the history of the city, which forms Book III, occupying the whole of the second volume. In this volume Dr Smith takes us from the Jerusalem of 1400 B.C., as known from the El-Amarna letters, down to the Jerusalem of the New Testament.

But Dr Smith's work, while it stands first, is not the only recent contribution to the literature dealing with the topography and history of ancient Jerusalem. The past year or two have been remarkable for the number of books on the subject which have appeared; and the variety of conflicting opinions which these exhibit serves to show how far students stand removed from a general unanimity upon crucial questions of topography. The reader who takes the pains to work through this mass of literature may well feel bewildered long before he reaches the end of his task, and may doubt whether the available evidence is really sufficient to justify any assurance of opinion upon the questions which come under debate.

Yet the state of affairs is not really so hopeless as it might at first sight appear to be. As regards the main question of debate—the site of the ancient Zion—those who have approached the subject from the standpoint of Biblical scholarship have reached a practical measure of unanimity; and they have on their side many of the most distinguished among modern explorers. Those who take a different view are for the most part men whose interest has been awakened by residence at Jerusalem of some duration and by personal exploration, but who have not gone through a preliminary training in the language and exegesis of the Old Testament. Since these investigators are responsible for many discoveries of ancient remains, it is clear that they possess a strong claim to be heard. Still, it is probably not unfair to conclude that the method of study in which the survey of the site comes prior to a comparison of the Biblical evidence runs the risk of forcing this evidence to fit in with a preconceived theory in face of difficulties which cannot be overlooked by the trained scholar. At any rate, it is certain that among the explorers there does not exist the same measure of unanimity as is found among the scholars.

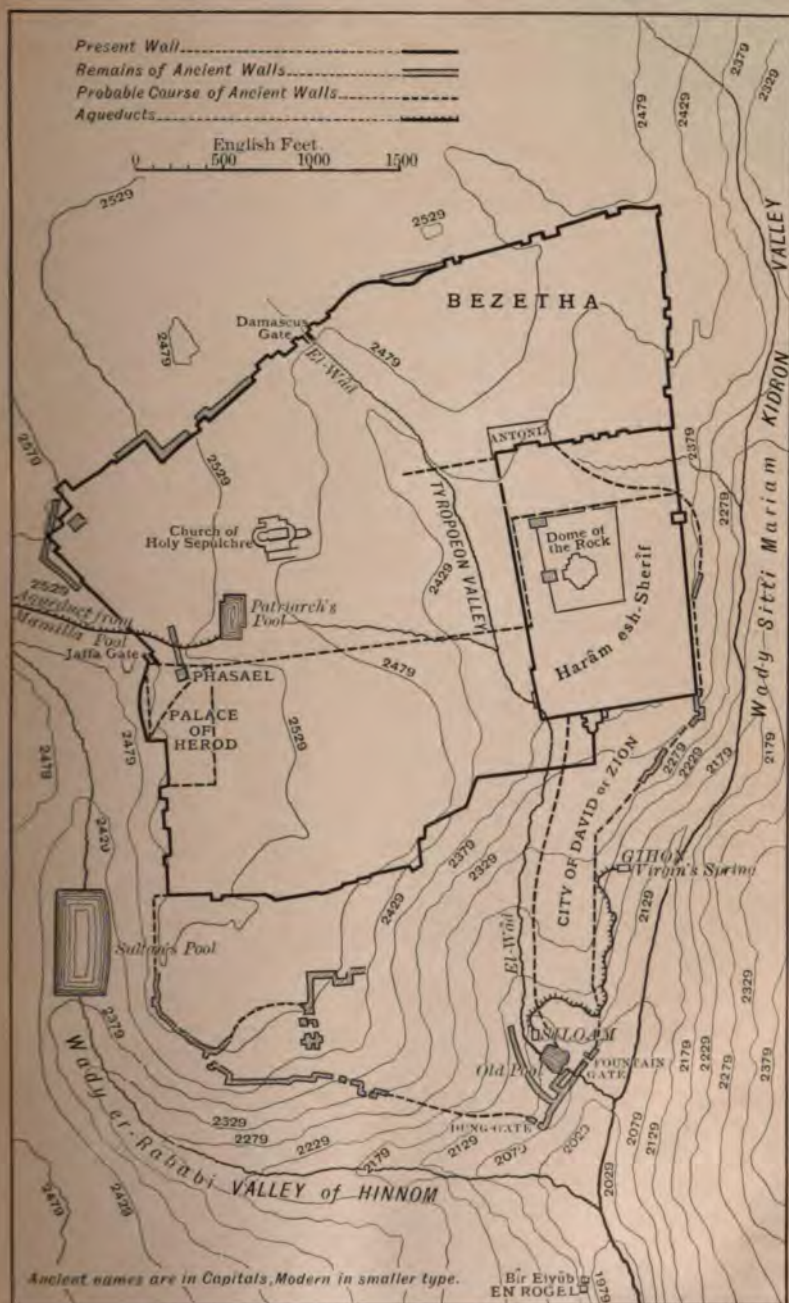
The site of Jerusalem consists of two hills or promontories running out from the northern plateau, deeply

entrenched to the east, south and west by their surrounding valleys, and divided from each other in ancient times by another valley with steep sides and of a considerable depth. The eastern valley begins in a slight depression to the N.E. of the city, which is known as the Wady ej-Jôz, and, running S.E. and then due S., it rapidly sinks as it passes between the eastern hill of Jerusalem on the W. and the Jebel et-Tur on the E., inclining finally towards the S.S.W. The main course of this valley is named the Wady Sitti Mariam. On the western side the city is bounded by a valley called the Wady er-Rabâbi. This valley gradually deepens as it runs S., and then, curving eastward, runs nearly due E. and forms the southern boundary of the site, joining the Wady Sitti Mariam to the S.E. The two valleys so united become the Wady en-Nâr, which descends steeply towards the Dead Sea.

The central site thus formed by these two valleys is bisected by a valley called El-Wâd, which begins north of the Damascus gate and runs generally in a southerly direction, but with a crescent-shaped curve, first S.S.E. and then S.S.W. Finally, inclining once more S.S.E., El-Wâd joins the Wady Sitti Mariam near its point of junction with the Wady er-Rabâbi. At the present day El-Wâd is so filled with *débris* that it appears to be merely an inconsiderable depression running through the heart of the city; but borings which have been made down to the bed-rock prove that originally it had a depth of from twenty to sixty feet below its present level. Several smaller valleys run into El-Wâd from the west, the most important of which starts near the present Jaffa gate and follows the line of David street, but is now so choked up as to be scarcely apparent. Dr Smith describes the site as follows (i, 32):—

‘The two rocky promontories running south from the plateau, with the valley El-Wâd between them, form the site of the city proper. On the north they merge across its head in the plateau. . . . Of the two promontories, that between the Wâdies Sitti Mariam and El-Wâd is known, in the topography of Jerusalem, as the East Hill; that between El-Wâd and Er-Rabâbi as the West Hill. The West Hill is the higher and more extended of the two, overlooking, and on the south over-reaching, the end of the other. The two may be roughly likened to a thumb and forefinger pointing

MAP OF JERUSALEM



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south, the latter somewhat curved. The hand in which they merge to the north is the plateau.'

As to the identification of these features of the site with the valleys and hills of ancient Jerusalem, opinion stands thus. The Wady Sitti Mariam is generally recognised as the valley of the Kidron. The Kidron is the only valley in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem which Old Testament writers describe as a *nahal*—a term regularly used to denote either a precipitous ravine forming the bed of a winter brook, and dry during the summer months, or the brook itself which flows down such a ravine after the rains of winter. The Wady Sitti Mariam answers to this description. A certain amount of water still flows down it after heavy rain; and more is to be found under the *débris* which at present fills its bottom. Doubtless it must have carried a larger supply before the issue of the spring called the 'Ain Sitti Mariam, or Virgin's Spring, on the eastern slope of the eastern hill of Jerusalem, was diverted in ancient times to the pool of Silwân. All Biblical references to the valley or stream of the Kidron are suited by this identification.

There is a great measure of agreement that the Wady er-Rabâbi is the valley of Hinnom. This valley is called in Hebrew a *gai*, and not a *nahal*, i.e., a somewhat narrow glen between mountains, which does not form the bed of a winter brook. Such a term is most appropriate to the Wady er-Rabâbi; and the identification is accepted by most students. The view has been maintained that Gê Hinnom corresponds to El-Wâd; but this identification is absolutely precluded by the description in Josh. xv, 8, xviii, 16 of the boundary-line between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, where the valley is said to run south of 'the cliff of the Jebusites'; whereas El-Wâd, as we have seen, runs in the main north and south. On the other hand, the lower course of the Wady er-Rabâbi, running from west to east and lying due south of the western hill of Jerusalem, agrees in this respect, as in all others, with the details of the description.

El-Wâd is commonly held to correspond with the Tyropoeon valley, which Josephus ('War,' v, 4:1) describes as separating the hill of the Upper City from that of the Lower, and extending as far as Siloam. It is, however, disputed whether the Tyropoeon corresponded through-

out with the main course of El-Wâd, or, in its upper course, with one of the lateral branches which, as we have noticed, run into it from the west. It is maintained by some that the Tyropoeon commenced in the branch-valley which originally ran along the line of the modern David Street, and then turned south and had its continuation in the lower part of El-Wâd. This theory is bound up with a particular view as to the site of the ancient Zion; and, apart from the exigencies of this latter, nothing can be urged in its favour. As Dr Paton remarks:

'It is not too much to say that the northern branch extending from the Damascus gate is the only valley that one would naturally think of as the Tyropoeon, and that other identifications are due, not to anything in Josephus' description, but rather to traditional notions concerning the hills of Jerusalem' (p. 28).

That the eastern hill of Jerusalem was the site of the successive temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod is recognised by an unbroken tradition among Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, and is beyond dispute. The sacred area of the Harâm esh-Sherîf, or 'Noble Sanctuary,' situated on this hill, is formed by an artificially raised and levelled platform; and Josephus informs us ('War,' v, 5: 1) that 'at first the highest level ground on the hill was hardly sufficient for the temple and the altar, for the ground about it was precipitous and steep,' but that Solomon and the people of succeeding ages raised embankments so that the hill was levelled and broadened. The highest point of the hill within the Temple area is marked by the sacred rock over which now stands the Kubbet es-Sakhra, or 'Dome of the Rock.' This rock, which the Mohammedans regard as possessing a sanctity second only to the shrine of Mecca, is usually regarded as the site of the altar of burnt-offering; and, if this is so, the Temple must have stood due west of it, with its entrance facing eastward.

As to the site of Mount Zion, opinion is still divided, this being indeed the *vezatissima quæstio* of Jerusalem topography. A tradition which can be traced as far back as the fourth century of the Christian era makes Zion the southern part of the western hill, which, as we have noticed, is higher and larger than the eastern hill on

h the Temple stood. Closer study, however, of the evidence afforded by the Old Testament and the Apocrypha proved that the name Zion was applied to the whole eastern hill, including the portion upon which the Temple stood; and that the Jebusite fortress captured by David and named by him the City of David—or, as Dr Smith calls it, David's Burgh—must have stood upon the eastern spur of the eastern hill, which is identified as the Ophel, south of the modern Ḥarâm area. The great majority of Biblical students, appreciating the strength of the evidence, have for some time past adopted the eastern view; and Dr Smith's admirably full and lucid discussion of the subject may be thought finally to have settled the question. The evidence upon which the eastern view is based may also be found excellently summarised in Dr Paton's little book, which appeared shortly after Dr Smith's work. That the supporters of the traditional view have not, however, as yet been silenced is evident from the fact that both Dr Merrill and Col. Conder, in their books named at the head of this article, appear as uncompromising champions of the eastern hill as the site of Zion.

The question is closely bound up with the location of the ancient sources of water supply, especially with those of Gihon and En-Rogel. That Gihon is to be identified with the modern 'Ain Sitti Mariam or Virgin's spring, on the eastern slope of the Ophel spur, admits of the clearest proof. The name Gihon means 'gusher,' and can only have been applied to a natural fountain. The Virgin's spring is the only spring in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem; and, owing to the existence of a natural syphon in the cavity from which it issues, the flow of waters comes intermittently, with a sudden gush at irregular intervals. We learn from 2 Chron. xxxii, 30 that King Hezekiah, in order to improve the water supply of his capital, 'stopped the upper spring of the waters of Gihon, and brought them straight down to the west of the City of David.' There still exists an ancient tunnel hewn out of the rock, which carries the water of the Virgin's spring down to Birket Silwân, i.e., the ancient pool of Shiloah, a distance of 586 yards as the tunnel winds, though only 150 yards in a straight line. At the mouth of the tunnel, where it opens into Shiloah, there was discovered in 1880

an inscription in the old Hebrew character which records the way in which the tunnel was hewn by two gangs of workmen, who quarried from either end and met in the middle. The inscription is, in the main, perfectly clear, and reads as follows, the words in brackets being supplied by conjecture :

1. [Behold] the piercing through! And this was the manner of the piercing through. Whilst yet [the miners were lifting up]
2. the pick each towards his fellow, and whilst yet there were three cubits to be [cut through, there was heard] the voice of each call—
3. ing to his fellow; for there was a fissure(?) in the rock on the right hand. . . . And on the day of the
4. piercing through, the miners smote each so as to meet his fellow, pick against pick; and there flowed
5. the water from the source to the pool 1200 cubits; and one hun—
6. dred cubits was the height of the rock over the head of the miners.

Col. Conder, who has explored the course of the tunnel, claims to have discovered the point at which the meeting was effected by the two parties of miners by means of a cross-cut about four feet long from east to west (p. 66).*

The pool of Shiloah has no source of supply except the water which flows down the tunnel from the Virgin's spring; but we know from a reference which occurs in Isa. viii, 6 to 'the waters of Shiloah which go softly,' that Shiloah must already have existed as a receptacle for water in the reign of Ahaz. There are traces of a surface-aqueduct leading from the Virgin's spring to Shiloah; probably this was the ancient source of supply before the tunnel was constructed by Hezekiah to ensure a better provision in case of siege. In Isa. xxii, 1-14, which seems to belong to the occasion of Sennacherib's invasion in B.C. 701, the prophet describes the hasty preparations made by the inhabitants of Jerusalem against the expected siege of the city; and we read: 'Ye gathered together the waters of the lower pool. . . . Ye made also a reservoir between the two walls for the water of the old pool' (vv. 9, 11). This may indicate that

* See also Mommert, pp. 54 ff.

he water originally flowed by the surface-conduit into the lower pool of Shiloah or Birket el-Ḥamrâ, now dry and unused; and that the reservoir between the two walls, i.e., the present Birket Silwân or upper pool, was specially constructed by Hezekiah to receive the water which flowed through his new tunnel.

Thus the case for the identification of Gihon with the Virgin's spring is remarkably strong.* Before accepting it, however, we must briefly consider the rival claim which has been advanced in favour of En-Rogel. The attempted identification of En-Rogel with the Virgin's spring is based mainly on the fact that 'the stone of Zoheleth' is stated in 1 Kings, i, 9 to have been beside En-Rogel; and M. Clermont-Ganneau has proposed to identify Zoheleth with the modern Arabic Zahwele, which is the name given to a steep, rocky descent from the village of Silwân, on the east of the Kidron valley and opposite the Virgin's spring. The identification, however, can scarcely be maintained. Zahwele is not 'beside' the Virgin's spring, but opposite across the valley. Moreover, the resemblance in name seems to be merely accidental; the Hebrew Zoheleth probably meaning 'serpent,' while Zahwele in the modern Arabic vulgar dialect is used to denote a slippery descent such as that which comes down from Silwân.† In the narrative of 1 Kings, i, Adonijah and his supporters are at En-Rogel whilst Solomon is conducted down to Gihon for his anointing. Thus, if the identification of the Virgin's spring with Gihon is correct, it is impossible that the same spring should also correspond to En-Rogel.

There can be little doubt that En-Rogel is the modern Bîr-Eiyûb, a deep well situated at the junction of the Wady Sitti Mariam with the Wady er-Rabâbi. The objection to this identification on the ground that Bîr-Eiyûb is a *well* (as is denoted by the Arabic *Bîr*), whilst the name En-Rogel implies a *spring*, appears to be groundless. Bîr-Eiyûb, though not a true spring, is replenished by percolation; and the ancient Judaeans

* The arguments by which Dr Mommert (*op. cit.*) seeks to assign the Siloam tunnel to Solomon, and to identify Gihon with the Mamilla pool, altogether fail to carry conviction.

† Kittel, 'Der Schlangenstein,' p. 181.

observing the water to rise in the well from an underground source, may very well have described it as a spring. The distinction between *well* (Hebrew *bē'ēr* = Arabic *bīr*) and *spring* (Hebrew *'ayin* = Arabic *'ain*) is not always observed in Hebrew, as may be seen by comparison of v. 11 with v. 13 in Gen. xxiv. The identification of Bīr-Eiyūb with En-Rogel suits all Biblical references to the latter; and especially is it appropriate to the mention of En-Rogel as one of the points upon the boundary-line between Judah and Benjamin, the position of Bīr-Eiyūb at the junction of the Kidron valley with the valley of Hinnom making it a natural point to notice in such a connexion. In Josh. xv, 7, 8, the northern boundary of Judah, described from east to west, goes up the valley of Hinnom after touching En-Rogel. In Josh. xviii, 16, the southern boundary of Benjamin, described from west to east, goes down the valley of Hinnom which lies to the south of 'the cliff of the Jebusite,' and so reaches En-Rogel.

If, then, as seems certain, Gihon corresponds to the Virgin's spring, we have here an important point in proof of the contention that the City of David stood on the southern spur of the eastern hill, to the south of the present Harām area. As Dr Smith argues, the command of such a spring was an important consideration in the choice of a site for an ancient hill-fortress. And this inference, suggested by the physical features of the site, is confirmed by Biblical references which bring Gihon directly into close connexion with the City of David. Hezekiah, as we have seen, when he stopped the old issue of the Gihon spring, brought the waters down 'to the west of the City of David'; i.e., assuming, as the remains of ancient walls warrant us in doing, that the old city ran southward down the slope of the spur, the water was carried down to Shiloah, which lay to the west of the southern end of the city (2 Chron. xxxii, 30).

The interpretation of the expression which we render 'to the west of the City of David' has been disputed; and Dr Merrill, Colonel Conder, and even Dr Smith render westwards to the city of David, Colonel Conder claiming the support of the late Prof. A. B. Davidson, who, he tells us (p. 41), wrote to him that 'this is the natural translation of the words.' This however cannot be admitted.

Literally rendered, the words mean 'westwards as regards the City of David'; and the same expression is used in 2 Chron. xxxiii, 14, which undoubtedly means that Manasseh 'built an outer wall to the City of David to the west of Gihon in the ravine,' and not 'westwards towards Gihon.' The construction may be further illustrated by 2 Chron. v, 12, where the Levites stand 'east as regards the altar,' i.e., 'to the east of the altar.' In 2 Chron. xxxiii, 14, Dr Smith renders the expression in accordance with this explanation, and thus is inconsistent with his rendering in 2 Chron. xxxii, 30.

If Manasseh built a wall to the City of David on the west side of Gihon in the ravine, this can only be explained as an eastern wall to the old city running along the slope of the south-eastern hill above the spring of Gihon, and so to its west. Dr Merrill, in order to escape the conclusion which must follow from these references to Gihon in close connexion with the City of David, maintains the impossible view that Gihon is to be identified with the reservoir to the west of Jerusalem which is known as the Birket Mamilla, and fails to show how this can be described as 'in the ravine' (*naḥal*)—a term which is regularly applied to the Kidron valley.

The same conclusion as to the site of the City of David follows from Nehemiah's descriptions of the course of the walls (Neh. iii, 15, 16, xii, 37), where 'the stairs of the City of David,' and the palace and sepulchres of David are placed between the pool of Shelah (i.e. Shiloah) and the Temple area. It is stated in 2 Sam. v, 7 and elsewhere that the City of David was identical with the stronghold of Zion. A number of passages in the Prophets (both pre- and post-exilic) and in the Psalms speak of Zion as the place of God's abode, or as His holy hill—language which can only be naturally interpreted as meaning that, in the view of the writers, Zion was the site of the Temple; i.e., the whole eastern hill, with the City of David at its southern end and the Temple to the north, was named Mount Zion. The advocates of the traditional site for Zion on the western hill explain these references by supposing that the use of the name Zion was extended by poetical licence to include the whole of Jerusalem. If it be granted that this explanation is possible, there still remain a number of passages in the

narrative of 1 Maccabees in which Zion is specified as the Temple hill in such a way as to exclude the possibility of the use of the name in a general sense. Thus we read in 1 Macc. iv, 37, 38, that 'all the army was gathered together, and they went up unto Mount Zion. And they saw the sanctuary laid desolate, and the altar profaned, and the gates burned up, and shrubs growing in the courts as in a forest, or as on one of the mountains, and the priests' chambers pulled down.' 1 Macc. v, 54 states that 'they went up to Mount Zion with gladness and joy, and offered whole burnt offerings.' We may compare also vii. 32, xiv, 27, 48.* We learn further from 1 Macc. i, 33 ff., that the forces of Antiochus Epiphanes, having sacked and burned Jerusalem, 'builded the City of David with a great and strong wall, with strong towers, and it became unto them an Akra (citadel).' Herein was stationed a garrison well equipped with arms and provisions, so that 'it became a place to lie in wait in against the sanctuary, and an evil adversary to Israel continually.' For many years after this the Akra held out against the Maccabean patriots, defying all their efforts to capture it.†

This allusion to the Syrian Akra as built upon the site of the City of David may lead us to a consideration of the evidence of Josephus as to the topography of Jerusalem. This is somewhat ambiguous, and is interpreted in different ways by Dr Paton and Dr Smith; the former claiming it unreservedly as evidence for the modern view of the site of Zion, while the latter considers that it is responsible for the traditional view which places Zion on the south-western hill. The most important passage is found in 'War,' v, 4: 1. Here Josephus' account is as follows:

'The city was built upon two hills, which are opposite to one another, and have a valley to divide them asunder, which valley forms a break in the continuous rows of houses on both hills. Of these hills, that which contained the Upper City is much higher, and straighter as regards its length. Accordingly,

* The name 'Mount Moriah,' as applied to the Temple hill, is derived from the late statement of the Chronicler (2 Chron. iii, 1), which seems to be based upon the mention of 'the land of Moriah' in Gen. xxii, 2, together with the (much later) play upon the name in verse 14 in connexion with 'the Mount of the Lord.' Apart from these two passages, the name Moriah does not occur throughout the Old Testament.

† Smith, i, pp. 157 ff.

on account of its strength, it was called Phouarion by King David . . . but by us the Upper Market-place. But the other hill, which was called Akra, and sustained the Lower City, is of the shape of a horned moon. Over against this there is a third hill, naturally lower than the Akra, and separated formerly from the other by a broad valley. However, in those times when the Hasmoneans reigned, they filled up the valley with earth with a view to joining the city to the Temple, and reduced the height of the Akra and made it lower, that the Temple might be superior to it also.'

Here it is clear that the higher hill containing the Upper City is the western hill, while the other hill of the shape of a horned moon answers accurately, as regards its form, to the eastern hill. The dividing valley is the Tyropoeon. Thus the Akra is placed by Josephus upon the same site as in 1 Maccabees, viz., the site of the City of David. The third hill is clearly, from the context, the Temple hill. Hence, according to Josephus, the northern part of the eastern hill was formerly separated from the southern part by a valley, which was subsequently filled up through reduction of the height of Akra.

The other passage of importance is 'Antiquities,' vii, 3: 1, 2, which describes David's capture of the Jebusite city. This states that David

'took the Lower City by force, but the Akra held out still; whence it was that the king, knowing that the proposal of dignities and rewards would encourage the soldiers to greater actions, promised that he would give the command of the entire people to the man who should first scale the Akra by the gullies which were beneath it and capture it. So, all being ambitious to scale it, and not shrinking from undergoing any toil out of their desire for the chief command, Joab, the son of Zeruiah, preceded the rest, and, as soon as he had ascended, cried out to the king and claimed the chief command. When David had cast the Jebusites out of the Akra and had also rebuilt Jerusalem, he named it the City of David, and abode there all the time of his reign. . . . David, having taken possession of the Upper City and joined the Akra to it, made it one body; and having encompassed it with walls, he appointed Joab guardian of the walls. It was David, therefore, who first cast the Jebusites out of Jerusalem and named the city after himself.'

Dr Paton (p. 52), after giving this quotation, remarks,

'In this passage Josephus identifies the City of David with the Akra, and regards it as part of the Lower City, which he contrasts with the Upper City.' This does not seem to be correct. Josephus applies the name 'City of David' to the whole Jerusalem of David's time as he conceives it, viz., the Upper City, i.e., the south-western hill, and the Akra or Lower City, i.e., the south-eastern hill. On the other hand, Dr Smith (i, 161 f.) selects the passage, 'he took the Lower City by force, but the citadel (Akra) held out still,' and comparing it with the passage from 'War,' which states that the stronger hill 'was called the Fort (Phrourion) by King David,' assumes that citadel and fort are identical, and that both are placed by Josephus on the south-western hill and equated with the City of David. But not only does Josephus, in the passage from 'War,' and several times elsewhere, state that Akra was the Lower City, i.e., the south-eastern hill, but he also implies as much in the passage from 'Antiquities' which we have quoted, and on which Dr Smith relies, when he says that David joined the Akra to the Upper City, i.e., the south-western hill.

Certainly the statement 'he took the Lower City,' etc., seems to contrast the Akra with the Lower City; but we are not justified, on the ground of this alone, in supposing that Josephus here means by Akra the Upper City, contrary to his invariable use of the term elsewhere; and we must conclude either that he here distinguishes the Lower City from Akra and places both on the south-eastern hill, or, as seems more probable, that 'Lower City' in this passage is an error for 'Upper City.' If this is so, Josephus is right in placing the citadel captured by David on the south-eastern hill, but wrong in supposing that the narrative of 2 Sam. v, 6 ff. implies that the Jebusite city occupied both south-eastern and south-western hills, and that the name 'City of David' included the whole of this area.

This review of the evidence for the site of Zion on the south-eastern hill—long in proportion to the length of this article, though too short for anything like a complete presentation of the argument—has been necessary because our whole conception of ancient Jerusalem is bound up with a right understanding of this most import-

ant question. In view of the statements of our ancient written sources, it is futile to argue for the south-western hill as the true site upon the *a priori* ground that it offers a superior strategical position and overtops the south-eastern hill. This latter hill, well entrenched on all sides but the north by its surrounding valleys, and commanding the only natural spring possessed by the site, has gained the support of military experts as offering advantages superior to those of the south-western hill for a hill-fortress such as the citadel of the Jebusites must have been. Sir Charles Wilson, quoted by Dr Smith (i, p. 137), says :

'The western spur is broad-backed, and, so far as the original form is known, there is no broken ground or conspicuous feature upon it that would be naturally selected as the site of a castle such as those usually erected for the protection of an ancient hill-town.'

Certainly the Temple hill now dominates the south-eastern spur from the north ; but we have the evidence of Josephus * that the Hasmoneans 'dugged down' and 'rased the Akra,' in order that it might not dominate the Temple, and also filled up a valley which lay between the Akra and the Temple hill, traces of which valley Dr Guthe claims to have discovered by borings made down to the rock.† It is true that it is improbable that the south-eastern spur can ever have overtopped the site of the Temple ; but this also is in accordance with the evidence of the Old Testament, for Solomon 'brings up' the Ark from the City of David to the Temple (1 Kings viii, 1), and Pharaoh's daughter 'goes up' from the City of David to her palace built by Solomon in the close vicinity of the Temple court (1 Kings ix, 24).

Other questions of topography mainly connect themselves with the extent of the city walls of Jerusalem at various periods, and are best touched upon in a brief notice of the history. Our earliest knowledge of Jerusalem shows it to have been a fortified city, holding an important position among the similar small cities of southern Syria. The city and its ruler figure in the

* 'War,' i, 2 : 2 ; v, 4 : 1 ; 'Ant.' xiii, 6 : 7 ; see Smith, i, p. 159.

† Smith, i, p. 167 ; Paton, p. 47.

cuneiform tablets which were discovered in 1887 at Tell el-Amarna in Egypt, the ruins of the ancient city Akhetaton, built by Amenhotep IV of the 18th Egyptian dynasty (about 1375 B.C.). This king, probably under the influence of his mother and wife, both of whom came from Mitanni in Northern Mesopotamia, abandoned the worship of the gods of Egypt in favour of the worship of the solar disk (Aton), at the same time changing his name to Ikhnaton ('spirit of Aton'). Ikhnaton removed his capital from Thebes and founded a new city some 300 miles lower down the Nile, and about 160 miles above the Delta, to which he gave the name Akhetaton ('horizon of Aton').* At this time the language of diplomacy and commerce in Western Asia was the Babylonian; and correspondence was carried on in the cuneiform script, written upon clay tablets. The tablets discovered at El-Amarna are some of them addressed to Amenhotep III, the father of Ikhnaton, but the majority to Ikhnaton himself.† The reign of Ikhnaton witnessed the steady decline of the suzerainty which Egypt had exercised over Syria since the victorious campaigns of Thothmes III in the preceding century; and letters from the petty native princes and governors of Syria speak of the growing spirit of disaffection towards Egypt, or beg for assistance in the face of open revolt.

Six of these letters are addressed to the King of Egypt by Abdiḥiba, governor of Jerusalem. Abdiḥiba stands for the King's interests in Southern Syria; but he stands almost alone and cannot hold out much longer. A hostile people named Habiri—a name which may be equivalent to 'Hebrews,' i.e., immigrant 'tribes from beyond Jordan,' though not necessarily Israelites—are making rapid encroachments on the country, and gaining support from those who ought to be faithful to Egypt. Abdiḥiba him-

* See, for an account of this revolution, 'Quarterly Review,' No. 418 (Jan. 1909), on 'Religion and Empire in Ancient Egypt,' pp. 44 ff.

† The most recent edition of the el-Amarna letters is that of J. A. Knudtzon, 'Die El-Amarna Tafeln' (1908), which takes the place of H. Winckler's edition (1896) as the standard edition for scholars. The letters of Abdiḥiba of Jerusalem may be read in an English translation in C. J. Ball's 'Light from the East' (1899), pp. 89-93. Readers of Colonel Conder's book must be warned against placing any reliance upon his translations from the Babylonian (pp. 32 ff., 63), as these are unfortunately vitiated throughout by serious elementary mistakes.

self has been accused of sedition, but the charge is false. He owes his position entirely to the King of Egypt, and could have no interest in undermining his authority.

'What have I done unto the King my Lord? They slander me before the King my Lord. "Abdihiba hath revolted against the King his Lord!" Behold, as for me, it was not my father or my mother who set me in this place; the mighty arm of the King caused me to enter into my father's house. Why then should I do evil against the King my Lord? As the King my Lord liveth, I say to the high commissioner of the King my Lord, "Wherefore lovest thou the Habiri and hatest the vassal-princes?" And because of *that* they slander me to the King my Lord. Whenever one saith, "It is all over with the King my Lord's dominions," because of *that* they slander me to the King my Lord.' 'Knudtzon,' pp. 859 ff.

As we read these actual letters of a prince of Jerusalem—letters written nearly two hundred years before the Israelite invasion of Canaan under Joshua—they bring home to us with wonderful vividness the situation of the times: the local dissensions among the petty princes of Canaan, and their intriguing against their far-off suzerain while they write to him letters full of protestations of fidelity and accusations against their neighbours. Three seditious cities are singled out by Abdihiba—Gezer, Askelon, and Lachish. He himself may not have been so faithful as he professes to be; but at any rate there is a ring of sincerity in the advice which he gives the King:

'Let the King my Lord turn his attention to troops, and let him send forth the troops of the King my Lord. There are no dominions left to the King: the Habiri have plundered all the King's dominions. If there be troops this year, there shall be dominions for the King my Lord; but if there be no troops, it is all over with the King my Lord's dominions' (ib. p. 863).

We may notice, too, the final appeal of one of the letters: 'Behold the King hath set his name upon Jerusalem for ever, and he cannot forsake the territory of Jerusalem' (ib. p. 867). Four of the letters end with a postscript addressed to the scribe whose duty it doubtless was to read and interpret the letters to the King of Egypt. One such we may quote as illustrating Abdihiba's

anxiety that the importance of his appeal should not be overlooked: 'To the King my Lord's secretary, thus (saith) Abdihiba thy bond-servant. Bring thou in plain words unto the King my Lord. It is all over with the King my Lord's dominions' (ib. p. 863).

When the Israelites invaded Canaan, Jerusalem, like many others of the fortified towns, was too strong to be captured by them. This we learn from the statements of the old narrative of Josh. xv, 63, Judges i, 21, and from the story of Judges xix, where the Levite, though overtaken by nightfall when close to Jebus (i.e. Jerusalem), refuses to shelter in 'the city of a stranger that is not of the children of Israel' (vv. 11, 12), and pushes on to Gibeah. The statement of Judges i, 7, which seems to indicate that the city passed into the hands of Judah in the early days of the Judges, comes from a later writer, in whose view the Israelite conquest of Canaan was far more thorough and immediate than the older narrative proves it actually to have been.

As we have already observed, the conquest of the Jebusite city was one of the achievements of David's reign, which is dated about 1000 B.C. The fortress standing above its precipitous ravines was counted so impregnable by the inhabitants that they are said to have boasted that the blind and lame could hold it against David; but, so far as we can gather from the narrative (which is very obscure at this point), it seems to have been taken by a storming party, which scrambled up 'the gutter' or 'water-course' which lay below the city (2 Sam. v, 6-8). Possibly this 'gutter' may have been the ancient shaft which has been discovered leading down to the Gihon spring as a means of reaching it from within the city.* Having captured the stronghold, David made it his headquarters, and named it 'David's Burgh.' Building operations, which he undertook to increase its defensive strength, are connected with 'the Millo' (2 Sam. v, 9). The character and site of the Millo (which is mentioned also in connexion with Solomon's buildings, 1 Kings ix, 15) can only be conjectured. If the name is derived from a Hebrew root, it would naturally denote something which 'fills' or 'banks up,' i.e., an earthwork or massive

* Smith, i, 106; Paton, 75.

fortress or tower built into that part of the city wall where such protection was specially needed—possibly shielding the approach from the north.

The meaning of the name Zion, applied to David's Burgh (2 Sam. v, 7), is very doubtful; but Dr Smith (i, 145) quotes evidence from the Arabic which suggests that it may mean 'protuberance' or 'summit of a ridge,' and so 'fort' or 'citadel.' This explanation, however plausible, is at best a somewhat hazardous conjecture; and Dr Smith's readers must beware of regarding as an established conclusion the easy transition by which Zion becomes 'exactly synonymous' with the term Ophel, which is elsewhere used in connexion with the old fortress, and which, according to Dr Smith (i, 152), 'signifies "lump" or "swelling," and was applied in Hebrew to a mound, knoll, or hill, in one case with a wall round it.' It is true that Ophel should naturally denote something 'swelling'; and the usual assumption is that it refers to a knoll upon the spur on which David's Burgh was built, which was dug down in later times by the Hasmoneans when they rased the Akra. But a careful survey of the use of the term, in this connexion and elsewhere, rather suggests that it was applied to an *artificial* swelling, i.e., probably the rounded keep or *enceinte* of the citadel.* At present the name Ophel is conventionally applied to the whole of the eastern spur south of the Harâm area.

The natural features of the south-eastern spur make it probable that David's Burgh may have occupied an area nearly equivalent to that of the ancient Gezer as determined by the excavations of Mr Macalister; and it is noteworthy that Gezer figures in the Amarna letters as a city of apparently similar importance.† David's Burgh may have had a circumference of about 4250 feet, while Gezer's walls measured approximately 4500 feet round.‡ Traces of the ancient wall and rock-scarps upon which it was built have been discovered by Dr Bliss on the southern and eastern sides of the eastern hill, though no traces have as yet been found on the western side above the Tyropoeon valley.

* Cf. the writer's 'Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Kings,' pp. 282 ff.

† Knudtzon, p. 865.

‡ Smith, i, 142 ff.

Dr Smith thus describes the aspect which the city must have presented in David's day.

'Standing, then, on the Mount of Olives, we may discern the following to have been the aspect of Jerusalem under David. Where the great Temple platform is now spread upon large substructions, there was a rocky summit with a small plateau, the threshing-floor of Araunah. The southern flank of this fell steeply to the northern fortifications of David's Burgh with (according to some) the Millo, a solid bulwark or tower. A narrow gateway opened on the north on a steep descent to Gihon; and the road from this turned northwards for a little, with a few houses straggling up it till the Far-house was reached, and then crossed the Kidron. Within the walls stood the Stronghold, the small house of David, the house of the Gibbôrîm, with some other buildings, and close to the king's house the Tent of the Ark. Some further open space there must have been for the later graves of the kings. The wall compassed Ophel, with one principal gate, at probably the lower end of Ophel, from which the houses thickly climbed towards the citadel' (ii, 45 f.).

With this picture before us, we may notice such references as indicate the additions which were made to David's Burgh in later times. It is unlikely that any part of the south-western hill was enclosed with a wall in David's day, though it is probable that there were houses upon it. The cliff or slope (lit. 'shoulder') of the Jebusites, mentioned in Josh. xv, 8, xviii, 16, is most easily explained as referring to the south-western hill; and it may have been so named as inhabited by the Jebusites whom David had expelled from the fortified city, but who were apparently allowed (if we may judge from the case of Araunah) to dwell peaceably in the immediate vicinity of David's Burgh. Dr Paton (p. 76) draws an inference from the fact that

'2 Sam. xiv, 28 states that Absalom dwelt two full years in Jerusalem and saw not the King's face. If the Jerusalem of David was limited to the small area of the south-east hill, it is difficult to see how Absalom could reside there without coming into contact with his father. If, however, the city extended to the western hill, he might be banished from the palace-quarter and still reside in the capital. . . . On the whole, the evidence seems favourable to the idea that settlements on the western hill were in existence as early as the time of David;

but there is no evidence that the western hill was inclosed with a wall at this early date. The fact that no buildings on the western hill are mentioned indicates that this region was still unprotected.'

The walling of the south-western suburb was most likely undertaken by Solomon. We learn that, when he had married Pharaoh's daughter, he 'brought her into the City of David until he had made an end of building his own house, and the house of the Lord, and the wall of Jerusalem round about' (1 Kings, iii, 1; cf. also ix, 15). The course of the city wall under Solomon is probably correctly described by Josephus ('War,' v, 4: 2) when he gives an account of 'the old wall,' which he attributes to 'David, Solomon, and the following kings.' Starting from Hippicus, the Herodian tower which stood in the position of the north-western tower in the present citadel near the Jaffa gate, he carries the line due east (along the line of the modern David Street) up to the western cloister of the Temple. Then returning to Hippicus, he traces the wall along a course which faced west and south, giving a description which shows that it ran round the south-western hill, curved past Siloam (which it apparently did not enclose), and reached 'a certain place which they call Ophel, where it joined the eastern cloister of the Temple.

Besides walling in the new city, Solomon directed his attention to the repair of David's Burgh (1 Kings xi, 27). But by far his most important work was the building of the Temple and the palace buildings on the eastern hill immediately to the north of the old city. These buildings are described in great detail in 1 Kings v-vii. The most northerly was the Temple, which doubtless stood immediately to the west of the present 'Dome of the Rock.' That the Sakhra or sacred rock, now enclosed by the Dome, was the site of the altar of burnt-offering is held by most modern investigators. According to Dr Smith (ii, 60),

'the Rock itself bears proof of having been used as an altar. A channel penetrates from the surface to a little cave below, whence a conduit descends through the body of the Hill, obviously designed to carry off either the blood or the refuse of sacrifices. Similar arrangements are seen on other Semitic altars.'*

* Cf. also the description, with diagrams, in Kittel, pp. 12-24.

The story of 2 Sam. xxiv, 25, 1 Chron. xxii, 1, regards David's altar on the threshing-floor of Araunah as the original of 'the altar of burnt-offering for Israel'; and such a threshing-floor would naturally be a more or less flat rocky summit freely exposed to the breeze.

Col. Conder (pp. 54 ff.) argues that the Sakhra was 'the stone of foundation' upon which, according to the Mishna, the Ark rested within the Holy of Holies, and objects to its identification as the site of the altar, on the ground that the rock-level commences to fall away immediately to the west of the Sakhra, at the point where, according to this latter view, the Temple must have stood. The fall, however, on the assumed Temple site is not great, and the level could easily have been banked up; and, apart from the indications that the Sakhra has been used as the site of an altar, the objections which can be advanced against making it the site of the Holy of Holies are very considerable.* The fact that the Temple stood west of the altar, with its entrance to the east and the Shrine or Holy of Holies to the west, is indicated by Ezek. viii, 16. Here the five-and-twenty men who are worshipping the sun stand between the Porch and the altar, with their backs to the Temple and their faces eastward.

Solomon's other buildings lay south of the Temple, and occupied what is now the southern portion of the Ḥarām area, the whole series rising apparently upon successive terraces from south to north. The Temple was enclosed in its own court; and, south of this, Solomon's house and the house of Pharaoh's daughter stood within 'the Other Court' or 'The Court of the Porch of the Palace.' South of this again stood the Throne Hall, the Hall of Pillars, and the House of the Forest of Lebanon; and all these buildings, including the two courts above-mentioned, were enclosed by the Great Court.†

There is little information bearing on the topography of Jerusalem between the reign of Solomon in the early part of the tenth century B.C. and the latter part of the eighth century. We have only to notice the fact that

* Smith, ii, 61, *note*.

† See 1 Kings vii, 9, 12, as emended by the present writer; quoted by Smith, ii, 69.

Joash of Israel, after defeating Amaziah of Judah (about B.C. 797) at Beth-Shemesh, pushed on to Jerusalem, and 'broke down the wall of Jerusalem from the gate of Ephraim unto the Corner gate, four hundred cubits' (2 Kings xiv, 13), i.e., a length of wall on the northern and least well-defended side of the city, probably up to the north-western corner near the site of the present Jaffa gate. It was this Corner gate which was fortified with towers by Uzziah, the succeeding king (2 Chron. xxvi, 9), as well as 'the gate of the Gai,' opening on Hinnom, probably somewhat to the south of the south-western corner of the city. The turning of the wall, which was similarly fortified, may have been at the eastern curve of the south-western hill, where remains have been discovered by Dr Bliss. Of Jotham, we learn that 'he built the upper gate of the House of the Lord, and on the wall of the Ophel he built much' (2 Chron. xxvii, 3). No consensus of opinion exists as to the site of 'the conduit of the upper pool, which is in the highway of the fuller's field,' the scene of Isaiah's interview with Ahaz (Isa. vii, 3; B.C. 735), and the spot whence, in the momentous crisis of B.C. 701, the Assyrian Rabshakeh addressed Hezekiah's officers upon the wall (2 Kings, xviii, 17). Dr Smith discusses the question (i, 105, 114 ff, ii, 127), but forms no definite conclusion.

The Chronicler (2 Chron, xxxii, 4, 5) speaks of Hezekiah's repair of the walls and other preparations in view of the Assyrian invasion, mentioning the fact that the people of Jerusalem 'stopped all the fountains and the brook (*nahal*) which flowed through the midst of the land, saying, Why should the kings of Assyria come and find much water?' We have noticed that the term *nahal* is applied to the Kidron valley or to its stream; and this allusion strengthens the inference already drawn that, before the construction of the tunnel which carried the water of Gihon down to the pool of Shiloah, the overflow of the Gihon spring went to feed the stream of Kidron. The reference in Isa. xxii, 11 to 'the reservoir between the two walls' is probably to be explained by the fact that Shiloah lay at the mouth of the Tyropoeon valley and both south-western and south-eastern hills had walls running above the Tyropoeon (Paton, 107 f.). Remains, however, show that 'the main city wall crossed the mouth

of the Tyropoeon *below* both the pools of Siloam¹ (Smith, i, 221); and it seems obvious that, if this wall had not been built prior to the construction of Hezekiah's tunnel, it must have been included in the king's scheme so as to bring Shiloah within the city. The location of 'the two walls' at this point is attested by the fact that, when the city wall had been breached by Nebuchadnezzar (presumably from the north), King Zedekiah and all the men of war^{*} fled 'by way of the gate between the two walls which was above the king's garden,' in order to escape in the direction of the Plains of Jericho (2 Kings xxv, 4, 5; cf. Neh. iii, 15). The gate most convenient for escape in this direction, and most remote from the besieging army, must have been the gate the remains of which have been discovered at the mouth of the Tyropoeon—probably the Fountain gate (Neh. xii, 37).

The account of the repair of the walls by Hezekiah reads (with slight necessary emendation) as follows: 'And he took courage, and built up all the wall that was broken down, and raised it up to the towers,[†] and another wall without, and strengthened Millo in the City of David,' (2 Chron. xxxii, 5). Here the other wall is almost certainly Josephus' second north wall, which, he tells us, 'took its beginning from that gate which they called Genath, which belonged to the first wall, and, encompassing the northern quarter only, went up as far as Antonia' ('War,' v, 4: 2).

The position of the gate Genath (apparently 'Garden gate') is unknown; but it must have stood at some distance to the east of the tower Hippicus at the north-western corner of the old wall, since the third north wall, as described by Josephus, took its start from Hippicus. Herod's fortress of Antonia, by which Josephus marks the other end of the wall, is known to have stood where the barracks now stand at the north-western corner of the Harâm area. The fact that the wall 'went up' to Antonia doubtless indicates that it crossed the Tyropoeon valley and mounted the slope of the eastern hill (Smith, i, 248). Antonia was built by Herod to take the place of the Hasmonean Baris (Hebrew *Bîrâ*, 'fortress'); and

^{*} On the text of the passage, cf. the present writer's note, *op. cit.*

[†] A.V. and R.V. The Vulgate has 'built towers thereon.'

this again probably stood at or about the site of the towers Hammeah and Hananel belonging to the second wall (Neh. iii, 1, xii, 39; cf. Jer. xxxi, 38).

Whether the second wall was older than Hezekiah depends largely upon whether we read 'the other wall' instead of 'another wall' in 2 Chron. xxxii, 5. If this was so, and it already existed in Amaziah's time, it may have been part of this wall that Joash of Israel broke down. Dr Smith, however, gives reasons (i, 202 ff.) for believing that the gate of Ephraim—the point from which Joash began his demolition—was not in the second, but in the first wall.

Manasseh contributed to the defences of Jerusalem by building 'an outer wall to the City of David, to the west of Gihon in the ravine, even to the entering in at the Fish gate.' Thus 'he compassed about the Ophel,' and also 'raised it up to a very great height' (2 Chron. xxxiii, 14). We know from Neh. iii, 1-3, xii, 39 that the Fish gate was in the second north wall to the west of the towers Hammeah and Hananel, and so probably at or near the upper course of the Tyropoeon. Traces of this 'outer wall to the City of David' have with great probability been discovered outside the present east wall of the Harâm area; and it seems likely that it turned north-west a little to the north of the present Golden gate, following the natural line of a branch of the Kidron valley, and so reached the site of the two towers (i.e., the later Antonia) and the Fish gate beyond them (Smith, i, 235 ff.). From the allusion in Zeph. i, 10 to the Fish gate in connexion with a part of the city which was called the Mishneh or 'Second (city),' we gather that this name was applied to the new quarter enclosed by Hezekiah's north wall. The Mishneh is also mentioned in the account of the circumstances which led to Josiah's reformation (2 Kings xxii, 14).

Jerusalem, thus defined, was the city taken and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar in B.C. 586; and these were the walls which Nehemiah set himself to repair on his visit to the city about B.C. 445, nearly one hundred years after the edict of Cyrus had permitted the return of the first band of Jewish exiles. Nehemiah gives an account of his inspection of the ruined walls with some amount of detail (Neh. ii, 12-16). Leaving the city at night by

the gate of the Gai, at some point in the south wall 1000 cubits (i.e. about 500 yards) from the Dung gate (Neh. iii, 13), he set out in the direction of the Dragon's spring. This spring, not mentioned elsewhere under this name, is probably the same as En-Rogel, in proximity to which there was a Serpent-stone (1 Kings i, 9). Nehemiah thus followed the course of the valley of Hinnom to the Dung gate at the south-eastern corner of the western hill. At this point he stopped and surveyed the ruined walls and gates of Jerusalem. Then he 'crossed over'—evidently across the mouth of the Tyropoeon valley, and reached the Fountain gate and the King's pool (Shiloah) on the other side, intending apparently to proceed up the south-eastern hill and view the walls from the inside. This, however, proving impracticable owing to the masses of stones and rubbish, he turned into the valley (*nahal*), i.e., the Kidron, and, riding up it, continued his inspection. Having done this, he returned, either by completing the circuit of the walls, or by retracing his footsteps, and re-entered the gate of the Gai. The account of the rebuilding of the walls follows in chap. iii, and supplies much interesting detail, which is supplemented by the account of their dedication in chap. xii. From all this it is clear that Nehemiah's work was a restoration rather than a complete rebuilding; and that the city walls, as repaired by him, followed in all essentials the old pre-exilic lines.

This seems still to have been the case during the lifetime of our Lord. Many as were the vicissitudes through which Jerusalem passed in the intervening period, involving repeated sieges and the demolition of portions of the fabric (Smith, i, 193 ff.), yet there can be little doubt that the walls of the Herodian Jerusalem did not differ materially as to their course from the walls which were demolished by Nebuchadnezzar. Thus we are confronted by a question which has raised as much debate as the question of the site of Zion, but for the solution of which evidence is unfortunately not in like manner available. The traditional sites of Golgotha and the sacred Tomb, covered by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, occupy a position which is open to grave attack on the ground that the balance of probability may be argued to be against their having lain outside the

second north wall. Unless they were so situated, the possibility of the identification being correct falls at once to the ground; since we know that the Crucifixion and Entombment took place outside the gates of Jerusalem, and it is certain that this wall existed at the time. As we have seen, nothing is known as to the course of the wall except that it joined Antonia at one end; the site of the gate Genath in the old wall, from which it started, being unidentified. The fact that the line of the wall probably ran through the modern city, where the ground is thickly covered with houses, renders investigation impossible; and such remains as have been unearthed in the digging of foundations have proved of little value as evidence for the elucidation of the problem.

Along the line of the north-west and north walls of the modern city many remains of an old wall have been discovered; but, as Sir Charles Wilson shows (pp. 138 ff.), this answers to the description given by Josephus ('War,' v, 4: 2) of the third north wall, commenced by Herod Agrippa I and completed by the Jews in preparation for the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans in A.D. 70. Dr Merrill, who places Agrippa's wall much further north, argues at length that these remains belong to the second wall; and that the view which makes them part of Agrippa's wall and places the second wall further south, is excluded by Josephus' narrative of Titus' siege and capture of these two walls. His arguments, however, require to be checked in every detail by careful reference to his authority; and when this has been done, it appears that they amount to little or nothing.

One illustration must suffice. When Titus had captured Agrippa's wall, he moved his camp inside the wall to a spot which was known as the Camp of the Assyrians, taking care, however, to be out of reach of the Jews' missiles from the second wall ('War,' v, 7: 3). On the theory of those who make Agrippa's wall to have followed the line of the modern north wall, Dr Merrill gives a plan (p. 161) in which he places Titus' camp inside the north-western corner of the modern city. Then, having indicated on the plan three theoretical courses of the second wall within the city (numbered 1, 2, 3), he draws a line from the north-western corner of each to the assumed site of the camp, and shows the respective

distances to be 1000 feet, 600 feet, and 700 feet. He then argues as follows:

'The Jews by this time had learned the use of warlike engines, and they had excellent machines which they had taken from the Twelfth Legion at Beth Horon. The range of these machines was 1200 feet. Titus, therefore, since he was out of range of the enemies' missiles, must have been more than 1200 feet from the Second Wall. But from No. 3 to his camp was 700 feet, from No. 2 to his camp was 600 feet, and from No. 1 to his camp was 1000 feet. From any one of these points the Jews could have annoyed Titus greatly and made his camp very unsafe. Hence we have either to discard Josephus' statement entirely, or to admit that the line of the present wall has nothing to do with the First [Agrippa's] Wall of the siege of Titus' (pp. 169 f.).

This seems to be conclusive, assuming that Josephus' estimate of the range of the machines is correct, and that Dr Merrill is quoting him with accuracy. When, however, we turn to 'War,' v, 6: 3, we find, with regard to the machines captured by the Jews from Cestius at Beth Horon and from the garrison of Antonia, that,

'though they had these engines in their possession, they had so little skill in using them that they were in a great measure useless to them; but a few there were who had been taught by deserters how to use them, which they did, though after an awkward manner. . . . The engines that all the legions had ready prepared for them were admirably contrived; but still more extraordinary ones belonged to the Tenth Legion; those that threw darts and those that threw stones were more powerful and larger than the rest, by which they not only repelled the excursions of the Jews, but drove those away that were on the walls also. Now the stones that were cast were of the weight of a talent, and were carried two stadia and further.'

Thus we observe that the machines which had a range of two stadia (approximately 1200 feet) or more were not those possessed by the Jews, but the 'extraordinary' ones belonging to the Tenth Legion; and, further, that such machines as the Jews possessed they were unable to use, or at best could only use them very awkwardly. On the ground of this kind of employment of his sources Dr Merrill's arguments must be discounted; and students of the question will prefer to follow Sir

Charles Wilson, who, speaking as a skilled investigator, assumes the probability that the traditional site of Golgotha may have lain outside the second wall, and, as a military expert, finds nothing in the evidence of Josephus against the view that the modern north wall answers approximately to Agrippa's wall (p. 130).

It is clear, therefore, that no definite conclusion as to the authenticity of the traditional site of Golgotha can be deduced from the position of the second wall; and our acceptance or non-acceptance of the site must depend upon the value which we attach to the continuous tradition of the Church since the time of Constantine. With regard to this, both Dr Sanday and Sir Charles Wilson argue forcibly that it may quite well have been based upon an unbroken recollection from the earliest times, and prove that to reject the tradition off-hand is as uncritical as to accept it without question. At any rate, the possibilities embodied in the tradition render the site far more worthy of consideration than the purely hypothetical identification which is known as 'Gordon's Calvary' to the north of the Damascus gate, advocated by Col. Conder (ch. vii).

The limits of this article exclude discussion of other New Testament sites in and about Jerusalem. These have been reviewed by Dr Sanday in ch. iii of his book; and they are dealt with at length by Dr Smith in the concluding chapters of his second volume. Much light, too, has been thrown upon some of the problems connected with Herod's Temple in a valuable series of articles by Dr Kennedy, which appeared in the 'Expository Times' for the year 1908-9. In these the writer seems to have substantiated his claim that he has 'succeeded in determining, to within a few feet, the precise location of Herod's Temple and its courts.' The aspect of this Temple, as it must have appeared to a spectator, 'standing on the road from Bethany as it breaks round the Mount of Olives,' is vividly painted in all its detail by Dr Smith (ii, 518 ff.); but the description is too long to quote, and to select or to curtail would be to spoil the picture. In this, as in other descriptive passages, the grace and vigour of the writer's style, no less than his learned insight into the questions with which he is dealing, carry

his readers along with him, and invest the history of the ancient city with a human interest such as it is in the power of few writers to create in a like degree.

Readers of Dr Smith's important work can scarcely fail to realise how much of archæological research still remains to be accomplished; and at the same time how much can be done by the investigations of trained scholars such as the author, who have contrived for themselves opportunities of first-hand acquaintance with the archæological problems of Jerusalem. So far as Great Britain is concerned, however, the matter is still unfortunately one of private contrivance on the part of individual scholars; and it is surely a subject of reproach to this country that there is at Jerusalem no British school of research like the German and American schools and the Dominican Convent of St Stephen, or the British schools at Rome and Athens.

The present time, when the question of research is so much in the air at both our older Universities, seems to offer a unique opportunity for the supply of this deficiency; but, crippled as Oxford and Cambridge are in the matter of funds, and beset by the demands of other branches of study, it is difficult to see how the project can hope to gain the support which it deserves. A mere fraction of the money which is so lavishly bestowed by wealthy benefactors upon free libraries and scientific laboratories would suffice handsomely to equip such a school; and if, in addition to this, an Oxford and a Cambridge College were each to devote a Research Fellowship to the cause, and other British universities were willing to co-operate, the school would be brought into close connexion with our ancient seats of learning, and a constant succession of students would be secured. Such a scheme, too, might be carried through without in any way diminishing the support which the Palestine Exploration Fund has so long and so deservedly enjoyed; and the new school would reap the advantage of the experience and co-operation of the old Society. Is it too much to hope that the influence of Dr Smith's work, which marks an epoch in Biblical study, may stimulate the support which is needed in order to make this scheme a reality?

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Art. 5.—GOLF DURING THIRTY YEARS.

1. *Golf*. 'The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes.' Edited by the Duke of Beaufort. London: Longmans, 1890.
2. *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game*. Edited by Robert Clark. London: Macmillan, 1893.
3. *The Life of Tom Morris, with glimpses of St Andrews and its Golfing Celebrities*. By W. W. Tulloch, D.D. London: Werner Laurie, 1907.

It is recorded in a great book that a certain don of Oxford, after his first introduction to the game of golf, defined it as the pastime of 'putting little balls into little holes with instruments singularly ill-adapted to the purpose.' Why should the author of this inspired phrase be denied due recognition? It was Mr William Little, fellow and tutor of Corpus. Had his inspiration taken the line of prophecy, instead of that of definition, and been equally successful and exact, it is difficult to think that any who heard him would have paid heed to his words, so far beyond all reasonable expectation has been the development—among all conditions and both sexes—of that pastime of putting the little balls into the little holes; for the definition is now thirty years old; and in the interval important things have happened.

It is not very easy to perceive how any pastime could make so great a change as has actually taken place; and the change itself, though thirty years is not a very long while, has been so gradual that even the fact is not quite obvious, just because it lies before our eyes. It is so obvious that we hardly notice it. Yet if we look at the map, or even if we take a mental tour around the coast, we find a great number of watering-places which practically owe their existence to golf. Men, with their families, visit them for a month or six weeks in the holiday time of the year, or by themselves, without their domestic encumbrances, for a few days or a 'week-end' at other seasons. Golf is the very life of these places. Were it not for the golf they would not exist. Without it they would never have come into being, and if it were withdrawn they would die of inanition. Those which have the attraction of a good golf course can dispense with any

other attraction, and have so strong an attraction in the golf, pure and simple, that they can draw away all the visitors, with all their money, from places which have every other attraction except the golf. I propose in this paper to review the influence of the coming of golf, with its great and engrossing fascination, on those classes which it affects.

How considerable is the difference between the condition, that is to say the universal favour, of golf in England to-day and its state when the present writer was at Oxford, that is from 1878 to 1882, may be gauged by the sensation which golf-clubs used to cause at a railway station in those days. Nowadays, the only sensation induced by them is that of weight on the back of the porter who bears them. Formerly, you might watch simple folk gathered around them with that grin on their faces which the ignorant always wear when they see a thing that is new to them and yet not formidable enough to be terrifying. Even years later than that it was only necessary to tell a man that you were a golfer, and he would at once consider you a fool, regarding you perhaps with that gentle pity which an international Rugby football player might feel for a man who was introduced to him with the recommendation that he had played ping-pong or diabolio for England. But in 1880, if you told a man you were a golfer, he did not form any opinion of you on that account at all, for the word implied nothing to him. He looked at you vaguely and asked you what you meant, just as the porters and others at the railway stations asked you what 'them sticks be for?' To get a bird's-eye view of the situation a little more clearly, let us take a glance at the dates of the institution of a few of the earlier English clubs.

We have, of course, the immemorial antiquity of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club. That is an institution founded, as the claim is laid, by James I. We need not, for the present purpose, enter the bunkers of historical debate over the justice of that claim. The Blackheath Club existed, but it was a barren stock; and the same unkindly word has to be said of the Old Manchester Club which dates back to 1818. In 1829 was founded the Calcutta Golf Club; in 1842 that of Bombay; in 1856 the club at Pau in France. Some forty Scottish clubs

are of age to have held their jubilee; but, except for those two above named, not one golf club was in existence in England or Ireland fifty years ago.

The first sign of the coming 'boom,' the first step in the advance of the great golfing army, as yet hardly enlisted, was the institution of the Royal North Devon Club, with its links at Westward Ho in 1864. This notable milestone on the road was due to the accidental visit to Northam, the neighbouring village, of a St Andrews resident and ardent golfer. His appreciative eye noted the 'Northam Burrows'—as the common land is called, on part of which the Westward Ho course is laid out—as admirably adapted by nature for golf. The next institution of the kind is that of the London Scottish Golf Club, associated with the Rifle Volunteer corps of that name, which exercised on Wimbledon Common. This was started in 1865, Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) being, I believe, a moving spirit. Others than members of the Rifle corps were admitted as members of the golf club, which thus provided an outlet for the golfing energies of Scots resident in London. The Royal Liverpool Club, playing at Hoylake, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, was formed in 1869, five years later than that of Westward Ho which was the first of English seaside courses. Then there was something of a halt, or marking of time, for some years, with the recruiting of the army proceeding slowly. A new start forward was made about the year 1880 and onwards. The Royal Isle of Wight Club, at Bembridge, was formed in 1882; and, if there was any institution of a seaside club between that and the Royal Liverpool Club's formation in 1869, it has not come under my notice. It was not till 1885 that Dr Laidlaw Purnes made his great golfing discovery of Sandwich, which has resulted in the wonderful three courses of Sandwich, Deal, and Prince's, now side by side.

Several inland courses had been formed in the meantime, including that of the Crookham Club, near Newbury, which was within reach from Oxford, and the Oxford University Club's course itself, first of a few holes only on Port Meadow, then over the cricket grounds, in the winter terms, on Cowley Marsh. Cambridge was playing on Coldham Common by about 1876; but few undergraduates at either university were sufficiently

advanced or sufficiently Scottish to understand what golf meant. I can remember that what astonished them most about it was that it could be played in a man's ordinary clothes. Accustomed as they were to the 'flannelled fool and the muddled oaf,' they could not conceive what kind of a game this might be that could be played without its peculiar garb. The red coat was at that time worn by a good many golfers. It was sometimes said that no man ought to wear a red coat till he had been round under a hundred. In those days it took more skill than it takes now to go round under three figures. Nowadays it seems that no one ever wears a red coat unless he can *not* go round under a hundred, except on some of those suburban courses where it is *de rigueur*, its purpose being similar to that of the red flag carried before the traction engine—to act as a danger signal to the pedestrian.

Just as golf has called into existence, and kept in affluence, many a watering-place on the coast, just as it has caused a demand at a high figure for land of the character that is technically called 'links,' that is to say, of the starved, sandy kind that will hardly support the life of any herbivorous animal except the rabbit, so it has acted nearer the centres of civilisation, especially around London and other large towns, in making valuable that which was practically of no value for any other object, and in enhancing the rental of land and houses. Many an impoverished landed proprietor, in these days of the shrinkage of agricultural rent, has found his salvation in letting or selling the least valuable portion of his estate to a golf club or golfing syndicate; and, while he thus obtains a good rental for that which under other conditions would return him none, the value of other land in the neighbourhood of the golf course has advanced enormously. Even fifteen years ago the house-agents would tell you that the annual rental of an unfurnished house of, say, twelve bedrooms, would be enhanced by something like 50*l.* if it happened to be in the vicinity of a tolerably good course. By way of a concrete example, it may be noted that a very common price for fair building-land in the neighbourhood of the Walton Heath course is at the rate of 700*l.* per acre, and that 1000*l.* per acre has been paid.

So far all that has been said is to the game's credit, for it is surely better that waste places both by the sea and inland should be made remunerative and at the same time should give healthy exercise and amusement to a large number of people, than that such places should lie idle. It is true that a charge has been brought against the golfer, by some who deem themselves specially qualified to speak with authority of the beautiful in nature, of destroying natural beauties and making the wastes ugly. In reply it may be urged on the golfer's behalf that, if this be the case in some instances, it must also be granted him that he has saved many a piece of beautiful country from falling into the hands of the cheap builder. Let him at least be given his due.

Before going on to discuss a question of great difficulty raised by golf, namely, the creation of the worst, because the most casual, mode of employment for the caddies who carry the golfer's clubs, we may say a few words to indicate what is really the nature of the change—on the whole, in all probability, the very salutary change—that golf has introduced into the habits of a large class of men and a nearly equally large class of women. The class which has chiefly been affected by the coming of golf is what is commonly called the professional class. The Englishman of leisure was generally a sportsman or a game-player of one kind or another, even while golf-clubs were still such unfamiliar implements as to excite the wonder of all spectators in railway stations. Golf has made less difference to him. But, as for the great army of professional men in London and other big cities, lawyers, doctors, actors, and business men, what did they do with their afternoons of leisure before they could occupy themselves with golf? What did they do with their longer vacations? We ask the question, but we find no answer. We are at a loss to know what they did with themselves, even as they surely were often at a loss to know what to do. Perhaps they went for a walk in the summer afternoons; perhaps in their longer holidays they travelled abroad. And here we touch a point in which it is sometimes argued that the influence of golf is not what we could wish it. It is not to be claimed that golf enlarges or stores the mind of a man, or gives him a more comprehensive

outlook on humanity, as travel may enlarge and enrich it. The healthy exercise of golf however is a physical boon to all; whereas it is not every man that has a mind capable of deriving much good from his travels.

We may perhaps leave this topic with this brief notice, for those who care to elaborate it along the lines towards which their own education and tastes incline them. There is this point, however, to be made in favour of golf as compared with many another game—let us say cricket or football—that it is a game for the contemplative man, even as angling is his sport. It gives leisure as we go between the strokes, leisure in which a man may study the beauties of nature and the tragedies and comedies which her actors, the birds and other live things, are continually placing on the stage. It carries the man of books out into a beautiful world. Moreover, it gives more than this passive opportunity for his appreciation of a world to which books do not introduce him. It has been said of golf, by all who have pursued it with the mental eye not glued too exclusively on the ball, that of all games, almost of all pursuits with which man can occupy himself, it is the one that tries his weak humanity the most highly, that lays bare, more than any other, his disposition, cracks the veneer, reveals him to the core. It has been said that — ‘the soul of man is very naked in a bunker.’ Therefore we find in the game at once a shrewd school of discipline for human nature, and also an object-lesson, so that the spectator may see the stuff of which the common human clay is made. No one, it has been observed, has opportunities for the study of human nature at all equal to those enjoyed by the caddy. It has been questioned whether in the confessional the secrets are revealed as entirely as in the bunker. Doubtless the caddy is uniquely placed for ‘the proper study of mankind.’ It may be added that some of the shrewd Scottish caddies do not neglect their opportunities.

But what shall we say as to the discipline which their occupation in the game supplies to the nature and character of the caddies themselves? It is to be feared that we touch here a very tender spot. We provide, for the adolescent sons of the fishers and other native people of those villages on the coast beside which

we make our golf courses, an employment which gives them a wage of about half a crown for a day's work of four or five hours; this being on the assumption that they carry twice round an eighteen-hole course. It is an extravagant rate of pay. Except in the Midlands or other places where collieries or opportunities for work at exceptional rates are at hand, the boy thus occupied earns a day's wage quite disproportionate to the earnings of his parent. The parents have a strong temptation to send the boy to a business in which, if he is lucky, he may gain so much with so little trouble. But, as we know very well, there are a great many days in the year, a large majority of days, commonly speaking, when the boy will not get anything to do at all, and will not earn a penny. Even on his good days, those on which he earns his disproportionate wage, he is not learning any trade, is not fitting himself for any work in life of a more settled kind than the casual job-work on which he is engaged now. And on the days when he is not occupied he is learning something. He is just at the age at which the habits of life are formed; and the habit he is forming is that of which Mr Micawber exhibits the type. He is 'waiting for something to turn up'; he is learning to be a loafer—a lesson soon learnt and very difficult to unlearn.

Some of the clubs have been trying hard, and with much success, to modify the evil of this kind which the game does much to create; and perhaps the best sign of all is not so much the achieved success—though this is by no means negligible—as the recognition by the clubs of their responsibility. Perhaps the best object-lesson in this good endeavour is shown at the Sunningdale Club; and I feel sure that, if other institutions are disposed to follow that good example, the secretary, Mr H. Colt, would be pleased to furnish every detail which could be of assistance. In rough outline, what has been done at Sunningdale is this. A certain number of caddies have been engaged permanently, at a fixed wage, which they draw whether employed in club-carrying or not. In order to modify, so far as possible, the evils of enforced idleness, the club finds such employment for them as it can, on their off-days, in jobs about the course; and no doubt their

work helps more than a little to reduce the general wages-bill of the club. A register is kept, in which are inscribed the names of the boys thus permanently employed, with their addresses and the occupations which their parents wish them to pursue in later life. It is a leading principle of those members who have this matter in hand that a boy is not to be always a caddy; that this phase in his career ought to end with the beginning of his seventeenth year, or thereabouts; and the endeavour is to give him some sort of training and instruction which shall ground him in the rudiments of the profession which it is intended that he shall follow when he ceases to be a caddy. A carpenter's shop has been started for the Sunningdale caddies to learn and practise in; and winter evening-classes have been formed, which it is found that a large majority of the boys are glad to attend.

It is not suggested that it is possible for every golf club to proceed on these lines, but for many it would be possible, and they may be glad to have the way pointed out for them. At others the demand for caddies is not large or regular enough for more than a very few to be taken on permanently in this way; and not every club has the money at command to spend in this manner. But, where the demand is small, it implies that the number of caddies is small also, so that the original evil which this system aims at reducing is not of large extent. Where the demand is large, members must be numerous; and, if there is not money forthcoming to help in curing the evils which golf is, partly at least, responsible for creating, the only just criticism is that there ought to be. If members recognise their responsibility, there will be the needful money; and, as said already, the most hopeful sign of all is that golfers are clearly beginning to perceive this responsibility, and are generally willing to tackle it if only the way be shown to them. It cannot be pleaded that all the evil is remedied, even by the system in vogue at Sunningdale, but at least it is very greatly mitigated.

Probably the Sunningdale principle is a perfectly right one, namely, that the carrying of golf-clubs has become in these modern days, and as the game is now played, one that is beneath the dignity of a grown man. In the good old days of the caddy who used to give his master advice

at every turn, choose his clubs for him, and really do most of the mental work of the game, it was quite another story. It is, however, an ancient story now, and will not be revived. But there are still localities where the labour of some of the people is of such a character that they have spells of enforced leisure from their regular employment, in which they are surely better employed in carrying clubs than in doing nothing. Such are the courses which are in proximity to fishing villages, for sea-fishing is a craft which is dependent on winds and waves and tides; and it may be that one or other of these influences is keeping the fisherman from sea-going, and he may as well be club-carrying as doing nothing ashore. This and similar cases, however, we may rank in the class of exceptions which go to prove the general rule.

The caddy is by no means the only person who is employed by the golfer in a professional and wage-earning way. As the golfer's ideal of what he requires in the smoothness of the turf and the general beauty of his courses becomes higher, he employs a constantly increasing staff of green-keepers, mowers, sweepers, turf-cutters and the like; and so far all the increased employment is to be ascribed to his credit. Besides these, there is the great class of professional players; and, looking back on the game with an eye which can view many changes in its character, we find that the status of these professional players has undergone a great alteration and betterment. There was a time when the professional meant, generally, a caddy grown large in stature and deft in the playing of the game. He was, in fact, a caddy, carrying clubs when not engaged in playing the game, and thinking himself to suffer no loss of dignity in so doing. He had, in truth, little of the dignity belonging to members of the golfing profession to-day. Even then, however (we speak of 1880 or thereabouts), there were shining exceptions to this rule, for it was the age of old Tom Morris, of Tom Dunn, of Jack Morris, Charlie Hunter, Johnny Allan. All these were professionals, much in the modern sense of being attached to a certain club, looking after its green, purveying clubs and balls.

The clubs of that day were much longer in the face than the round-headed ones which are used now. This is said of the wooden-headed clubs especially, of which there

Clubs

were comparatively more in use; for the full complement of a golfer's set consisted of a 'driver,' and various sorts of 'spoons,' differing in angle of lie and of loft, and in length of shaft, from the 'long spoon,' which was virtually the 'driver' with face a little laid back, through the 'middle' and 'short spoons' down to the 'baffy,' which would be used by old players (Sir Robert Hay was perhaps the last survivor of the great exponents of 'baffy' play), as the modern man uses his 'mashie' with half and quarter strokes. The 'mashie' was then unknown, but the 'niblick' existed, taking the place of the older 'sand-iron' for getting the ball out of horrid places; and when the club with a brass sole screwed on the bottom, for resistance to the flints of roads and so on, first took practical shape, it was under the name of a 'wooden niblick,' this title being an indication of the shortness of the head, designed to allow the club to fit into a rut and fetch the ball out of it. After a while this club began to be called the 'brassy,' because of the brass on its sole; and its form may be considered to have set the mode of the short and round-headed clubs with which all the world plays golf now. The 'baffy' was going out of vogue for approaching, and the 'iron' was the club in common use for this purpose. All 'putters,' with very few exceptions, were of wood; and the great feature of a set of clubs of that day as compared with this is that the wooden clubs far outnumbered the iron ones. To-day the relative numbers are quite reversed. And, when we take into consideration this fact and therewith the solid character of the balls, which bore far more weightily on the wooden clubs of that time than our modern rubber-covered and very resilient balls, it is evident that clubs would be likely to require renewal and repair much more often then than now. This was, in fact, the case. Wood was not so well kept, chosen, and seasoned; and the clubs were constantly breaking. This implied a constant demand for the services of the professional golf-club and ball-maker attached to the local club.

At first these professionals were invariably Scotsmen. It was many years before the Englishman could learn to take golf seriously and believe that there was any money in the game. I suppose that the earliest, as he has been the most successful, of English professional golfers was

J. H. Taylor, the present champion; and, following his stimulating example, an immense number of young fellows from the English courses have taken up golf as a profession and have found it profitable. But its conditions, and therewith the situation of the professional, have undergone great changes. At the time when the young Scotsmen, growing up out of the caddy status, were coming south to take charge of English greens, and in the early days of the development of the young English professional, the local professional had practically in his hands all the club-making and club-repairing business which the local demand required. The big shops, such as Spalding's and others, did not exist as his competitors. He had, moreover, the business of ball-making, buying the gutta-percha in sticks, moulding the balls, marking and painting them in his own shop, and, when they were battered about, remoulding and repainting them. In a great measure all this employment has been taken out of the hands of the modern professional. Golf-clubs are largely made in the big shops. The local professionals make a few, and repair a few more, but the ball-making and remaking has entirely gone from them. There is also a disposition to take the management of the green and the care of the turf out of the hands of the professional player, who, truth to say, as a rule knows mighty little about it, and to give it over to a man especially trained to the job.

It might seem, therefore, as if the professional's lot was rather a hard one, and did not compare very happily with that of his predecessors in the same line of life; but that would be drawing a wrong inference. There are cases, no doubt, where the professional has something to complain of. He has taken his situation on the understanding that he shall reap something from the sale and remake of golf-clubs, and from the retailing of balls which he buys at trade prices; and he now finds this expected income diminished to something like the vanishing point by the tendency of the members to buy their clubs and balls elsewhere. In a case such as that the terms of the man's engagement should be altered. But, as a rule, the status of the golf professional, as well as his emolument, is very much higher than it used to be. There are so many learners, beginning golf or willing to think that

the lessons of the expert may improve them, that the demand for the professional's services as teacher is a very large one at any populous golfing centre. The dress, the look, the manner, and the conduct of men of the golfing profession to-day will combine to show how much higher that profession stands than at the beginning of the period under review. The professional golfers have their Association, their competitions, which they arrange for themselves, their own benefit society. There are not wanting amateurs who say that professionals are very much spoiled by receiving too much liberality and kindness. The opinion of the Association has even been asked (it was not followed) about the greens on which the open championship should be played. The leaders of the profession, the great players, earn very large salaries and incomes from playing exhibition matches as well as in the way of prize money, and also make a heavy charge, which is cheerfully paid, for their services as designers of new courses. Of course only a relatively few make these exceptional incomes, but the condition of the rank and file is prosperous ; and, as their numbers have increased very largely, so too has their general status vastly improved.

Inevitably, with regard to this game of golf, as to other things that have occupied the attention of men for successive generations, we are disposed to ask ourselves whether we are better than our fathers. It would appear on the face of it obvious that we must be. The constant lowering of the record on this, that, and the other greens, which have been the playgrounds of all the best men for years, indicates it ; but it is an indication which must be taken with certain necessary qualifications. The implements of the game, both clubs and balls, have improved ; the general tendency of courses is to become wider, and therefore easier, as the multitude of golfers wears away 'the rough' on either side, in spite of bunkers artfully inserted, by way of compensation ; on the whole, the 'lies' through the green and the putting-greens themselves grow better as more care and money and intelligence are being brought to bear on them. Despite these discounts, however, it is to be believed that the present generation really does play better golf than those which went before it. The impartial view is no

doubt hard to take. I once asked Mr Balfour Melville how he thought the play of 'young Tommy' Morris compared with that of Taylor, Braid, and Harry Vardon. 'Well,' he replied, after some thought, 'all I can say is that I cannot imagine a man playing better than young Tommy used to.'

That, doubtless, is the answer that each of us would make as to the best in our own generation. Nevertheless, one has a secret conviction that there has been a real advance. The opportunities of the modern men are greater. The famous trio just named are perpetually before the public, playing 'gallery' matches. Hence the hardening of their nerve, resulting in that terrible consistency which has made their phalanx so long impenetrable to all the assaults of the young men. Young Tommy, Strath, and the other famous professionals of old, had not this training. It is also to be credited to the modern men that they live carefully to fit themselves for the game, keeping the eye clear and the nerves cool. We cannot say that their superiority is due to better physique or to better style. No men could well be more different in respect of physical make or method of swing than these three great ones; yet their results, reckoned by strokes taken in going round all sorts and conditions of courses, are marvellously alike. We may also credit them with the admirable quality of command of temper which all three have achieved; the Scot, as it seems, by a natural gift of patient endurance, the Jersey man by a kind of gay and gallant spirit which seems to think scorn of giving circumstance a chance to triumph, and the Devonian, the present champion, by a sheer clenching of the teeth in a dogged struggle against a demon which is always making golfing life difficult for him. The more credit to him that, in its despite, he can play so wonderfully the most temper-trying game in the world.

Not the least striking of all the changes is that which has taken place in the botanical knowledge of the green-keeper, if he be worthy to hold that position. It is not too much to say that at the beginning of this period he had no such knowledge at all. To him there was such a plant as grass, and the rest were whins, plantains, or whatever it might be, regarded as vermin to be banished, by any rough-and-ready processes, from his

greens; but, as for any cognisance of a difference between grasses, he was quite unaware that a difference existed. The hackneyed counsel of the greatest of all green-keepers of old to 'pit on mair saund,' summed up the total of his ability to war against the attacks of Flora in her unfriendly mood. Nowadays we hear the green-keeper reeling off the scientific names of the different varieties of British grasses with an *aplomb* that is almost disconcerting. But he knows, what is more important than their names, how to encourage their growth; he has discovered which species to plant on his greens, and which to keep for his 'through-the-green' and teeing-grounds. He has even some rudimentary knowledge of the chemical analysis of soils and the right kind of nutriment to give in each case to supply natural deficiencies. The great seed-producing firms, such as Sutton's and Carter's, have found it well worth their while to give serious attention to the best grasses and treatment for golf courses, and will send down practised experts to advise, to make an analysis of the soils, and to report according to its results. There is a big demand for the best wood for the shafts and heads of clubs; and the golf-ball industry is so important that it came out, at a recent trial, that a single firm in America had made 10,000*l.* profit in a single year from the sale of golf-balls alone. These are big figures, but they were stated on oath in court, and not controverted.

The literature for which golf, in its modern manifestation, has been responsible, is very voluminous and very varied in its quality. Besides 'books which are not books,' such as the purely didactic treatises, the 'annuals,' which give account of the progress of the game and the results of the chief matches, with which may be grouped the reports in the daily papers, the game has found its more serious and artistic scribes, who have attacked it either historically, like 'the magnificent Clark,' as the late Prof. Tait called him, or in a vein of poetic trifling, like Mr Andrew Lang, the late Mr Campbell of Ormsary, and many more, or in the form of the magazine story or occasional novel, with their scenes laid on the links. We have even seen the game introduced before the footlights, though the dramatic treatment has always been of the light comedy nature and never of the dignity which is

the game's due. It is perhaps a little curious that it has not been employed with greater success by the novelist; but therein it ranks with cricket, which writers so different as Charles Dickens and George Meredith have touched but have not adorned.

It seems hardly necessary to say more than the briefest word about the reasons which have given golf its popularity. It is more interesting to note why they only began to prevail at such a late date. Golf was introduced into England a long time back, and was played at Blackheath in the reign of the first Stuart king. Cynics have said that the choice of Blackheath as the site of its first introduction would be enough to prevent this example being followed; but this is an inexpensive witticism which is unjust to the Heath, where a great deal of good golf of the 'inland' variety has been enjoyed by some of the best players that ever handled a club.

The cost of the ball was originally an element, no doubt, in retarding the spread of the game. It was about the middle of the last century that the gutta-percha ball was invented, and began to take the place of the old balls of feathers stuffed tight into a case of leather. At first the gutta-percha balls were made smooth, and consequently (as we now know) ducked in their flight, and behaved so badly that the golfers of the period were on the point of giving them up and going back to their old feathered friends, when it began to be observed that they flew much better after a few hacks had been indented on them by the edge of the iron clubs. From this, to giving them the nicks, or roughness, before they were painted and offered for sale, was a short and obvious step; and from that time forward the 'guttery' was the ball of the game, varied by a few attempted but abandoned improvements in the material by mixing the gutta-percha with other substances (as in the case of the so-called 'eclipse,' nicknamed 'putty' from its softness), until the Americans took up golf, and at once, with their national ingenuity, invented the rubber-cored balls which every one uses now.

These gutta-percha balls ('Gourlays' as they were called at first from the name of their maker) mark an era, because they cost a shilling and the feather balls had

cost four, and, moreover, the 'gutties' (to give them the name they acquired as soon as the 'putties' were brought in and suggested the rhyme) were more durable. Thus, the cost of the most perishable article used in the game being reduced to a fourth, and the article becoming coincidentally much less perishable than before, the natural effect on the game's popularity is not far to seek. At the same time, or very little later, came the discovery of Westward Ho and the inception of the idea that 'links,' in the truest sense of seaside ground most suited for golf, were not the peculiar property of Scotland, but might be found in England also; and, these two factors co-operating, the result is the immense general vogue of the game to-day. England, taking up golf, began to spend more money on the care of the courses than had been the custom in Scotland. Scotland followed; and the effect, without doubt, has been to make a better and more scientific and pleasant game of it. At the present time it is a great question whether courses are not becoming a little too artificial, and were not better left in something rather more like their original wild state; but in earlier days there is no doubt whatever that they were left too much to themselves.

The reason why we need not marvel at the popularity which the game has won is that it is so very evidently an interesting and healthy pursuit for both sexes and all ages, and that it differs from the great majority of games in being one in which those who are lovers of it take a vigorous share. They are not mere spectators. Almost all our modern athletic games are purely spectacular for the masses. Only a few take active part in them. The man who says he is 'fond of racing' means no more than that he likes to watch horses running; and few of those who go to Lord's or the Oval ever go to the wicket, or would stay there long if they did. But the man who is fond of golf is fond of playing it, and the worst play it with the same contentment as the best. Whether it is well that 'a mere game' should absorb so much attention, is, as was hinted before, an open question, but it is a different one from the actual quality of this or other games considered comparatively. At least we may be sure that the man who occupies his leisure for two days in the week on the golf course is doing so in a healthful manner

and one of the most trenchant comments to be made on the strictures which we often hear on the national degradation involved in the attention paid to football, for example, by those who do not dream of playing it, is that the critics do not suggest the manner in which the football-watching crowds might employ themselves more profitably. Certainly they cannot all be players, for there would be no place for them; and those who watch the cricketers in Regent's Park on a Saturday afternoon, and perceive how thick they are on the ground, will not be disposed to accuse the Londoner of neglecting his opportunities of athletic exercise. But the golfer, at all events, cannot be charged with wishing to regard the game as a mere spectacle. He does his little best to play it; and, though we need not contend that golf is the noblest of pursuits, we may fairly urge that the majority of those who are golfers would lose more than they would gain if they were to abandon the pursuit of the royal and ancient game with the idea of turning their present golfing holidays to some better purpose. Nor do I believe that they are really open to a criticism sometimes made upon them. It is occasionally said that we golfers of to-day are less careful than our fathers in observance of the etiquette of the game, and that our courtesy in the way of playing it will not bear comparison with theirs. I cannot see it. I do not think it. Nevertheless I give the comment of these appraisers of the grand old manner for what it may be worth.

From all that has been said it will be gathered, and rightly, that we have grown far more luxurious than our golfing fathers, and that we demand more of our courses. At the same time the demand has arisen for more commodious club-houses; and we spend more money on all the amenities of the game than in days of a ruder simplicity. But, whatever our national decadence may be in this respect, we may take what of comfort we can find from the reflection that, if it is so in our own country, the luxury of the American golfer and his expenditure on the game far exceed ours. His courses are more carefully kept; his club-houses are on a grander scale; he is altogether a more magnificent person as a golfer. 'Why,' said an American at St Andrews a year or two ago, before the water had been carried out to all the

greens, 'I guess if we had a course like this over in our country we'd have water to all the greens if we had to take it out in pipes of gold.' Twenty years ago America did not play golf at all, although there were courses for many a year before that in Canada; but, when she did take to the game, she showed a nationally characteristic zeal in its pursuit. She has learnt it so well that she was able to send one of her players over here, who won our amateur championship from all comers. In professional golf she has not done so well, for our own professionals always seem to have the better of native talent when they go to America. We may note some curious facts of a like kind in the comparison of English, Scottish, and Irish golf. Only once has our English amateur team beaten the Scottish, yet our English professionals more than hold their own against the Scottish professors. The Irish amateurs of the male sex are never (or hardly ever) able to win their championship, which they throw open to all amateurs that care to enter; and no Irishman has ever made much of a mark in our amateur championship. Yet the Irish lady players come over and win our ladies' championship. For the moment, though the open champion is an Englishman, Scotland, as seems only her due, is very strong indeed at her own game, as played by either sex.

It has been said that thirty years ago the man who travelled in England with golf-clubs was a subject of wonder and even of some suspicion. Now it would probably be very difficult to find any part of the globe where the natives, if there are any, have not seen a golf-club. Every European country has its courses; there is a regular chain of links along the Riviera. Every English colony has its club or clubs as a matter of course. Whether for better or worse, there can be very little question of the fact that the 'royal and ancient' game of Scotland has so made its way into favour with the world that it is more widely played than any other; that more time and money are spent on it; and that it has done more than any other game of this or any other time to alter the habits and affect the fortunes of mankind.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

Art. 6.—THE RISE OF THE NATIVE.

1. *East India (Advisory and Legislative Councils)*. Proposals of the Government of India, etc. Government Bluebook, London, 1908; and the Government of India Gazette, Calcutta, November 15, 1909.
2. *Les Grottes de Grimaldi (Baoussé Roussé), etc.* By Dr Verneaux, and others. (A description of prehistoric Negro, Cro Magnon, and other human remains in southern France). Imprimerie de Monaco, 1908.
3. *The Basis of Ascendancy*. By Edgar Gardner Murphy. (Dealing with Negro problem in the United States.) London and New York: Longmans, 1909.
4. *The Basuto*. By Sir Godfrey Lagden, K.C.M.G. Two vols. London: Hutchinson, 1909.
5. *The Real India*. By J. D. Rees, C.V.O., C.I.E., M.P. Second edition. London: Methuen, 1909.
6. *The Gateway to the Sahara*. By Charles Wellington Furlong. New York: Scribner, 1909.
7. *Great Britain and the Congo*. By E. D. Morel. London: Smith, Elder, 1909.
8. *The South African Natives*. Their progress and present condition. Edited by the South African Native Races Committee. London: Murray, 1908.

And other works.

THE Native problem probably began to present itself to the mind of the then predominant human type as far back as twenty thousand years ago, or whatever was the approximate date at which Neolithic man, forced to emigrate from his original home of development in Europe or Asia, impinged on the territories occupied by the Palæolithic savage, or even, it may be, districts in which still lurked the gorilla-like type of the Rhine valley, of France, Spain, Belgium, and the Carpathians.*

* This type, first made known to us by the human remains in the Neanderthal cavern, is by some authorities regarded as a distinct and more primitive species of man—*Homo primigenius*. The recent discoveries in the Corrèze (South-central France) and near Heidelberg have greatly added to our information regarding this very primitive development of the human genus. It is styled 'gorilla-like' because of the superficial resemblance to the skull of the gorilla in the great superciliary arches above the eyes; but its distance from the gorilla may be judged from the fact that the cranial

descending on India from a possible home in Russia, ruled as demigods over a Negroid, Australoid India, but had little pity for the 'rights of the native.' Still, the idea of justice and clemency towards those of inferior endowments went on fermenting in Aryan brains till it found its first known expression through the teaching of Buddha, of that Indian prince—possibly of very marked Aryan origin—who was a kind of foreshadowing of Christ, and whose teaching is a singular, though imperfect, parallel to the ethics of Christianity.

But until the Christian religion came into being, there was probably no organised expression of this deliberate revolt against a pitiless law of nature—the survival of the fittest, the unquestioned right of the race or tribe superior in physical and mental endowment to take full advantage of its conquests; only to save the conquered and inferior race from utter extinction in so far as some of its members might be useful as slaves or pleasing as concubines. The ethics of Christianity, when they are based as nearly as possible on the teaching of Christ, and have not been corrupted by cruel crusaders or specious ecclesiastics, have formed a gospel of pity, have meant a tendering of the hand to the feeble in mind or body, the curing of the sick, the sparing of the deformed, the education of the backward, the enunciation of equal rights on the part of all races of man whether they were black-haired or yellow-haired, pink-cheeked or bronze-skinned, naked and barbarous, or clothed and civilised.

Christianity has been a 'flying in the face of Providence.' It is rapidly becoming a cosmic force of great importance; and it is difficult for the unbiassed philosopher to say whether it is tending towards the general improvement of humanity or is acting as a drag on progress. What but the spirit of Christianity keeps a decent European or American nation of white people from dealing pitilessly with an inferior race whose existence is a bar to the acquisition of wealth or colonisable territory? If they were beasts of the field—bison, buffalo, rhinoceroses, elephants, lions, or tigers—they would be forthwith destroyed by shooting parties or strychnine; although from the bosom of Christianity—'sweet St Francis of Assisi!'—a spirit of compassion and indulgence for beasts and birds is arising, and is likely to

shape man's future policy towards the other vertebrates. As it is, we shrink from such actions with very real horror, or at any rate that affectation of horror which is in itself a concession to the Christian spirit.

We now realise that there are few parts of the world where the white man cannot exist as well as, or better than, any other race. There is many a fair land occupied by Amerindians, by negroes, or by Asiatics, which would serve admirably as the future home of millions of white people. What restrains any one of the great white nationalities from sending expeditions to such a land to take it over and to oust or to slay its present inhabitants, who could not in the long run resist the white man's weapons, discipline, and science? It is 'common decency,' the feeling that it would be a horrible crime, in the eyes of some people a crime that God would punish, in the vernacular of others, 'a beastly shame'; in any case, an offence against the code of all civilised men and women, including many who are not Christians, either ostensible or real. One nation, perhaps one little nation, without a colony or a field of exploitation, might wish to do so, but would be restrained by a respect for international public opinion. In Britain, for example, we might feel that we possessed the means and the careless permission of Europe to take away the land of some small people and confer it on offshoots of our own race, but (apart from other considerations) we should have too anxious a care for our good name in the opinion of the Christian world to make any such use of our power and privileges. In short, an international conscience has come into being, based to a very great extent on the teaching of Christ and the ethics of Christianity, and has, since the very beginning of the sixteenth century, operated to redress the balance between the overwhelmingly powerful white peoples of Europe and the almost defenceless backward races of the rest of the world.

Had it not been for the Spanish bishops—Las Casas and others—and for the order of the Jesuits and of the Dominicans, the destruction of the Amerindian peoples in Northern, Central, and South America, and in the West Indies, would have been almost complete; for the Spaniards and Portuguese of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were as recklessly cruel and rapacious

throughout America as were the first Dutch settlers in South Africa towards the Bantu, Bushmen, and Hottentots; the British in Tasmania, Eastern North America, and much of Australia, and the Belgians in Congoland. Thanks mainly to the Jesuits, an Amerindian population of some sixteen millions exists at the present day; while the greater mass of the two million non-negro inhabitants of Cuba, Hispaniola, and Porto Rico, instead of being of pure white race, is olive-hued and half Amerindian in blood. Thanks to the British and French Protestant missions in South and Central Africa, there is a Basutoland containing 350,000 negroes and only 900 whites;* a Bechuanaland which is a protected negro territory and not a Dutch State or a province of the Chartered Company of South Africa; a Buganda which is a protected native kingdom, and not a region belonging to white concessionaires wherein the natives are worked to death or despair in helping the white capitalist to get rich quickly.

Basutoland and the Basuto† offer at one and the same time a remarkable instance of the rise of the native under the teaching of European missionaries (in this case mostly the agents of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society), and of the importance of foresight and statesmanship in the treatment of African problems. From the selfish point of view of the white man's interests in South Africa, the virtual creation or re-creation of Basutoland has been a tactical blunder. This mountain State, this crown of South Africa—its coolest, best-watered,

* Based on the census of 1904. In 1836 the population of Basutoland can scarcely have reached 10,000; in 1891 it was 218,324. In 1875 the negro population was 127,707. The increase is momentous, and is eloquent of the natives' fertility under good government.

† It is unfortunate that Sir Godfrey Lagden, who has given us an admirable, impartial, and accurate survey of the history of this negro State in South Africa, should have wounded the susceptibilities of Bantu students by such an ugly double plural as the 'Basutos.' If he wished to Anglicise the racial name (quite unnecessarily) he might have written of the Sutos, as we write of Zulus, Kafirs, etc. But no one thinks of writing 'the Amazulus'; it is either the Amazulu or the Zulus (if Anglicised). Nor does Sir Godfrey sin only in his title, but repeats this mistake throughout the book. For instance, he writes of the Umtetwas instead of the Abatetwa (plural of Umtetwa); or, if Anglicised, the Tetwas. Otherwise the book referred to is a valuable addition to the history of South Africa, and an important one, because the Basuto have still a great part to play, for good or ill, in the development of South Africa.

most impregnable land—should, after depopulation by Zulu raids and the resultant famines, have been allotted to Boers or Britons, to become the centre of the white man's rule over Africa. The European missionaries, British Government, British, and German farmers of the forties and fifties of the last century, who realised the splendid work which was being done for the natives by Moshesh, have invited him and his following *not* to take up abode in this Switzerland of giant mountains, tremendous ravines, thick forests, and snowy plateaus, but offered them (and maintained them in) the spacious country to the north, or a slice of the sea-board to the south; themselves instead taking possession of what then a No-man's-land to a great extent, a region populated by Bushmen only. Basutoland should have been, had South Africa been planned with the map of Rhodes, the Empire State of South Africa, and at a time when the act could have been accomplished without the slightest injustice to the indigenes. In white South Africa finds itself face to face with a vigorous Basuto nation of 350,000, resolute, well-armed, and in possession of a land that is practically unconquerable. Moreover, even if it were conquerable by the expenditure of men and money, the world's conscience will scarcely permit the unprovoked extermination of such a people as the Basuto. At one time it seemed, though, from the white man's point of view, the problem was being solved by strong drink. But South Africa has a conscience now nearly as acute as that of Europe or North America; and throughout South Africa as, here throughout the Northern and Southern States, a conviction has been growing up that one of the greatest enemies of health, happiness, and human advancement in civilisation is distilled alcohol—a very different thing from wine and beer. The missionaries have followed the movement, the native chiefs have had the good sense to appreciate its importance, Basutoland is now a 'total abstaining' so far as the consumption of hard spirits is concerned; and consequently its negro population is increasing and prospering by leaps and bounds.

The rise of the native and the creation of this new sense through the action, mainly, of Christian mis-

is assuming important proportions in the vast of the Congo. So heated has become the controversy as to the effect of Belgian enterprise in this on that it is difficult to do impartial justice on the and to the work of many Belgian pioneers, laymen as missionaries, and on the other to the movement and headed by Mr E. D. Morel. In this article the n only be summed up briefly. King Leopold II d in 1885 the mandate of Europe to undertake trol and development of the Congo basin on the anding that over these vast territories, of which s becoming sovereign,* native rights would be roTECTED; the area, defined by a geographical ation, would be subjected to a régime of Free-be closed absolutely to the liquor traffic, yet be tely open to missionaries of all denominations, emptied from anything in the form of slavery. n 1886 and 1894 King Leopold engaged many ans (chiefly Belgians) to create the Congo Free He spent vast sums of money, and, in order up himself to some extent, created a monopoly y, which might certainly have been considered y to the principles of the Berlin Act. But this go far to repay him his outlay; and even earlier e year 1894 he seems to have cast about for some of raising money which should at any rate expenditure.

n, after 1890, came the invention of the safety and the pneumatic tyre, and all at once rubber a product enormously in demand and very intly supplied by the forests of South America or India. The writer of this review had drawn on to the wild rubbers of West Africa in 1887, ultaneously the rubber forests of Lagos were ed to an extent and with a rapidity which the value of the exports of Lagos by millions of sterling. The Congo basin was soon found to er in rubber than any other part of Africa, except s the densely-forested regions of the West Coast.

ar as treaties with the native chiefs or tribes were concerned, eign rights conferred on him by the Congo peoples only covered of the Congo between the cataracts at Matadi and the Equator the Bangala, about a fiftieth part of the Congo State.

King Leopold (one may argue from the facts at one's disposal) soon desired, not only to make both ends meet in the development of the Congo Free State, but, as a reward for his speculation—which was rapidly degenerating from philanthropy to sheer commercialism—to place several millions sterling to his private account. The population of the Congo was fairly dense, but it was very wild, and, like all unreclaimed negro peoples, hated continuous and steady labour.*

The missionaries had got hold of many of these tribes contemporaneously with the work of Stanley and other Congo pioneers. Slowly (as it seemed to the impatient mind of Europe) they were weaning the young men and maidens from their half-animal lives of sensuality and purposelessness, to an ordered existence of steady and intelligent work. They might have been ready, had they been asked, to teach some of them to obtain rubber deftly and scientifically, as well as to learn how to make bricks, to build good houses, to fell and square and saw up timber, to drive the engines of steamers, keep accounts, work a printing press, write shorthand, make boots and clothes and furniture, and at the same time not neglect, but rather develope, such few profitable native industries as already existed—such as pottery, cloth-weaving, mat-making, and so forth.

But Europe was in a hurry. English, American, Belgian, and German speculators got into communication with King Leopold, and so great concessionaire companies were organised to which (in common with King Leopold himself) was by degrees allotted almost the whole of the Congo basin within the prescribed limits of the Congo Free State. Except on the narrow band of the Lower Congo, there was practically no room left for Free-trade and the commerce either of the natives or of foreigners not associated with these few great concessionaires. When called upon for a justification, the King pointed to the way in which France had, in a similar fashion, pushed aside the Berlin Act

* At least the *men* disliked a continually industrious life. All over negro-land, on both sides of the Atlantic, the negro *woman* is invariably a hard and steady worker. It is her mate who likes to vary spells of often tremendous labour by episodes of gallantry, hunting, gambling, feasting, or complete repose.

had divided up French Congo amongst monopolists. It had made haste to exclude, almost unrebuked by the British Government, old-established English firms, for nearly a hundred years, had been developing intimate commerce in the coast regions of the French Congo. His Majesty also waved a hand towards the monopoly of the Royal Niger Company, and the monopoly acquired and worked by the British South Africa Company.

The British Government made haste to put itself in a correct position as regards the Niger Company, whose charter it had repurchased at the cost of 900,000*l.*; but without any argument with which to answer the apologists. The Congo State was the prescriptions of the Berlin Act, which had *not* been transgressed, so far as they went, either by the Niger or South Africa Company. They had been transgressed by France is as obvious as in the case of the Congo Free State over which King Leopold was sovereign; and the failure of the British Government to constrain France to abide by the provisions of the Berlin Act made its remonstrances against Belgium seem a little like bullying.

King Leopold therefore, forgetting his original position as a philanthropist wholly disinterested in a desire to civilize the negroes of Central Africa, instead of waiting patiently until, through the teaching of lay and ecclesiastical emissaries, the natives of the Congo basin developed local industries to an extent which gave them a sound commerce and enabled it to raise a revenue equivalent to its expenditure, misused the native labour which he had created to bring pressure to bear on the million naked savages to work constantly and unremittingly at the production of rubber and other produce of the forests and plains as was profitable to the great concessionaires of whom King Leopold was the greatest. Many of the Congo people were subjected to this forced labour; and from that sprang the most fearful atrocities only to be paralleled in the history of slavery in America, atrocities which, as often as they were committed by irresponsible agents of commercial associations.

At the entry of Belgium into the Congo basin can be seen other results besides injustice, cruelty, and human degradation. 212.—No. 422.

suffering, must be apparent to all who study the question even superficially. Many Belgian officers (civilian or military) conceived a great sympathy and affection for the savages or semi-savages amongst whom they came to live. They built up prosperous native communities, supported with their influence chiefs who were kind, and deposed chiefs who were cruel; they introduced many of the elements of civilisation, and it is admitted by British and American missionaries that many of the native soldiers trained by these Belgians have turned out, in the long-run, admirable members of the community, and even active helpers of the missionaries themselves. Science reaped a rich harvest from Belgian work on the Congo, and the commerce of Belgium was enormously enriched. This last, however, was no source of gratification to such Congo people as remained poor or even became destitute. Outside the districts rich in rubber, many tribes and natives of the Congo basin have gained very greatly in welfare and happiness from the incoming of the European; but much of the present well-being (say in the western Congo, on the northern Mubangi, on the Lualaba) of the Congo peoples is due, not to anything done by King Leopold or his officers, but to the work of British, Belgian, French, American, and Swedish missionaries, who have carried on their really splendid work (I write as an eye-witness) not always with the sympathy of, but occasionally in opposition to, the officials who directed the affairs of the Congo State.

But Mr Morel's argument applies quite as much to British policy in Africa as it does to that of France, Belgium, and other nations; which is why, perhaps, he is almost more disliked in England than in Belgium itself; in which country, by-the-by, it should be noticed, he is able to move about freely, and address public meetings without any hindrance or personal annoyance.

It cannot but be admitted that in his change of policy after 1904 King Leopold II made a great and grievous mistake, so grievous that it has not only balanced but almost extinguished the record of his really philanthropic work in Africa in earlier days—work such as that which, through a gallant Belgian, Captain Storms, practically brought to a conclusion the slave-raiding and trading of the Arabs on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. But those

who are watching the rise of the native—a rise we may dislike for selfish reasons but cannot ignore—must feel that every thwack which resounds from the Morelian battery of Belgian methods—methods which, we have reason to hope, are about to be completely changed—leaves us a little sore in anticipation, since we have not been completely void of fault ourselves in our treatment of native rights in certain parts of South Central Africa.

Fortunately for our own record it must be fully and freely admitted that, in regard to the recognition and defence of native rights, both Foreign and Colonial Offices have been wisely inspired during the last fifteen years. Mr Morel is in the habit of pointing to the happy condition at the present day of the Gambia and Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Lagos, southern and northern Nigeria (especially the four first-named, old-established colonies), which is owing to the full recognition given for some time past to the native rights to the land and the produce of that land. He is able to show that, merely from a commercial point of view, it has turned out a paying policy, as is evidenced by the striking commercial development during recent years of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Lagos.

Everywhere throughout the world the spirit of Christianity (with some terrible interludes of fanaticism or betrayal) has operated against what might seem in man's affairs to be the survival of the fittest. The Fuegians were a wretched folk when first visited by Darwin in the 'Beagle,' or by the few explorers who preceded him. They are a very different people to-day after fifty years of the South American Mission. They are saved for survival. But their land, though possessing some disadvantages, is quite as habitable and colonisable as Sweden or Saghalien. 'Why bother about the Fuegians,' might say the spirit of anti-Christian science, 'why bother about them any more than you do about their Antarctic wolf, maned sea-lion, or Guanaco? They are failures. Sweep them away without pity, and let their places be taken by Welsh settlers, or better still Scotch, Chilians, or even Araucanians. Whilst you are wasting a lot of time and money trying to civilise the Fuegians you might be building up a prosperous and powerful white state able to play a great part in the Southern Hemisphere.'

Or take the much larger question of South Africa; the same spirit might say, 'Oust the coloured man from every part of South Africa which is fit to sustain a white population, and the result will be in the future a great world power rivalling, even surpassing, the United States of North America.'

If Christianity interposes a veto still sufficiently powerful to enlist the sympathies of a Christian king, to restrain even the most 'Imperialist' of British politicians, it should be quite equal to the holding back of God-fearing Boers, British, and Germans who are resident in South Africa and in a position to dictate that country's working policy. I write advisedly 'God-fearing,' not in the sanctimonious spirit of older days, but as expressing a type of mind very common amongst all races of mankind even at the present day, and most of all, I think, in the races of Europe and North America; a feeling that somehow or other cruelty and injustice even to a beast, and most of all to anything entitled to call itself a man, is out of harmony with the intentions of the Power which is Nature or behind Nature; in other words, that abominable cruelties and needless bloodshed do not pay in the long-run, but react on those who commit such deeds; witness the history of Spain in the New World.*

If the casuistry were worth the waste of time, we might argue plausibly that Christianity—at any rate of a catholic, world-wide nature—is a mistaken impulse; that if its principles are logically applied, their result some day will be the existence of a biscuit-coloured, black-haired, high-cheekboned type of man all the world over, a kind of *rastaquouère*, with the South American's perpetual restlessness in politics, the negro's love of vain display and useless noise, the futile slyness of the Chinaman, and the average white man's dislike of manual labour. The opposite ideal of some Anglo-Saxons would be that the white race should reign as demigods over the rest of the world, keeping its blood absolutely pure from

* Spain, as an Imperial Government, has failed; but the Spaniard and Portuguese showed themselves true colonists, grand nature conquerors in tropical America. See what Spaniards and Portuguese, fresh from the Peninsula or the Islands, are doing in Louisiana, Cuba, Santo Domingo, the Windward Islands, Panama, Guiana, and Brazil under the American, British, Cuban, and Brazilian flags.

mixture with that of any other human variety, with golden hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, and a fine profile; laying down the law for the black and coloured men, treating them, in short, as we treat our horses, dogs, and cattle; enforcing sanitation, cleanliness, and sufficient restraint in morality, but allowing these inferior races no say in the administration of their own affairs. In short, reinstituting the type of slavery that was idealised by the white men of the Southern States as they met in the clash of battle with the North. But at this ideal comes, in any case, too late. Christianity was seen there beforehand and has done the mischief; it has sown the dragon's teeth of education. Had there been a Christian impulse in the world, commencing with the discovery of America, or perhaps even preceding that in the missions sent by various popes to Tartary and China, it might have been easier to solve the native problem in that way. In the eighties of the last century, when the Imperial spirit of the United Kingdom received another renaissance, the object seemed a most attractive one. The black and white world was to be governed with a genial despotism; we smacked the naked negro on the back in half-conscious admiration of his big muscles, and satisfaction that they were going to be employed in the white man's service; that accepted with a shrug the rose and jasmine garlands flung round our necks by the self-abasing Hindu. And there we observed some relic of the Exeter Hall ideal; such as the granting on equal terms a franchise to the white and coloured in Cape Colony, the doctrinaire recognition of creole rights in Mauritius, the trying of the natives by black juries at Sierra Leone, the renewal in Jamaica of a limited popular representation. But the fact was that there would be ever any *serious* demand on the part of the coloured peoples for a voice in their own taxation and government scarcely disturbed the forecast of the average Imperialist. We were conferring, or about to confer, great boons on the uncivilised peoples of the East. The negro was to be rescued from the Arab and freed from the ravages of the slave trade. Russia was to be kept out of India, and France out of Siam. Every year and then there was a rare Court function at which magnificent Sikh soldiers, Muhammadan princes, Hindu chiefs, or Kafir chiefs (with crude but flattering meta-

phors in their translated speech) made an appearance and were understood to express complete acquiescence in the will of the British sovereign. Nor was their acquiescence feigned. The British Empire had brought them cessation of bloodshed, security of property (above all to those who had property), improvement of communications and of food supply, restraint of native tyrannies and of unreasonable religious beliefs.

But unfortunately for the ideals of the Imperialist Briton of twenty years ago, education was permeating the British Empire in all directions. This education of a European type originated in the missionary efforts of Christianity; and apart from the adoption by the British Government of a policy of widespread education on these Western lines, the many missionary societies—British, American, German, French, Austrian, Norwegian, and Swedish—were everywhere founding schools, colleges, and universities; attempting to make black, brown, and yellow people think and act like white Christians. Moreover, the missionaries were impressing on them over and over again that once they were Christian and civilised (or even civilised without being actually Christian), educated, temperate, and industrious, they were the equal of any man, no matter of what colour or race. About ten years ago began a later phase in which many old pupils of mission schools or Christian universities sought increased knowledge from independent sources, became citizens of the world, and, above all, asked themselves in what, mentally or even physically, they were the inferior of the white man; and if they were not, why they should not assist in governing their own countries.

The issue of the Russo-Japanese war further embittered the relations between the white Governor and the coloured masses. The Japanese were an Asiatic people of partly Mongolian race; at any rate, not white men according to the fastidious ideal of London, New York, and San Francisco. Yet, not being too proud to learn the white man's science, and being in addition exceedingly brave and undivided in national loyalty, they had conquered most completely the second greatest empire of the world, the empire of a people as to whose 'whiteness' there could be no question. The news of the Japanese success was discussed in the

souks of Morocco, the mosques of Egypt and the coffee-houses of Turkey, in Indian bazaars and African mud-houses. It was the first set-back of the Caucasian since the Neolithic period; of the Christian since the Relief of Vienna.

Of course, many who argued in this spirit overlooked the fact that Japan is very largely a white nation; that some of the more northern Japanese in skin colour are as fair as Europeans, and that they are, in the main, a composite people with a considerable underlying stratum of the Proto-Caucasian represented by the still existing Ainus of northern Japan. Japan is aiming at *being* a white nation; and when she thinks of the Corean or the Hindu, the Malay, the Filipino, or even the Chinaman, consciously or unconsciously ranges herself in line with the white peoples of Europe and North America.

Yet her victory, first over herself and secondly over Russia, has given an electric shock to the coloured peoples of the world which makes the task of Europe and white North America additionally hard in what they believe to be their civilising mission. The problem presents itself, amongst other aspects, in the relations between black and white in North America. The millions in money which the North has spent on negro education in the South have produced already a marked effect. Thousands of negro or mulatto doctors, bankers, architects, engineers, lawyers, clergymen, dentists, musicians, botanists, actors, authors, poets, and painters of distinction, leading lives of twentieth-century civilisation in houses or apartments and with appurtenances which would not be out of place in an English town or fashionable suburb, are beginning, in the Southern States, to ask the tribunal of the world's public opinion why they should be treated with many undeserved and mean indignities; why a dirty, opium-dazed Chinaman or a tipsy Amerindian may travel in any car or public carriage with the white people, may, if he chooses, enter a white man's church, theatre, hotel, or lecture hall, while a clean, well-conducted, well-educated negro, mulatto, octoroon, or near-white is denied legally the like privilege. An answer cannot long be delayed to this patiently-repeated question, coming from seven and a half millions of law-abiding, tax-paying, native-born American citizens.

By 1884 this question had been finally solved in the British, French, and Dutch possessions of the West Indies and tropical America. Politically, and to a certain extent socially, there are here no colour distinctions; the negro and the negro are not by reason of their skin-colour placed in a position of racial inferiority. Education, good manners, property, are the conditions which govern the admittance of all men to the council board or the garden party. That the mulatto, and still more the negro, are still rare in these manifestations of tropical American culture is due not to any bar of the written or unwritten law, but to the great leeway the African race in these regions has to make up in education and money-making capacity. But he starts now with almost the same advantages and opportunities as the white child and his future lies in his own hands, to be shaped by his own strong arms and precocious brain.

Haiti is less black than she has been painted, and much more civilised than many negro states in Africa; but here the liberated African has made himself a laughing-stock by his slavish attachment to Napoleonic ideals. In Brazil there are eight millions of negroes (and negroids), quite half a million of whom play a considerable part in the political, social, religious, industrial, professional, and commercial circles of this vast confederation.*

Here also in Brazil, as in the United States, Venezuela, Colombia, Chile, and Argentina, it is interesting to note the uprise of the Amerindian. As valuable members of a civilised community, the two or three hundred thousand Redmen of the United States are taking up a place quite disproportionate in its importance and popular favour to their still reduced numbers. A good deal of this is owing to the educational work of the Hampton Institute (started in 1867 by the late General Samuel Armstrong U.S.A.), and to the war against alcohol which has been carried on in the States for fifty years by often jeered-at men and women. This crusade has at last secured popularity and the adhesion of the masses. Total abstinence has put new life, new vigour, new thoughts, new wealth into the white South, and it has saved the

* See the articles on Brazil by Dr Max Schmidt, in the Berlin 'Kolonial Rundschau.'

North American Indian from frowsy extinction. Yet he will not survive much longer; he will be absorbed by marriage into the white community. The white people of Anglo-Saxon and Spanish-speaking America, who are getting more and more fastidious about mixing their blood with that of the negro, are becoming less and less averse to inter-marriage with the Amerindian. Nor from the æsthetic point of view can they be blamed; the Canadian half-bloods, the cross between the white American and the Iroquois, between the Spaniard and the Arawak or Carib or Chibcha, Araucanian or Pampas Indian, are a gain to the bodily vigour, manly or womanly beauty of the Caucasian stock. The fine-looking police of Argentina is now mainly pure Amerindian in blood, or of the handsome Gaucho half-breed. The President of Brazil is, like so many Brazilians of note, partly Amerindian in descent. It was the Paulista half-breeds—Portuguese and Amerindian—the ‘Mamelucos,’ who, radiating from the Jesuit college of São Paulo, made Brazil when they joined hands with the similarly-constituted hybrids of Bahia and Pará. The new man of South and Central America, of Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, and Cuba will be nearly half Amerindian in blood unless Europe hurries up and exports millions of white settlers to these fertile summer lands. One way and another, as in the Pacific archipelagoes, the straight-haired, dark-eyed, buff-skinned peoples, compacted of Proto-Caucasian and primitive Mongol, will be absorbed into the white man's community, except where, from incurable degeneracy, they die out.

Will the world of the twenty-first century be divided into two camps: a cream-coloured Mediterranean type of white man, and a brown-skinned negroid, with hair in which the kink is loosening into the curl, and a facial outline that is assuming the comely features of the Ethiopian and the Fula? And will these two types—perhaps then of equal political standing—proceed to any further approximation? give up the pink and white, golden-haired and blue-eyed ideal, care only for physical vigour and brain power? The godlike heads of our descendants may be shaved all over or electrically depilated; and with hair completely out of fashion we may have ceased to care about its colour or its undula-

tions. Eyes may be screened with lenses for the telescopic or microscopic development of sight; body and limbs be so perpetually protected from heat and cold, germs and bruises, by some closely-fitting, antiseptic garment that only the beauty of its shape be visible and nothing of its skin-colour. In 2100 A.D. there may be no physical or mental reason why negroid and Caucasian should not become one flesh.

But in the present year of grace the tendency among the Nordic races lies in the opposite direction. Political equality with the negro and negroid is grudgingly admitted and granted here and there where these dark races are in a considerable numerical majority, or where the white man so exceeds them in numbers that the concession inspires him with no fear. But physical union, with the inevitable result of creating a secondary yellow race, is more and more scouted as an act of *lèse-majesté* to the Caucasian ideal. Nor is it only a matter of skin-colour. The Amerindian is refusing to mate with the negro in many parts of America where formerly he was willing or eager to do so. The black Caribs of the Honduras coast prefer to marry Amerindian women rather than renew their negro blood (which has made them a very vigorous people) by espousing negroresses from Jamaica or British Honduras. Unions between pure-blood Amerindians and negroes in the Guianas and Brazil are increasingly rare. East Indian *kuli* settlers in the West Indies and Guiana now practically never mate with negroes, though Chinese will do so freely; the natives of India who come to East Africa and Natal as merchants, traders, artisans or soldiers keep away from the 'Habshi' women (no blacker than themselves). Soon the only gate of intercourse by which the negro may enter the racial domain of the Caucasian will be (as in the distant past) North Africa and Egypt. But even here, amongst the Berbers and the desert Tuareg—as is well shown in Mr Furlong's fascinating book on Tripoli, 'The Gateway to the Sahara'—racial pride is rising and the nigritic intermixture is eschewed. This perhaps is to be regretted, because the one really satisfactory hybrid (from the mental and physical standpoint) which the negro makes—besides that with the Polynesian and the Amerindian—is with the Berber, Hamite, and Arab.

Yet in the rise of the native few points are so needful of notice as the seven-league strides by which the negro in South Africa, Central and West Africa (and before long in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan), is advancing to embrace the white man's civilisation, generally along the path cleared for him by the Christian, and even by the Muhammadan, missionary. For the moment the question of the franchise and the negro member of parliament are shelved in South Africa; but if, with the opportunities now open to them, the negroes of that region continue their intellectual advance, they cannot be for ever excluded from full civic rights, which are based on tests of literacy and property.

So, again, from the point of view of the continued primacy of the Christian white man, the rejuvenation of Turkey under the Constitution is a process which will be watched with the greatest interest, especially by those European nations who are primarily concerned with the maintenance of law and order throughout North Africa. It is too soon yet to decide definitely whether, through its new political Constitution, Turkey has gained in homogeneity and national power.* Any revival of Muhammadanism of a dogmatic or fanatical character would be fatal to such a process. The only hope in a great future for the Turkish Empire will be for it to forget that it owes its present shape and name to the devastating invasions of Mongol, Tartar, and Turkish tribes between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. If the so-called Turks could have themselves analysed by an expert anthropologist, they might understand that they are not far different in racial types from the various peoples ruled by the Byzantine emperors; and if Islam could be disestablished as the State religion—in other words, if Turkey would once more call herself Byzantium, and announce that there was *no* State religion, she might include Greece amongst her provinces or vassal kingdoms and play a mighty part in the Mediterranean world of the twentieth century. But she will not (as far as one

* The revival of a 'Great Turkey' hinges a good deal on the recovery by the Turks of a hold over Crete. If Crete is detached from the Turkish Empire, Tripoli and Barka must follow, and with these last any hope of a Turkish establishment on the southern Mediterranean and a connexion with Moslem Africa.

can foresee); and therefore the great Berber peoples of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco must be constrained to re-enter and remain in the domain of that revived Roman Empire of the West which is foreshadowed by the ever more closely-growing understanding between Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

Spain has been much abused in the British, French, and Italian press for attempting to subdue at any rate a portion of the Riff country and play a more active part in the organisation of Morocco. It seems to me that any real friend of the Moors who has seen what the French have achieved in Algeria and Tunis can only wish that France and Spain united may push on their work of controlling and educating Morocco. Reduce to nudity a number of Spaniards from southern Spain, and Moors from northern Morocco, and you would scarcely be able to discriminate between the two peoples, provided you have taken care that the examples collected from Morocco were free from negro intermixture. It is the Sudan that has undone Morocco, as may be realised by reading that remarkable work (crowned by the French Academy), '*Le Maroc d'aujourd'hui*,'* by M. Eugène Aubin. The conquest of northern and western Nigeria by the Moorish generals at the close of the sixteenth century, combined with the slave trade thence during the next two hundred years (which was largely carried on to oblige the British merchants trading for slaves with the Barbary ports), has negrified a good deal of Morocco, with disastrous results to its art, literature, and standard of civilisation.

What if there be a plan for working Morocco mines by Spanish capitalists? Why is such an idea more heinous than the development of the gold-mines in West and South Africa by British companies? Look at the prosperity which has been brought to Algeria and Tunis by the working of mines there through English, Scottish, French, Italian, and Maltese capitalists!† Of what use to the people of the Riff at the present day are unworked mines, locked up wealth which cannot be put in circulation? With all our sentiment and the sincere desire that

* An English translation, under the title of '*Morocco of To-day*,' was published by Messrs J. M. Dent in 1906.

† An excellent description of present-day problems in Tunisia is given in '*The Veil: a Romance of Tunisia*,' by E. S. Stevens (Mills and Boon, 1909).

we may have to carry out the logical, the inevitable, results of a belief in the ethics of Christianity, we must realise, firstly, that the condition of barbarous peoples in Barbary, in the wastes of Central Africa, the Malay Peninsula, or South America, is little better than the existence of an animal, has scarcely more effect on its environment than the movements and wrangles of baboons. To develop the nomad or the savage into a civilised man, money must be spent; vocal appeal and example are of themselves insufficient. If we are to fertilise Africa, South America, eastern Asia, with money, we must apply to our brother white man; and the white man objects to putting his money into these enterprises unless he has some reasonable security that it will come back to him with, at any rate, some percentage of profit. Hence these concessions, monopolies, and privileges. It must be the task of the philanthropist and the statesman combined so to adjust the conditions of capital and labour, of native rights, and of the foreigner's concessions, that both civilised and uncivilised peoples alike shall profit from the interchange.

The native problems of the British Empire in Africa are not limited to those regions south of the Zambezi where there is a large indigenous white population. In negro and negroid Africa the coloured peoples are raising eyes to meet our gaze. The brown millions of Egypt are asking for independence from our control, or rather a few voices of very white Egyptians of Armenian, Turkish, and Circassian origin, are assuming the right to protest against the British occupation in the name of the ten million silent fellahin. Somalis and Wa-swahili, Baganda and Masai, Hausa and Fula, Nupe and Efik, Yoruba and Egba, Ashanti and Fanti, Mandingo and Temne, are requesting, for the most part politely, that they may be consulted and even allowed to participate in the management of their own affairs in their own countries, which we are governing more and more in a disinterested fiduciary way, only being repaid for our trouble by the increase in our unprivileged commerce.

As we are listening to their aspirations—they who were, some of them, cannibals, and nearly all of them unlettered barbarians yesterday—we can scarcely close our ears to the hum of discontent which comes from nine

or ten millions of Indians whose ancestors were on the one side akin to our own progenitors four or five thousand years ago, though on the other they derive from Australoid and negro.

Under a hundred years of more or less direct British rule, the rise of the native races of India to a consciousness of their rights as human beings has been marked. Finding we were not the inhuman monsters to the which as rulers they had been only too much accustomed since the first Afghan invasion of 1000 A.D., they have been speaking out with ever-increasing boldness as to their needs and aspirations; and we, having spread education broadcast, should neither be surprised nor dismayed. Whatever mistakes may be committed by individuals among the British in India—usually persons of minor social importance—it must be obvious to any impartial student of recent Indian history that the undeviating desire of the great personages in India and Britain, connected with the Imperial Government, has been to rule India mainly for the benefit of the 300,000,000 of diverse peoples living in the vast region between central Persia and Siam, Tibet and Ceylon. Throughout all this stretch of southern tropical Asia there is a certain homogeneity of fauna, flora, trade-products, and culture. And we have supplied this Empire with a *lingua franca*—Hindustani—which is an almost unfailing medium of intercommunication, for all but savages, within the limits cited.

There is, however, no uniformity of race throughout the Indian Empire, nor is there likely to be for several centuries. The fundamental races of India are the Australoid, the negro, and the Proto-Mongolian (with long, lank head-hair, hairless body, yellow skin, flat face, and small nose). The mingling of all three stocks has produced the Dravidian type, which prevails over so much of India—Bengal, central, eastern, western, and southern Peninsular India. In the forests of southern and South-central India aboriginal negroes still linger, the photographs of whom, if placed among a series of African types, might well be attributed to Africa; the lowly Australoids still lead a savage, naked existence also in southern India and in Ceylon; the Mongols of ancient and modern origin permeate most markedly northern and north-eastern India, and, fused in varying degrees with a

negroid element, supply almost the whole population of Burma. In Persia and Afghanistan we have, almost pure, the Mediterranean type of white man, with traces here and there of an ancient Nordic strain, giving grey eyes and brown or even yellow hair. The mixture of this white race, ancient and modern, with the pre-existing negroids, Australoids, and Mongols, of north-western and northern India, gives us the 'handsome' Indians of to-day—the Brahui, Baluchi, Kachi, Sindhi, and Panjabi; the Jat, the Rajput, and the Muhammadan Bengali. Along the Malabar coast there has (as also in Sindh) been much Arab immigration and intermixture.

Some of the direct difficulties of maintaining an Imperial sway (resulting in peace, unchecked commerce, law, justice, and the amenities of life) over such diverse racial stocks and mutually antagonistic peoples, have been avoided by retaining or restoring native rulers, belonging more or less to indigenous or dark-skinned dynasties. In this way some 870,000 square miles (including the British sphere of influence in South-eastern Persia) out of the total 1,946,000 square miles of the Indian Empire are disposed of comfortably. Herein the rise of the native is only a testimony to the wisdom of our Imperial supervision and occasions us no heart-searching or anxiety. No doubt if we could have foreseen the problems which would be created by our improvements in India we should have been far more eager in the past to maintain and educate native dynasties, and much more of India would have been feudatory rather than subject.

As it is, King Edward VII is the direct ruler and sovereign lord over 1,097,901 square miles of the Indian Empire. And in several of the provinces under his sway his Indian subjects are asking for some degree of representation—one might almost write some *further* degree of representation, since in the Provincial Legislative Councils there were a few members elected by communities of Indians—in the framing of laws and the raising and spending of revenue. This demand has not been uninfluenced in its later phases by the establishment of constitutional government in the Turkish Empire and in Persia.

In all probability the matter—being of Imperial and not of partisan importance—would have been dealt with

on much the same lines had a Conservative Secretary of State for India occupied the post filled by Lord Morley of Blackburn since 1905. However that may be, the Viceroy—appointed under a Conservative Administration—and the present Secretary of State for India have joined their counsels and proposals in certain measures of far-reaching importance for the better administration of Indian affairs, and the prudent introduction of an elective element into the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils. The outcome of their collective statesmanship was described in a recent number of the 'Quarterly Review,' and its general provisions are sufficiently well-known to require no recapitulation. We need only remark that their general principles were well received by the intelligent natives of India, but a good many of their details were objected to.

By the information published in the special Calcutta Gazette of November 15, 1909, it is made clear that on the Imperial Council for all British India there will be 68 members with an 'official' majority of 3 over the non-official (nominated and elected) element. As regards the Provincial Councils, there will now be on all of them a *non-official* majority, which in Bengal will number 12, and in Burma 3, the numbers of non-official in excess of official members on the other Councils ranging from 12 to 5. As regards *elected* members of all the Councils, the total number set down in earlier proposals was 39; it is now proclaimed to be 135. The full number of Imperial and Provincial Councillors (official, nominated, and elected) is now 370 in the finished scheme, as against 126 in the first projects.

But 'no person is eligible for election if the Imperial or a Provincial Government is of opinion that his election would be contrary to public interest.' These Councils, of course, remain 'advisory.' The fullest discussion of measures proposed by the Executive will be permitted; they may ask for and will be supplied with information, may 'initiate and suggest' definite resolutions, and will 'be enabled to take a real and active part in shaping financial proposals.' British India thus secures on its Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils the advantage of much expert native advice; and although the Viceroy's Cabinet (the Executive) is not bound to accept that ad-

vice, yet if all the elected (and perhaps some nominated) native councillors were opposed to a measure initiated by the Viceroy's Government, it is improbable that it would be persisted in, unless the Viceroy was possessed of information or Imperial instructions of such tremendous importance that native opinion or scope of view must be overpassed. As an electorate, the 240,000,000 living immediately under British administration are indirectly represented by great communities of nobles, landholders, priests, men of commerce, manufacturers, lawyers, and bankers. This very limited direct electorate represents at present all that there is in the way of education and world-knowledge in British India, in that approximate half of the Indian Empire in which there are only about 700,000 native Indians able to read, write, and speak English, and not much more than 2,000,000 (out of a population of, say, 240,000,000)* who are able to read and write in their own vernacular.

The Muhammadans, possibly the Sikhs, and certainly the Parsis, seem on the whole to be contented with this measure of administrative reform and this much improved degree of native representation in the law-making of India. But the Muhammadans are scarcely more than 55,000,000 at the present day (in strictly British India), whereas, in the same area of the Indian Empire, there are about 162,000,000 of Hindus, at least 10,000,000 of Buddhists, over 2,000,000 of Christians, 1,700,000 Sikhs, and 500,000 Jains.†

The Hindu section of the community which so largely predominates in numbers, complains with some bitterness of its proportionately inferior representation in the Imperial and Provincial Legislatures of India. It is possible, in fact, that even under the final regulations just published some disproportion does exist in favour of the Muhammadans. The Hindus, who represent approximately 68 per cent. of the present population of British India, instead of having 68 per cent. of representation on the Imperial Council may have to be content with 50 per cent., while the Muhammadans, who

* The figures for 1908 for *all* India are 15,686,421 literates (able to read and write in the vernacular) out of a population of nearly 300,000,000.

† Only round numbers are given, and these are approximately calculated, not for the year of the last census, 1901, but for the year 1909.

only represent about 23 per cent. of the total, will have something like 45 per cent. of the representation.

But although the Bluebook from which some of the information is quoted does not say so, we have reason to believe that, as regards education in the vernacular—that is to say, ability to read, write, and keep accounts—the proportion is very much higher amongst the Muhammadan community in India than it is amongst the Hindus. Amongst the adult males of the 55,000,000 Muhammadans, something like 75 per cent. can read and write in Hindustani or kindred languages, and probably 10 per cent. are acquainted with English. On the other hand, education amongst the 162,000,000 Hindus is not nearly so far advanced; perhaps only 20 per cent. of the adult males can read and write in the vernacular, and 3 per cent. are acquainted with English.

Also—if one is to speak out without fear of offence, and to tell the naked truth from the British point of view—the 162,000,000 Hindu men, women, and children follow for the most part wholly unreasonable forms of religion, quite incompatible with modern ideas of physical development, social progress, sanitation, avoidance of cruelty, and unrestricted intercourse with one's fellow men. Hindu students of advanced education reproach us frequently, and very often justly, with our lack of politeness and tact, want of sympathy for any different race, exclusiveness, etc. But how much greater are the social sins in this respect of the Brahman and the whole Hindu system of caste! The Englishman at his worst recognises the Hindu as a fellow man, and, among the lower orders, does not disdain to unite in some sort of marriage with a Hindu woman. He would, if need be, share food and drink with Hindus or any other natives of India. At his best, the Englishman makes himself profoundly well acquainted with Hindu languages, the intricacies of Hindu religion, poetry, folk-lore, customs, and prejudices. The Brahman scarcely acknowledges the common humanity of the low caste and the pariahs, sponges on them, plunders them, tricks them, violates their women, abuses them in every possible way, and has done so for an unknown number of centuries. Instead of placing his great social influence—for he is regarded by the ignorant masses as a demigod—at the disposal of

civilised Government for the suppression of disease, the increased production of food, the provision of a reasonable degree of meat diet for the toiling millions, and the general betterment of the country, he pursues a reverse policy. The one desire of nine Brahmans out of ten is to oppose *any* measures for improved sanitation and extirpation of disease, and to maintain their position as long as they can by feeding the superstitions and inflaming the prejudices against innovation of the 100,000,000 or so of their illiterate fellow religionists. If all forms of the Hindu religion—Brahmanism—could be submitted to an impartial world-congress of non-Hindus, the members of which were selected from all parts of non-Hindu Asia, North America, Europe, and Africa, the Hindu religion would be universally condemned as a mixture of nightmare-nonsense and time-wasting rubbish fulfilling no useful end whatever, only adding to the general burden on humanity in its struggle for existence. And, of course, so long as 200,000,000 Indians remain attached to these preposterous faiths, with their absurd and useless ceremonies and food taboos, so long (if for that reason alone) will the British be justified in ruling the Indian Empire with some degree of absolutism.

From this same point of view the Muhammadans of India, and Muhammadanism generally, are also open to criticism. Much that was very foolish in the various Arabian faiths which came into existence between 5000 B.C. and 600 A.D. was gathered up by the inspired Arab camel driver and implanted on the minds of one of the world's noble races—the Arabs—who combined this nonsense with some practices that were pure and good. But in general the Islamic faith of western Asia and the northern half of Africa, of Central Asia, India, and Malaysia, has become a coarser Judaism, tinged with Manichæan and Gnostic beliefs combined with Egyptian and Syrian accretions of Christianity, the whole interwoven with strands of ancient Babylonian faiths. Because of the common origin of many of these beliefs, Muhammadanism is closely affiliated to Judaism and, in a lesser degree, to Christianity. These affinities in a way are precious, as they should constitute a triune bond of sympathy between the Jew, the Christian, and the Muhammadan, between, as the Arabs say, the 'people of the Book'; and perhaps,

when the faiths of all three have been purified from external nonsense, they may find themselves scarcely divided as to first principles and general practices.

But where in India Muhammadanism stands in the way of progress, is in its treatment of woman, its condonation of polygamy and the *Harim*, its ridiculous food taboos (as though, if you eat flesh at all, it is wickeder to eat well-fed, well-cooked pig than beef, mutton, goat antelope, or venison, or as if the European method of killing in a slaughter-house was less sanitary than throat-cutting 'in the name of God'). Any one who thinks these diatribes undeserved has only to ask how far modern Muhammadanism fetters social liberty and the range of man's thought and experiments in Constantinople at the present day (even under the New Turk régime), and to remember that even greater difficulties emanate from the fanatical Muhammadan millions in India. Still, all said and done, the Muhammadans of India are our brothers in thought and sentiment when we contemplate the enormous gulf that separates the common-sensible, educated Briton from the Brahman. If all India were either Sikh or Jain it would deserve, and would be able rightly to exercise, the largest powers of self-government.

But in dealing with the Muhammadan and the Hindu in India we must remember the position and the aspect of Afghanistan. If the 55,000,000 Indian Muhammadan are worthy of their great proportion of representation on these Indian Councils—and in future of even greater consideration—they must bring the great weight of their influence to bear on the two or three millions of Afghan who are for ever and perpetually stirring up expensive trouble for the British Empire in the frontier districts who are the predominant excuse (if one be needed) for the permanent British occupation of India, since it has been almost invariably from Afghanistan that India has been raided and ravaged, blood-stained and deflowered from 1000 A.D. to the present day. And these Afghan raids have been far worse in their consequences since, to a natural desire for plunder and new homes, the Afghan added the most odious development known of Muhammadan religious fanaticism. While their armies in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may have stopped short at North-central India, their adventurers permeated

India as successful robbers and founders of dynasties; and it was largely to protect themselves against the raids and exactions of the Afghan tribes or individuals that the many millions of Hindus so eagerly and placidly accepted British domination. So far as the great Mutiny of 1857-8 is concerned, Hindu disloyalty then was a mere accident. This Mutiny derived its seriousness from being a real attempt on the part of the Muhammadans of India, backed up by the Afghans and the Persians, to found once again a Muhammadan Empire at the expense of the Englishman and the Hindu. Active Hindu dislike to British rule, and consequent disloyalty, really only came into being about the commencement of the eighties of the last century. It was due partly to the new European education spreading amongst the students of Bengal, and to a certain tactlessness among the lesser British administrators in Bengal; perhaps, too, somewhat and sometimes to the manners of the British *mem-sahib* and of her eye-glassed husband. It is in the main only justified by seemingly slight and removable causes. The Hindus of Bengal and other Indian provinces have now shown themselves just sufficiently educated (as men of the world) to deserve that amount of representation which is being accorded to them in the government of India at the present day. If they are to deserve a greater and greater amount of representation, a wider and wider franchise, they must abolish the nonsense of caste and desert nearly all the lesser precepts of their fantastical religions; they must spread widely a suitable education amongst their people and co-operate willingly and gladly with the demands of science, being able to judge of the value of these demands by participating much more seriously in the study of practical science and modern engineering in their own schools and in their college courses in England or Germany, and not devoting quite so much time and attention to the *fourberies* of British and Indian law.

A writer in a recent number of the 'Review of Reviews' draws attention to a further widening of the rift between the English and the educated natives of India; these last complain (he says) of the impolite and unsympathetic way in which they are treated by the English people, and contrast this with the courteous

behaviour of the French and Germans. In consequence of this difference of treatment Indian students are proceeding now to the United States, to France, and Germany for their higher education; to countries where they will not be shouted after by the street boys, as in London, Cambridge, Oxford, Birmingham or Manchester, where the landladies of their apartments will be more obliging, and their white fellow-students less insolent.

There would seem to be some truth at the bottom of these bitter criticisms of English (not Scottish or Irish) manners. I could not myself, on a recent journey, fail to notice the number of Indian students at the educational institutions of the United States, or the reasons they gave for their preference; while the partiality for Germany or France over England (Edinburgh is still in favour) among not only Indian students, but also Brazilians, Haitians, Egyptians, and Syrians, makes one question whether we behave quite as Imperially towards the coloured races of the world as the more self-satisfied among us assert. Unfortunately one of the few public men who had taken this matter to heart, and had sought to give social help and countenance to the Indian student, was himself shot by a crazy Indian.

As a philosopher surveys the different sections of the British Empire with his eyes and ears, or, by the help of the books of shrewd observers, British and foreign, he might conceivably arrive at these conclusions. That the white race known to history has dealt so well or so wisely with savages and with toiling millions of peasants as Britain; nor has any Imperial Power ever so completely won and retained the confidence of its feudatories of the nobles, the warriors, the wealthy, among its subject peoples. With both extremes we do well, and have no change to make in our manners. Where at present our break down is in our treatment of the new middle class—the educated, uneasy, touchy, suspicious people who our rule has called into existence, yet whose political rights are ill-defined or non-existent. They are not usually very good-looking, nor have they the enthralling interest of the unreclaimed savage. No Court could give a better or more ennobling reception to its Indian prince, kings, nobles, or wealthy philanthropists, than that at St James's; in no other country would an African chief

an Egyptian pasha, or a Chinese mandarin meet with such sympathetic and gracious hospitality. But we are not at home with the middle class, the educated, European-clothed, students, lawyers, clerks, doctors, and engineers, growing up fast in the West and East Indies, in West and South Africa, in the Levant, and the Far East—growing up and asking for political recognition. Frankly we don't like them. We rescued their forefathers from slavery or serfdom, from the home or foreign money-lender, the bloody-minded oppressor or false prophet; chid some of them (half-amused) for cannibalism, and others for polygamy; appreciated their naked fidelity; or were ready *sans mauvaise grâce* or patronage to shoot big game with their rulers and aristocrats. But we now look askance at the—if civilly entreated, effusive; if scornfully ignored, abusive—middle product of our intermeddling; at the mission-educated son of the slave, the journalist sprung from the loins of a Parsi grocer, or the minor celebrity whose parent was a popular donkey-boy, a dragoman, or a fetish doctor. Yet it is men of this class who have made the Turkish Revolution, and led the Nationalist movement in Persia to, at any rate, a temporary success; these alone are the people who agitate for representative government in India and South Africa.

It must be our business now to meet halfway this middle-class of our own creation; to sympathise with their difficulties and aspirations, on the borderland between the old and the new; to trust them gradually with sobering responsibilities. It is due to us from them, however, that they gain our confidence by abandoning noisy declamation and useless violence. There are two ways of gaining the whole-hearted esteem of the Englishman. One is to contend valiantly with him in battle. But that accomplishment still leaves you poor in knowledge and in worldly goods. The other plan, and the surest, is to work hard (as he generally does) and make lots of money. The possession of money is a guarantee of good behaviour and almost invariably leads to the enlargement of political abilities, and to prudence in the use of the franchise.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

Art. 7.—WHAT THE POOR WANT.

1. *The Condition of England.* By C. F. G. Masterman. London: Methuen, 1909.
2. *The Queen's Poor: Life as they find it in Town and Country. The Next Street But One. From Their Point of View. An Englishman's Castle.* Four vols. By M. Loane. London: Arnold, 1905-9.
3. *At the Works: a Study of a Manufacturing Town.* By Lady Bell (Mrs Hugh Bell). London: Arnold, 1907.
4. *The Bettesworth Book: Talks with a Surrey Peasant.* By George Bourne. London: Lamley, 1900. *Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer: a Record of the Last Days of Frederick Bettesworth.* By the same author. (First published, 1907.) London: Duckworth, 1909.
5. *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp.* By W. H. Davies. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. London: Fiffeld, 1908.
6. *Reminiscences of a Stonemason.* By a Working Man. London: Murray, 1908.
7. *Speaking rather Seriously.* By W. Pett Ridge. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1908.
8. *First and Last Things: a Confession of Faith and Rule of Life.* By H. G. Wells. London: Constable, 1908.

WHATEVER the value of socialism as a theory or an ideal or a political system, there stands this much to its credit; it has had by far the greatest share in awakening our present-day consciousness that a nation is an indivisible body, every part of which must ultimately suffer if any one part becomes or remains diseased. In that awakening it was but natural that the fully articulate classes, among whom discussion is fast and fairly free, should concentrate their attention chiefly upon the very apparent diseases of the less articulate classes, which can only speak up for themselves, at best, through the comparatively clumsy machinery of elections and trade unions. Social reform has come very largely to mean reform of those inarticulate classes. They are different in their habits and customs; therefore it seems they are probably wrong. Materially they are unsuccessful, else they would have risen in life; and therefore they must be wrong; or at least, in an age which judges success

in living by material prosperity, they are fit objects of pity. On that basis, the public interest in them has grown apace. In times past the poor, oppressed beyond endurance, have forced their grievances with violence upon those in authority; and in general their action has been ratified by history. To-day the country is exceedingly well policed. But it is safe to say that never before has so much voluntary interest been taken in the welfare and the shortcomings of the poor, and in what the articulate classes feel ought to be their grievances, whether they are or not. The country so swarms with organisations for improving the lot of the poor, or the poor themselves, that big organisations to organise little organisations have been found necessary, and so on *ad infinitum*. Free and compulsory education is always going to do great things. Unemployment has ceased to be regarded as a misfortune that cannot be helped, a call to charity and nothing more. By both the great political parties it is treated as an evil that must be ended, or at any rate mended, if possible. No Royal Commission has ever excited so much interest as the one which recently issued Majority and Minority Reports upon the Poor Laws and relief of distress. Books dealing with the poor increase. They need not now be lurid to find readers, though it is still an advantage if they are humorous. It is significant that in 'The Condition of England'—a peculiarly sensitive impression which its author, one of our youngest and sincerest politicians in high office, will use presumably as a starting-point for his future legislative work—Mr C. F. G. Masterman treats the poor, not as the débris of our civilisation, but as an integral part of it, as the most hopeful part indeed.

'England, for the nation or foreign observer, is the tone and temper which the ideals and determinations of the middle class have stamped upon the vision of an astonished Europe. It is the middle class which stands for England in most modern analyses. . . .

'But below this large kingdom, which for more than half a century has stood for "England," stretches a huge and unexplored region which seems destined in the next half-century to progress towards articulate voice, and to demand an increasing power. It is the class of which Matthew Arnold, with the agreeable insolence of his habitual attitude,

declared himself to be the discoverer, and to which he gave the name of the "Populace" . . .

'The Multitude is the People of England.'

Mr Masterman quotes with approval a saying of Renan to the effect that 'the heart of the common people is a great reservoir of the self-devotion and resignation which alone the world can be saved.' And there precisely, in that question of heart, lies one of the great obstacles to an understanding between the classes and the masses. Investigate the common people's outward conditions of life, but how investigate that heart of theirs, which they do not wear upon their sleeve? Appeal to those whom they consider daws to peck at? Appeal to their heart and head, but how be sure that they will not reject the appeal with scorn because its proportion of heart to head is not the proportion they hold good. For among the poor the heart takes a very decided precedence of the head. The most open-minded interest in them is called exploration by those interested. Among the poor themselves it is more often called curiosity, impertinence—such an impertinence as would be condemned by everybody if a doctor, without being called, went to a well-to-do household and said oracularly: 'Consumption is a curse. I wish to know how many in each member of this household keeps his or her window open at night, and what you each have for meals, and how it is cooked, and how many baths each person has a week; for the skin is an important organ. Also I wish to know, for completeness' sake, how many thousands a year the head of the household earns, and what the daughters have for pin-money. By-the-by, burn your Turkey carpets and plush curtains; they harbour microbes. It is nothing to medical science that those dust-collecting ornaments were gifts. Efficiency has no room for sentiment. I shall continue coming until each person satisfies me on all those points, and for my visits you will have to pay, if not directly in fees, then indirectly, through rates and taxes.' Is not the income-tax—the most frequently evaded of all taxes—still denounced as iniquitous by those fortunate enough to have taxable income? To read the books whose names head this article is to see how intensely the poor hate being questioned. What they have much to do with them is to know it. 'I can

for it is to be inquisitive," says Bettsworth, the foreman. "What's the use o' talking to they peevish fellows?" I often hear. "They asks 'ee questions and an' so long as you wags your tail a bit in what they wants to hear, they goes on easy for time, an' yours too. But so soon as you says 'em the truth, what you thinks, an' they will be it, an' p'raps you can't explain yourself proper. An' 'God day!' they says, an' walks away. An' all o' it makes things no better. You'm down; they'm up. They get you down, an' down they means to keep 'ee. An' all you tells 'em only gives 'em the advantage to do a. But no use their talking. What they gives 'ee no way, they makes 'ee pay for another, ay! an' p'raps. They don't mean no harm, p'raps, but they do it. They can't help o' it. 'Tis their way. Some things they makes better, others worse. 'Tis all the same in the long run. If you want help, help yourself. Help was an' always will be; an' that sort o' help don't make 'ee feel dubious 'bout it nuther." Such an outburst may seem unreasonable, suspicious, and ill-natured. At all events, it is typical, the outcome of hard experience, and it has to be reckoned with like any other set of opinions. And whether unreasonable or not, one needs only imaginative sympathy or, better still, a similar experience to feel much the same, whatever opinion one may form about it afterwards. "Put yourself in his shoes," Miss Loane and Lady Bell repeat. Furthermore, Miss Loane complains that it is exceedingly difficult to get from the poor any truthful information about themselves. But why should they give it—speaking always from their point of view? One of their nicknames for the inspector is 'the bogey-man.' After three or four years of life in a working-man's home as one of the family—not from necessity exactly, nor yet as an investigator, but from choice—I confess frankly that I should hesitate to hoodwink an inspector, not simply for the sheer joy of balking him, but as revenge for his intrusion into our home. Certainly investigation must precede effective aid (though it is still doubtful whether ample generosity does not oftener hit the mark), and for understanding knowledge is needful. But that form of interest in the poor which relies overmuch upon

inspection and investigation may so easily take wrong lines, may so easily defeat itself.

'The history of a few working-class families observed for a long period,' declares Miss Loane, whose experience as a Queen's Nurse is unrivalled, 'affords more valuable data than any number of isolated facts.' Those who go to a few of the poor with sympathy and affection for them as individuals, as fellow men and women, are likely to learn more—of good, chiefly—than ever they thought there was to be learnt; but those who descend thither as impartial investigators, or with a merely idealistic sympathy and affection for the mass, will gain next to nothing. It is the spirit that quickeneth, as much in social reform as in religion, as much among the poor as among their so-called betters.

Aloof interest, however acute, scientific and statistical investigation, however thorough, cannot lay hold of spirit. A simply idealistic love for the poor can do no more than see darkly its trend and force. Only a personal love and friendship, a genuine intimacy, can hope to follow the workings of their spirit and to fathom the complex motives for their actions. A change of method is needed in approaching them. Miss Loane's vigorous paragraph on short cuts to sociological knowledge cannot be taken too deeply to heart:

'It is exceeding difficult for the upper classes to gain any fair idea of the ordinary domestic relations among the poor, and when they seek for information they too often forget to make allowance for the fact that the chosen teachers are all more or less blinded by their profession. Is it reasonable to ask the club doctor and the district nurse if the lower classes are healthy, to ask the coroner if they are sober and know how to feed their children, the police magistrate if they are honest and truthful, the relieving officer if they are thrifty, the labour master if they are industrious, the highly orthodox clergyman if they are religious, and then call the replies received, KNOWLEDGE OF THE POOR.'

Yet that, of course, has been the usual procedure!

That a more reasonable, a more human interest in the poor is at last coming into being, is evidenced by the above-mentioned books; by the bare fact that publishers, readers, and a measure of success, have been found for this dozen volumes, all of them, with the partial excep-

on of Mr Masterman's and Mr Wells's, intimate studies of first hand of life among the poor, and all of them converting a host of too easily accepted notions about this subject. Mr Masterman's is mainly a study at second hand, in the same sense that history is a study at second hand, of first hand material. It is a survey of results attained. Its title, 'The Condition of England,' will bear two meanings. It refers to the condition of England during the first decade of the twentieth century, and also to the many new standpoints from which that condition is now being investigated.

The extremely rapid growth of interest in the poor has carried with its definite advantages certain equally definite disadvantages. It has overgrown its age, so to speak; is somewhat hectic, very startled, and in a desperate hurry. It would be amusing, were it not so depressing, to watch the Labour members, for instance, trying to drag labouring men (for their own good) into agreement with views which they are supposed to hold, but which, as a matter of fact, they do not hold when it comes to acting upon them. (Hence Mr Masterman's paradox, that socialism gathers strength in good times but wanes in bad.) 'What on earth be 'em kicking up such a buzz about?' asks the poor man in wonderment when the newspapers devote headlines to his affairs, and new Acts, with new penalties attached, come tumbling upon his head from on high. After being left to fend for himself—with success much greater in reality than in appearance—he suddenly finds himself regarded as incapable of taking care of himself in any respect whatever. He sees, dimly perhaps, that his democratic leaders flatter him and hold him in contempt at the same time. He is treated like a child badly brought up by its parents, a child very wronged and very naughty. If he could, and if he would, express his own private opinion with a frankness which he has found to be inexpedient, and with a particularity for which elections afford no scope, his well-wishers would be more than surprised. 'Why,' they would ask, 'should he still be so ungrateful and resentful? See what we have done for him. See what we have given him.' Miss Loane provides a partial explanation: 'After all, giving is an exercise of power, and we must not expect that the persons who suffer our kindness will find it a wholly

pleasurable experience.' The difficult art of giving, it seems, lies very much in giving people what they really desire, what they are ready and waiting for. In other words, it requires boundless tolerance and patience. Reforms are needed badly enough in many directions, but it should always be borne in mind that what seems reform to the giver may be reformatory to the recipient. That which dissatisfies the poor man in his own life is not, as a rule, what horrifies the legislator onlooker. And it cannot be denied that the poor man knows his own life better than any one else can know it for him.

The rapid growth of interest in the poor—I am, of course, very far from denying that it is a good and a most necessary thing—has had another result of doubtful advantage. The quicker a forced march, the greater the number who fall out at different stages and march no more. Similarly, there is at the present time nothing approaching any uniformity of attitude towards the poor on the part of the not-poor. 'The rich despise the working people; the middle classes fear them,' remarks Mr Masterman. But indeed the diversity of attitudes is by no means as simple as that. I shall not forget the look of a lady at a literary luncheon, who asked me if I did not find the habit of 'week-ending' greatly interfere with Society, and to whom I replied that I hardly knew, because in working for a fisherman it was my duty most of the summer to take people out in boats for two shillings an hour, and sometimes tips. Working for a fisherman? Yes; most interesting and healthy. Work with the hands is no longer shameful. But tips! Tips! (Let me add, however, that the lady made a good recovery from the shock.) The well-to-do man may fully believe that the poor man is his equal in the sight of God, and perhaps even in the sight of man, but he does not feel the poor man sufficiently his equal to hobnob with him and introduce him to his women-folk, however perfect in propriety the poor man may be. A lawyer, say, may go so far as to admit that a fisherman is a specialist, fully as learned in his own branch of knowledge as a K.C., but he will not have for him the same fellow-feeling that he has for a doctor or for the most hated professional opponent. The latter, the involuntary, is the kind of attitude I mean. It comes uppermost in times of stress, and almost always

prevails in the end. To name only a few of such attitudes towards the poor: there is that general attitude, spoken of 'rather seriously' by Mr Pett Ridge, which makes mischief and damage by rich men's sons a case of 'boys will be boys,' but by poor men's sons a case for the police court. There is what, for the sake of distinction, may be called the Old Tory ideal of 'the rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate,' and its modern equivalent, 'the poor man in his East-end and the rich man in his West.' It is, among the various attitudes, not that which the poor themselves understand and sympathise with least. At its best, it has room for many kindly relationships. At its worst, it more than merits the irony of Anatole France:

'He asks what goodness is, because goodness is not in him, and he is devoid of virtue. I answer him, "The knowledge of goodness resides in virtuous men; and good citizens carry within them a proper respect for the law. . . . For the duty of the poor is to defend the good things belonging to the rich; and this is how the union betwixt citizens is maintained. This is goodness and good order. Again, the rich man has his serving-man bring out a basket full of bread, which he distributes to the poor; and this is goodness again." These are the lessons this rough ignorant fellow requires to be taught.'

Industrially, the same attitude is apt to express itself somewhat thus: 'So long as the beggars do their work properly and I pay them what I ought (according to me), why not let well alone? What they do and how they live, outside their work, is no concern of mine. They're getting too damn'd lazy and cheeky with their talk about rights. I believe my wife takes them things when they're ill, but I tell her she's sure to catch something or other in their wretched hovels. She'd far better pay for another district nurse, if she wants to, or send an inspector.' The fine democratic ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and *vox populi, vox dei*, degenerate pitifully, amid actuality's rough and tumble, to the cynicism and moral unscrupulousness of election managers. In the intellectual field we admire with a shiver the boundless self-confidence of a Fabian Society in the direction of knowing what is good for people and managing them to their own advantage. At the opposite pole we have that charitable attitude

which, basing itself upon such axioms as 'The poor always ye have with you,' is apt to take the diseases of the body politic and social as inevitable and a matter of course, as fortunate opportunities for the exercise of virtuous charity. 'If there were no poor,' I have heard such people argue, 'it would be Christianity's loss. Therefore we must have poor.'

The imperialistic attitude again which regards the poor, subconsciously if not consciously, as a kind of subject race, to be made efficient not so much for the benefit of themselves as for that of the dominant classes, is common enough. And there is the highly practical attitude which would deny preference and sentiment and all the finer feelings to those in want, which, looking upon them as defective machines, tots up the nitrogen and hydrocarbons in their food, regardless of the fact that good digestion waits on appetite, and measures their house comfort in cubic feet by the amount of air-space in their rooms—an attitude combated by Miss Loane when she explains that a disused front parlour affords to many a woman of the better-to-do lower classes scope for a beneficial house pride which otherwise she could not indulge. Finally, there is the unpractical, sentimental attitude, the gullibilities of which have been sufficiently exposed. The Reports of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law reflect two separate attitudes towards the poor, rather than set forth two contrary methods of dealing with poverty and destitution. I trust I am not unjust to the great labours of the Commission in saying that both Majority and Minority treat the poor too much as inferiors; the Majority's proposed poor law reminds me of a home for children where, though there is sometimes scarcely enough to eat, a lump or two of sugar can usually be sneaked for the stomach's delight; whereas that of the Minority reminds me oftener of a barrack where there is always a sufficiency of plain, nourishing food, not over tasty, but never a lump of sugar can be stolen because everything is under lock and key, and is weighed out. The essential difference between these two homes would be in the attitude towards the children, not in the management of the sugar-bags. The Minority's proposals, admirable though some of them are, and highly systematised, waken in me the same sort of

horror as a huge piece of machinery which, should one have the misfortune to tumble into it, will go on grinding and will crush one's vitals out. 'Must my friends,' I ask myself, 'because they are poor and sometimes hungry, must I myself, if I come to grief, be shot into that appalling turnip-slicer, for commerce and an army of officials and specialists to feed upon, as a condition of getting something to eat? They might, as they say, be able to do away with extreme poverty—thank God, if they would do away with the workhouses!—but there are worse things than poverty. What can they think of the poor to erect such a system of industrial conscription, with "the likes o' they" to run it, of course?' And nearly everything does depend on what they think of the poor. As a personal experience to the point, I find that though my 'gentleman and lady' acquaintances like to meet my working-class friends, and accept invitations to tea and so forth with pleasure to everybody concerned, they nearly always end by solemnly advising me (for my own benefit) to quit the fisherman's house where I have found a home and all that home means, and to go adrift once more among 'people of my own position.' What, when cornered, they do not succeed in showing is, that it would be beneficial. And did I live among the poor as a clergyman, or teacher, or political worker, as 'something superior and improving,' not simply as one of themselves, glad to share, so far as may be, their life and work, to help and be helped, then no objection would be made. There is much kindness in the attitude of these advisers, together with a deep-seated misunderstanding, and in consequence a subtle, ineradicable, hardly conscious contempt. And on the other side, a bitterness—the bitterer for want of expression—takes possession of the poor man's mind when he is made to feel, without being able to distinguish or explain, a confusion of such attitudes hemming him in round about, each containing some good and more good intentions, coupled with a contempt mostly unspoken but none the less perceptible; each attitude more articulate nowadays than he is himself. 'The likes o' they,' he says in his more charitable moments, 'bain't no better 'n we be, after the rate; only they got the pull over 'ee, and they hangs on to it; that's where 'tis.'

Meanwhile, what is the attitude of the poor towards
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themselves and towards the life which, after all, they and they only have to live? That is the unknown, but surely not the least important factor. And, again, who are the poor,* what are they, how are they to be distinguished from the not-poor? The answer to this second question carries with it some answer to the first, besides pointing the way to such general guiding principles of action, and maybe of reform, as one dares to lay down.

It is plain that income will not differentiate the poor man from other men, nor even the want of capital. Payment by the week, with its well-marked effect on household arrangements, goes farther. The manual labourer is himself his own stock-in-trade; but so are the lawyer, the politician, the doctor, the author. Formal education, in the ordinary sense of the word, does not supply a definition, though it is customary to speak of the poor as 'the uneducated.' Many members of the middle and upper classes are too badly educated for any sort of work, whilst very many poor people are splendidly educated in subjects which seldom figure in school curricula, such as horse-management, farming, fishing, machinery, traffic, making a little go a long way. 'Culture, as a reality,' says Miss Loane, 'exists far more generally than novelists and newspaper writers would have us believe, although evidence of it may not be apparent at the first glance.' Among the Middlesbrough ironworker families Lady Bell found every gradation, from Greek and French scholars to the man who read books only on religious 'dis-beliefs'; from the nice old woman who wanted to learn to read 'something with a little love and a little murder' to the sensible people who said they had something better to do. Nor will speech and manners serve the purposes of definition. Men cannot be classified according to the number of times they say 'damn' and 'bloody' in an hour; dialect is a beautifully flexible means of communication between those who speak it. Etiquette, though different, is just as strict among the poor as

* I regret using so often the words 'poor' and 'poor man,' because they have associated with them a certain sense of patronage. It is very difficult to find any terms, with the same primary meaning, which have not. And if new terms are invented, they soon gain it. Therefore I can only beg the reader to believe that in using those terms, I want to convey no impression of patronage whatever. Rather the reverse, indeed.

among other classes; their true politeness frequently a thing to marvel at. 'If,' says Miss Loane again, 'we inquired closely into the complaints of modern deterioration of manners in the lower classes, we should find that the real sting does not lie in actual rudeness, but in the shock of receiving courtesy when respect was demanded.'

There is, in fact, no clear and inclusive definition of 'the poor.' The best that can be done is to cut, as far as possible, a middle line through the various classes, find types, and compare them. Obviously it is a difficult task, not to be done without that intimate experience which will be denied to those who undertake it in the spirit of a task; and it is here that the value appears of these books which treat the poor above all as human beings.

In moving from the one *milieu* to the other and back again, the change one specially notes is of tradition and atmosphere; almost the only readjustment that has to be made in oneself, is mental. (Not that one's wits have to be polished up on entering the society of educated people; mentally their pace always strikes me as rather slow and restful; they have invented so many certainties to repose upon, and in their conversation the great disturbing problems of human existence are tacitly ruled out.) Likewise, in reading these books, the critical differences which emerge, between the poor and not-poor, are of spirit, outlook, morals, sensibility and sentiment, methods of thought—all that we commonly include under the one term mentality. There the distinction is so striking that it cannot be waived as a mere difference in degree; and Mr Masterman is led to declare:

'Most present-day failures in legislation and social experiment are due to neglect of this fact. It has been assumed that the artisan is but a stunted and distorted specimen of the small tradesman; with the same ideals, the same aspirations, the same limitations: demanding the same moulding towards the fashioning of a completed product. We are gradually learning that "the people of England" are as different from, and as unknown to, the classes that investigate, observe, and record, as the people of China and Peru.'

Throughout Miss Loane's works constant reference is made to the endurance, generosity, and forgivingness of the poor, as well as to their failings both apparent and

real. Her conclusions may perhaps be fairly summarised in three quotations, the first from 'The Next Street but One,' the second from 'Characteristics of the Poor' in 'From their Point of View,' and the third from a chapter in 'An Englishman's Castle,' for which she has invented a speaker whom she humorously calls 'The Fatigued Philanthropist':

'The more one sees of the poor in their own homes, the more one becomes convinced that their ethical views, taken as a whole, can be more justly described as different from those of the upper classes than as better or worse.

'When one begins to know the poor intimately, visiting the same houses time after time, and throughout periods as long as eight or ten years, one becomes gradually convinced that in the real essentials of morality they are, as a whole, far more advanced than is generally believed, but they range the list of human virtues in a different order from that commonly adopted by the more educated classes. Generosity ranks far before justice, sympathy before truth, love before chastity, a pliant and obliging disposition before a rigidly honest one. In brief, the less admixture of intellect required for the practice of any virtue, the higher it stands in popular estimation.*

'Then we are so anxious about the morals of the poor. We especially find fault with them for want of truth, and do not seem in the least aware that they constantly accuse us of wilful and interested lying. . . . Would it not be fairer to say that rich and poor, men and women, vary chiefly in their ideas as to when it is excusable, justifiable, or even compulsory to deceive. . . . The poor often tell what seem to the rich wholly gratuitous lies, but they will tell the truth on occasions when the rich would lie unblushingly. The poor are generally honest, though rarely honourable, and neither honour nor honesty are as common among the upper classes as we like to believe. Listen to candidates for an examination. . . . The examiner is an enemy, and if he can be deluded, there is no harm in deluding him, and this state of mind is

* To this Mr Masterman adds: 'It is the emotional, indeed, against the intellectual: to one point of view, life in an incomplete condition of development; to another, life lived nearer to its central heart. Certainly, in the combination of Christian and ethical dicta which make up the popular moral code of modern civilisation, the standard of the poor is nearer to the Christian standard.' Herbert Spencer's opinion to the effect that, as a foundation for morality, the emotions are superior to the intellect, is also to the point.

often fostered by otherwise conscientious teachers. If physical examination of the candidates is demanded, there are no bounds to what they consider permissible deception. . . . Again, is it the poor who travel with a time-expired season ticket, or in a higher class than they have paid for? What is the average morality of the well-to-do with regard to the treatment of hired furniture, horses, bicycles, etc.? Why this perpetual assumption that we know so much better than the poor, and on every conceivable point?

Mr George Bourne, in two books which are so beautiful so simply true, and so heartfelt that it would seem an irreverence to slap them on the back with laudatory literary epithets, continually finds cause to marvel at 'the rich reserves of English fortitude in our peasantry,' 'the unconquerable good temper,' the kindliness, 'the centuries of incalculable struggle and valiant endurance.'

'And now, having realised that the circumstances are exceptional, it is becoming increasingly plain to me that Bettesworth is as other men, or—what is more to the purpose—there are thousands of other men who are as Bettesworth is. He is a type of his class. . . . And so, when I hearken to Bettesworth, I feel that it is not to an exceptional man, and still less to an oddity that I am listening; but that in his quiet voice I am privileged to hear the natural, fluent, unconscious talk, as it goes on over the face of the country, of the English race, rugged, unresting, irresistible. The Race, not the aggregate of individuals but the Stirp or Stock that puts forth Bettesworths by the million, and rejoices in its English soil and loves the hard knocks of adventure and necessity everywhere. The native orderliness, the self-reliance, the indomitable vigour of our English breed unimpaired as yet by culture, this is what Bettesworth's talk means to me.'

With a delicacy of perception that is denied to Miss Loane's robust and humorous common-sense, her practical hail-fellow charity, he delves into old Bettesworth's talk to find the mind-quality which underlies and supports those other moral qualities. Somewhat long quotations are necessary to figure a type of mind so living yet so remote from the accepted standards of to-day.

'Of course, looked at from the ordinary educated standpoint, the old man must be an unsatisfactory spectacle, very irritating to those who would improve him, for truly his ignorance of book-learning is profound. . . . Although he may

have some qualified respect for the people who would instruct him in this sort of thing, he betrays not the slightest desire to resemble them. On the other hand, for people whose worth is independent of culture and refinement of manner he has a generous appreciation. Of several wealthy farmers he speaks in tones of warmest approval, perhaps because they are alive to his own value, unrecognised by the preaching colonel and the refined classes. But his admiration is only whole-hearted for men of his own class who are really effectual. . . . Still, there is no doubt that Bettesworth regrets his lack of education. . . . But on the whole, it is probable that he knows all he need know about books. They could teach him nothing of much value to him, for the things he still hungers to learn are of another sort, and are to be acquired in another way.

'The receptivity of the man's brain was what struck me. One pictured it pinked and patterned over with thousands of unsorted facts—legions of them jostling one another without apparent arrangement. Yet all were available to him; at will he could summon any one of them into his consciousness. A modern man would have had to stop and sift and compare them, and build theories and systems out of all that wealth of material. Not being modern, Bettesworth did not theorise; his thoughts were like the dust-atoms seen in a sunbeam. But though he did not "think," still a vast common-sense somehow or other flourished in him, and these manifold facts were its food.'

'From such deep sources of physical sanity his optimism welled up, that he really needed, or at any rate craved for, no spiritual consolation. Like his remote ancestors who first invaded this island, he had the habit of taking things as they came, and of enjoying them greatly on the whole.'

'Again, lest it be urged that even Bettesworth's enjoyment is tragical in its ignorance of æsthetic pleasures, old Bettesworth, who "*do* like to see things growin'," who stands up to exclaim to the sun piercing the winter haze, "That's right! The sunshine's what we wants!" or who in a March gale asks enthusiastically, "En't it nice to lay in bed and hear the wind roar?"—this old Bettesworth and his kind are not without poetry because they lack verse. Out of their wind-blown, sun-burned toil, they suck a profit more than we who live within doors may understand. It seems to me, too, that there is some profit for Bettesworth—an enviable profit—in the mere fact of living a brave life.'

The second of the above extracts gives the clue to that vast difference in mentality, in method of thought, which

underlies the more evident differences between the poor and the articulate classes—a difference much on a par with the loss that any impression sustains as soon as it comes to be written down. In one of her books Miss Loane complains of the illogicality of the poor; she remarks on the undue importance they attach to the actual handling of the coin in money matters. It is quite true. I have found it impossible really to convince children old enough to go out to work that if we have half a dozen mackerel left over and sell them for a silver sixpence, and their mother has in consequence to buy seven or eight penny-worth of fish for our supper, we are less well off than if we had kept the mackerel themselves for supper and had gone without the sixpence. On the other hand, they are to a certain extent right, for seeing is still believing, and the tangible, visible money is decidedly, if irrationally, more encouraging than a profit and loss account, when the work to be faced may mean lying in an open boat all night, or hooking mackerel in the chill of the day before breakfast, with an occasional bucketful of water skatting inboard over one's head. The poor are not logical; they neither make any great use of, nor are at home in, logical processes of thought; but in compensation they have an astonishing faculty of allowing for that penumbra of hazy or apparently unrelated facts, thoughts, and minor impressions which, in life and in the human consciousness, always surround and modify every fact, thought, and major impression. Theirs is the impressionistic method. Instead of trying to proceed from hypothetical premisses to logical conclusions, they feel rather than reason their way from a mass of perceptions too large and mixed for logic to conclusions which are hypothetical in the sense that they cannot be logically proved, but which, probably, are equally sound in their bearing on real life. The educated man attempts to reason a matter out; the poor man—in his own phrase—to *weigh it up*.*

* It is noticeable that of late philosophy has tended to sanction the weighing-up, as opposed to the logical method of dealing with existence. Mr H. G. Wells, in his most interesting book, 'First and Last Things,' in which he declares his adherence to Pragmatism, puts the point very neatly: 'It is true you can make your net of logical interpretation finer and finer, you can fine your classification more and more—up to a certain limit. But essentially you are working in limits, and as you come closer, as you look

have some qualified respect for his methods himself have learned to resemble them. On the other hand, the use of the trawl is independent of culture and receives a generous appreciation. One speaks of it in tones of warmest approval, and even to his own value, unrecog- nized by the refined classes. But for men of his own class there is no doubt that the trawl is a boon. . . . But on the other hand, he need know about the trawl as much value to him, and of another sort, and 'The receptivity of the trawl through the water, One pictured it phantasmagorically in the boat. And in unsorted facts—like an hour through the net ought to be apparent arrange- ments. 'Aye,' said my skinner, 'the surface currents, and a dead abeam wind dead abeam his thoughts were bent to drag across the trawl, though he did not know up or making all the same, an' there's lo- ing into count so soon as you food.'

'From such a trawl I can't go to hae this. W- wellled up, the trawl can't happen, not all to once!' spiritual life, and complete premisses are not invaded the trawl, it will be admitted, we came, and the trawl is imaginary and controllable condition. 'Again, the trawl is a very and complicated condition is tragic, and is useless, convenient as a worth, we are used to useless, convenient as a exclaim.

The sun- as you leave the practical purpose for enthu- as the amount of error increases. Every species is at its edges; and so in my way of think- roars, and is another name for a stupidity—for a sort of method. It is obvious, too, how the weighing-up of metho- poetry. It is obvious, too, how the weighing-up of metho- sun-b- can be the political propaganda (so piquantly analysed in 'Human Nature in Politics') which is based on, with- as a thing forty times, it's true'—and would expose him still there- as a suspiciousness.

the trawl is a bag-shaped net for dragging along the bottom. The trawl is kept open not by a beam but by two upright wooden vanes, one on either side, which travel obliquely against the trawl being spread farther from each other the faster the trawl

courage with which he faced old age, burdened with an epileptic, half-crazy wife. Lady Bell brings evidence and to spare of the existence of 'the courage to live' among the ironworkers of Middlesbrough, 'a place in which every sense is violently assailed all day by some manifestation of the making of iron.' Miss Loane, with her vast experience of the poor in town and country, makes no essential distinction between them. Last year an English translation appeared of a book called 'On the Tracks of Life,' in which, among much that is flamboyant and merely acute by flashes, the author, Dr Leo G. Sera, says:

'There is a magnanimity about the plebeians in making continual sacrifice of their persons and often of their own lives with a stoicism which, if it be sometimes unknown to themselves, is at other times really superior disdain. With few or no attachments to life, they often show themselves indifferent to it, and, both in their disputes and in the risks they run, they exhibit a courage and indifference to death which are found only in brave men.'

'By the complete yielding up of themselves which they are always doing, and by the dissipation of their own lives, the plebeians bear some resemblance to the aristocratic type, and this latter type has much more in common with the former than with the middle-class type.'*

That view of the situation is especially interesting and to the point, because Dr Sera is an Italian, and such an opinion from a foreigner supports the contention of those who find national distinctions less dividing than the gulf which separates different classes belonging to the same race and nation.

It is impossible here to survey the whole of the political ground by the light of these generalisations on the life of the poor. To look facts in the face is to recognise that government is not yet democratic; that the poor do not in practice initiate or in any great degree control the social legislation by which they benefit or suffer; and that the query, 'How shall we, the articulate legislating classes, deal with the poor?' still represents actuality. The last Licensing Bill, for example, was

* I.e., aristocratic in the Nietzschean sense; possessing an abundance of the 'will to power,' in accordance with Nietzsche's definition: 'Feeble will is oscillation and the loss of equilibrium; strong will is the orientation of instincts.'

supposed to have been demanded by popular mandate. It divided itself into two parts, that dealing with 'the Trade' and that dealing with so-called temperance reform. It struck me as significant at the time that, in moving about a great deal among 'the masses,' I never heard from them a good word for the brewers, and scarcely a good word for the Bill as a whole; the latter because the temperance reform sections were, I think, felt to be a slur upon the working classes and an attempted infringement of their personal liberty. And almost, if not quite, alone among newspapers 'The New Age' noticed that whilst the Lords would not hear of the proposals directly affecting the brewers, they were ready to consider those sections which would have interfered with the personal liberty, for good or ill, of the working classes. Commons and Lords were equally unrepresentative. With social legislation in general, doubts continually obtrude themselves as to whether so much interference with the personal lives of the poor is not at least unwarrantable; doubts like those to which Miss Loane's experience gives rise:

'For many generations an innumerable multitude of charitable people have been deeply concerned in helping the poor: they have attacked the problems relating to them from the religious, the moral, the sentimental, the intellectual, the "practical" standpoints. All alike have failed almost completely either in reducing the number of the abjectly wretched, or of effecting any lasting improvement in their condition. And why? Chiefly, I believe, because they have one and all despised the home life of the poor, held it cheaply, as a thing of no moment.'

Is not, one asks, so much interference with that home life likely to engender a resentment, a deeper estrangement between the classes, dangerous for the welfare of all? Furthermore, the question demands answer: Is it not imprudent and inexpedient for the whole community, as well as for the poor, to handle their lives so lightly, with less than half-knowledge, and to risk the loss of those typical and valuable qualities which they have acquired gradually, or retained obstinately, through lengthy adaptation to their own conditions of life and by unending efforts to live up to their own standards? Is it good to force other conditions upon their standards,

other standards upon the conditions they have to live under? Would they not go on developing better, and above all more soundly, upon their own lines, if they were given the chance?

We need, in dealing with the poor, 'to act sincerely in the presence of our ideas'; not to hold large ideas and act upon small ones; not to respect the poor in literature and treat them as silly children, who cannot be expected to know what is good for them, when we come to legislation. One of the principal characters in Mr Joseph Conrad's 'Nigger of the "Narcissus"' is an old seaman who has spent his life in ships' forecastles with no promotion, no material success, and scarcely a month ashore. During a gale his blind endurance at the wheel saves the ship. It is, we are made to feel, the culmination of his life and the beginning of his end. Judged by the standards in use, his life would appear a thing most ineffectual, his death of no note. It is one of the triumphs of a wonderful book that we see the old man in his true relation to the sea, to human existence, to what are called the eternal verities; a good sea-labourer, and as such a heroic figure; a life commonplace enough, but a life well to have lived. The great wise men, the heroic figures of the Bible and of literature, to whom homage is rendered, would they not now be dubbed ignorant, and be treated as so much material for social reformers to work upon? Their wisdom would be dealt with as beside the point, irrelevant. Their want of schooling would be thrown in their faces, as it is thrown in the faces of the poor. I witness almost every day educated people listening to old fishermen for their experience and quaintly expressed wisdom and knowledge of life, who, if it were suggested that the old fishermen's talk should be acted upon, would as good as call them old fools. Indeed, so strong is habit, that I do it myself, who ought to know better, after listening to them so much and watching their lives. Some grasp of the anomaly is implied, I imagine, in the insistence of the poor on 'seeing life' as a part of education, and their tolerance of the falls which 'seeing life' very frequently brings in its train. Mr Masterman's praise of 'that zest and sparkle and inner glow of accepted adventure which alone would seem to give human life significance'; Miss Loane's

assertion that, 'broadly speaking, the people who become and remain rich are those who accept all the responsibilities that life brings them, and even seek for more'; those ideas in books meet with very ready approval. But how are they acted upon? The life of the poor is one long and rather grim adventure; their responsibilities, compared with their means of sustaining them, are almost overwhelming. Many of them complain bitterly that 'the likes o' us toils and slaves an' never gets no for'arder'; far fewer regret the adventurousness of their lives or shy at their responsibilities. At times they seem hardly to be aware of either. Yet—as with Miss Loane's help we see more plainly than before—the social reformer singles out for attack on all sides just those two great factors in the poor man's moral training. Among the poor I have heard more echoes of ancient wisdom than ever elsewhere, and have seen it oftener acted upon; but those, notwithstanding, are the people over whom, because they are ignorant of finance, science, and other of life's superficialities, the social reformer is anxious to play schoolmaster in all things. They are judged exclusively by the more apparent sorts of material success. In science, even, materialism has had its day. Why retain it in dealing with the poor?

Free and compulsory education exists for better or for worse; it has to be accepted, together with the profound influence it must necessarily exercise. In some ways it is undervalued by the poor; in other ways absurdly overvalued. If they were only educated, they are apt to think, everything, including a rapid rise in life, would be easy and plain before them. The excess of the stonemason's pride ('Reminiscences of a Stonemason') in his self-educational attainments over his pride in a hard-working, well-spent, and effective life, is almost pathetic. Usually, in conversation, the poor who have become newspaper readers recall their own valuable and interesting experiences and any stale nonsense they may have picked out of a cheap newspaper with equal satisfaction and a singular lack of discrimination. They have heard so much about education and reading as panaceas that, against their better sense as at other times expressed, they more than half believe it. The education given in our primary schools has been much criticised for

its failure to teach useful, as opposed to examinational knowledge; for the habits of inattention, thoughtlessness and slipshod workmanship which many children seem to gain at school; and for the false social ideals with which they are there infected. It is a phase, we are told. Whenever I have asked working men the plain question, 'What education d'you think the kids ought to have then?' the answer has always been the old-fashioned one, 'They ought to learn 'em to read and write and reckon *well*, which they don't do, and to speak up for themselves, so that them as can chatter shan't browbeat 'em down. After that they can go for'ard, if they'm minded, and they bain't spoiled for staying where they be.' That particular form of reply I have heard in Devonshire; but almost the same words come from Bettesworth, in Surrey—'readin,' and writin,' and summin', and to know how to right yourself.' The opinion of those who have brought the children into the world, and worked to bring them up, is not to be despised. The well-to-do have a large amount of voice in what their children shall be taught and the age at which they shall leave school. Working-class parents have practically none. Those who will have the responsibility of putting their children out to work might well be consulted as to the same children's education. They know better than teachers the life their children will probably have to lead; and they recognise better than educationists that to know how to work, to have the habit of working cheerfully and well, is more important than knowledge. As Miss Loane's 'Fatigued Philanthropist' very pointedly remarks, 'After all, do they not bring up a thousand times as many as the rich, and make far less fuss over the matter?' The supposition that they are indifferent to their children, and expect them to look after themselves at an early age, is ludicrously inaccurate.

There is, however, another criticism to be made from a somewhat wider base. If that view, already mentioned, of a nation as an organised community be carried further, it becomes evident that, so long as there are different sorts of work to be done, different types of mind will be required to do it well. What, then, does our educational system do to produce, or at least to encourage and develop, when found, different types of mind? Nothing

at all, so far as the poor are concerned, except to promise technical education for those already well enough off to take advantage of it. The aim apparently is to produce varying approximations to the clerk or teacher or minor professional man; to foster only one type of mind, that which responds readily to the cut-and-dried curriculum in vogue. Miss Loane refers to the 'peculiarly distressing case of defectives, so little noted by statisticians, and so sadly familiar to small employers of labour—persons capable of acquiring literary education, and in some cases specially excelling in arithmetic, but unable to apply themselves to even the simplest forms of manual labour.' And there is the opposite class of defectives—those who can labour but cannot learn in school. The former type is encouraged to its own disaster; the latter is labelled dunce, and is kept idling on at the tail of the class till the legal age of leaving, by which time the habit of idleness is confirmed. Under an educational system capable of recognising and fostering different types of mind, neither extreme need be stigmatised as defective, each might be made useful in its own way. Miss Loane, in one place, favours a long education, because the children thereafter work more intelligently. But she takes care to say in another place that, almost without exception, the best husbands and fathers to be found among the poor have been men whose mothers 'learned 'em to work, and seed they did their fair share.' (Mothers, be it noted, not teachers.) The apparent contradiction is nothing else than an argument in favour of different types of education and different leaving-ages according to the probable nature of the work in store. That working-class parents wish their children to leave school early in order that they may make money out of infant labour, is in nine cases out of ten a fiction. They know that, for children with a lifetime's labour before them, 'getting at it gradual and early' is preferable to being brought to it suddenly and painfully, if at all, later on. (One notices among the poor that loafers are usually better spoken and better learnt than hard-working men.) There are some sorts of work which must be 'got at' early. Fishermen, for instance, hold firmly that a man must have been not only trained but *bred* to their trade. The finished product of the schoolroom and playground

cannot be expected to take to fishing, with its exposure and call for endurance, its periods of trying idleness and of work severe beyond the powers of the average man. 'They an't got the heart, they an't got the guts,' fishermen say. In the fishery I know best there is not now a single youth coming on, though there is still a decent living to be got out of the sea. When they leave school they want 'softer jobs,' or none. Education must bear its share of the blame. The Poor-Law Commissioners reported in favour of a change of curriculum in the schools. With deference, one would go further and say that, until different types of mind are fully recognised and developed, not by different degrees of the same type of education, but by different types of education, extending not to one leaving-age but to suitable leaving-ages, the human resources of the nation cannot be properly organised.

'Countless pages' (concludes the stonemason in his *Reminiscences*) 'have been written about poverty, but the sentence in the old book, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," contains the pith of the matter.' A noteworthy by-product of the Tariff Reform and Budget controversies has been the free admission, by both the great political parties, that the poor do not receive economic justice. Social reform and economic reform have been much confused; they stand confused in the public mind, except in so far as economic reform suggests robbing the rich, whilst social reform suggests, very unaccountably, mending the manners and customs of the poor only; and, of course, economic and social reform do merge into and react upon one another. It may indeed be that they appear much the same thing from the point of view of those who want to 'raise' and otherwise modify by legal force the personal lives of the poor, but from the standpoint of the poor themselves they are quite distinct; and the right and reason of the State to interfere is far from the same in both cases. Perhaps the difference may be put thus: a man's economic relations depend closely on the State, and the State should be a sleeping partner with one eye open, ready at all times to ensure not only shilling honesty between parties, but general honesty; whereas a man's social relations and personal conduct are primarily his own affair, and the State should be a partner sound

asleep unless violently awakened. For the State, though capable, theoretically at all events, of judging a man's economic transactions and position, is not capable of judging a man's life and self, and ought not to make a pretence of doing so except when crime, for example, forces its hand. Distinguished thus, economic and social reform appear very different in nature and effect. The first is warrantable and necessary; the second is not, and in practice usually does more harm than good. To the poor, economic reform means a measure of justice between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots'; but social reform means 'police,' whether they are really required or not. It involves, too, that which Mr John Burns so well protested against when he said in the House of Commons that, being by nature a kindly man, he was averse from the creation of new crimes.

Granted the above distinction between economic and social reform, most of the provisions of the Factory Acts, Food Adulteration Acts and improved housing come under the economic category. The extreme importance of better housing is acknowledged. Miss Loane, whose opportunities of forming an opinion on the matter have been almost unique, declares that 'the housing of the poor is disgracefully bad, and often the matter is beyond their individual control.' 'Moreover, the poor are seldom or never in a position to put any pressure upon their landlords, and dare not make open complaints of the condition of their houses.' But it needs to live day by day in a working-man's house, even a comparatively good one, to realise how his life is hampered in every direction by the fact that he does not, and cannot, obtain value for his rent-money. On the other hand, if Mr Pett Ridge, an open-minded and close observer, is to be believed, temperance reform, that typical example of the social reformer's work, has achieved very little except the harassing of one class.

'Reforms which have so far come in the drink habits of the people cannot be claimed by Parliament. . . . I wish the results of an Act were always as good as its intentions. It is certain that when the Houses of Parliament decided no child under fourteen should be served in a public-house unless as a messenger conveying a sealed bottle, they honestly believed they were doing the wise, judicious thing. The actual

consequences, so far as my observation goes, have been the same. Whereas in former days the youngster was dispatched with a jug and brought it back filled (taking slight toll on the way more as a declaration of independence than from any appetite for the beverage), now the mother or father has to take the jug, and being inside the cheerful public-house, feels that the courtesy demands a drink should be ordered for consumption on the premises. If acquaintances are met there, the silly procedure of treating is perhaps started.'

My own experience entirely bears out Mr Pett Ridge. If Sunday closing comes into force we shall no doubt buy on Saturday nights a bottle of spirits, or get in half a dozen bottles of beer, and on Sundays we shall, I dare say, finish the lot in an aimless festivity, instead of discussing the news of the day over a couple of glasses of beer at a public-house. The Children Act, which forbade the public-house to children, has proved, in that respect, a kindness to everybody but the children. If the journalists who belauded the Children Act, under the name of 'The Children's Charter,' could have realised how much undeserved insult to the poor was contained in their laudations, and how much resentment arose therefrom, they would have moderated their appeal to the shallower sentimentalism of their readers. Cigarettes have now an additional attraction to boys of any spirit. When they can smoke openly, they will smoke, as the saying goes, like furnaces. To make such laws is to render the law a farce.

Social reform on the part of the legislating classes is in effect, an attempt to modify lives hardly known, with results that cannot be foretold. No statistics or inspections can grasp those imponderables of life, which alone count in the end. Miss Loane's books, and in a less degree the others, form one long protest against neglect of the imponderables in poor people's lives. It is observable that social reformers are demanding more and more inspection, a system the inherent defects of which are greater than its qualities. It is resented as an impertinence by the poor; it ignores the imponderables; it judges the lives of one class by the standards of another, and long before it attains efficiency, even within its own narrow limits, the cost has become prohibitive. Social reform based on such a system cannot but be misguided.

Art. 8.—DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.

1. *Les Constitutions Fédérales de la Confédération Suisse*. Par C. Hilty, Docteur en Droit, Professeur à l'Université de Berne. Neuchâtel, 1891.
 2. *De la Liberté Politique dans l'État Moderne*. Par Arthur Desjardins. Paris, 1894.
 3. *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe*. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Two vols. London: Longman, 1896.
 4. *The Swiss Confederation*. By Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams, K.C.M.G., C.B., and C. D. Cunningham. London: Macmillan, 1889.
 5. *The Swiss Republic*. By Boyd Winchester, late United States Minister at Bern. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1891.
 6. *Government in Switzerland*. By John Martin Vincer, Ph.D., Associate Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. London: Macmillan, 1900.
 7. *Die Schweiz seit 1848*. Von Prof. Dr J. Schollenberger. Berlin, 1908.
 8. *Geschichte der Schweiz*. Von Dr Karl Dändliker. Drei Bänden. Dritte Auflage. Zürich, 1893.
- And other works.

THE late Sir Leslie Stephen has taught us to call Switzerland the 'Playground of Europe.' Only during the last century did it assume this character. The first English guide-book to that country—a very humble precursor of our Murray and our Baedeker—was published in 1818 by Daniel Wall, of London. The work was a sign of the newly awakened interest in the Swiss lakes and mountains, due, probably, to Lord Byron more than to any one else. Now, I suppose, there are few Englishmen or Englishwomen, of even moderate means, who have not visited Switzerland, for longer or shorter periods, who have not fallen under the spell of its happy valleys and sunny vineyard slopes, of its snow-clad mountains and its wild torrents with their 'unceasing thunder and eternal foam,' of its blue lakes set in frames of dazzling verdure, of its cities, so diversely beautiful: Geneva bright and sparkling as Paris itself, Lausanne, dower

with perpetual youth, Schaffhausen, where the charm of the Middle Ages still lingers, and imperial Bern, adorned with umbrageous roads, gigantic terraces, noble fountains, and antique walls well-nigh encircled by the swift-flowing Aar. Then there are the Swiss people, simple but shrewd, candid but courteous, homely but hospitable. Are there any of us who have sojourned among them, far away from the scurry and scramble, the tedium and treacheries of London life, with its 'fumum et opes strepitumque,' and have not felt, 'It is good for us to be here?'

But it is not of these things that I am about to write, nor of the debt that not a few of us owe to 'bathing in the salubrious and beneficial mountain air,' to use Rousseau's words, which he prophetically discerned as 'one of the great resources of medical science.' There is another point of view from which this little country—it is half the size of Scotland—has a strong claim upon our consideration. Mr Winchester, who for some years resided in it, as Minister from the United States, has well remarked, 'Switzerland is constantly solving, in her own way, some of the hardest problems of politics.' It will be well to see what certain of those solutions are. Possibly we may learn from them. But before proceeding further, let us glance briefly at the past career of the country, of which its existing institutions are the outcome.

National freedom in Switzerland has its roots in a very far-off past. She has always been democratic since she found place on the map of Europe, and indeed long before. Six hundred and eighteen years ago the three Forest Cantons on the Lake of Luzern entered into the Perpetual Alliance which was the starting-point of the Swiss Confederation. But Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden were democracies for many previous centuries. In fact they had never been anything else. The German tribe—if we may so speak—of the Alemanni, who were the ancestors of the people of those Forest Cantons, brought with them into Switzerland, in the third century, the immemorial liberties of their Teutonic forests, based on freedom, which was not necessarily equality, of person and of vote. The freemen, who had their dependents, and, in course of time, their slaves, were lords to themselves, and in their assemblies discussed and determined all matters of national importance. The officers who

ruled their counties (Gau)* and subdistricts or hundred (Mark), were apparently chosen by themselves; and was sometimes their chief who led them to battle (Höfzug). The land was, on the whole, regarded as the common heritage of the inhabitants of the district, though here and there, portions were held in special occupation and tenancy from the community, and, less frequently, portions were recognised as belonging to private owner subject, however, to public claims. When feudalism arrived, it of course made itself felt in the three Fore Cantons, as elsewhere in the Holy Roman Empire, to which they formed part, and throughout Europe; but the inborn love of freedom, the old tradition of liberty, survived in spite of it. Proprietorship in the soil assumed a more individual character, and the lordship of counties and hundreds became hereditary in different families. Hence arose complications. Whole districts were granted in fief to abbeys and cloisters, thus receiving the immunities which the Church then enjoyed, and experiencing the milder rule of the monastic officials. Still the popular assemblies never fell into disuse. However contracted their power, they kept alive the forms of freedom into which new life was shortly to be breathed. In the first half of the thirteenth century the three Cantons obtained from Frederick II the boon of immediate attachment to the Holy Roman Empire as imperial fiefs, governed by imperial advocates, thus escaping the possible tyranny of feudal lords. But Rudolph of Habsburg, who in 1273 was elected German King, did not renew to Schwyz and Unterwalden, as he did to Uri, the charters by which this privilege was conferred, wishing, it would seem, to add these States to his own ancestral domain. He died in 1291. Seventeen days after his death, the three Cantons, feeling the need of drawing close together to defend their common interest, entered into the Perpetual League, out of which so much was to come.

These hardy peasants of the mountainous district bordering the Lake of Luzern were the protagonists in the struggle to free their country from foreign rule. But they were quite unaware of it. Independence of outside domination was not among the objects of the Perpetual

* The name survives in Thurgau and Aargau.

League.* Its first object was the preservation of their old direct connexion with the Empire. But it also provided for the maintenance of their immemorial local rights. Thus the Confederates solemnly agreed that they would not receive any judge who was not a native of their valleys, or who had purchased his office. They further agreed that all disputes among the three Cantons should be settled by arbitration, the decision of the arbitrator being, if necessary, enforced; and that in case of an attack upon any one of the three Cantons, by any Power, the other two Cantons should come to its aid. But all existing feudal claims and the rights of the overlords they respected. It would be impossible here, nor is it necessary for the present purpose, to follow in detail the struggles of the Habsburgs, after the death of Rudolph, to join the Forest Cantons to their hereditary possessions. Swiss chroniclers and historians have attributed the overthrow of Austrian power in their country to the excesses of the bailiffs sent there by Rudolph's son Albert, and the belief has been enshrined by Schiller in his most delightful play. The Swiss are unwilling to give up the story of William Tell, and so am I. But there is no documentary evidence to support it, or indeed to prove the existence of the Austrian bailiffs.

Nearly a quarter of a century passed away before the Confederates ('Eidgenossen' they were termed; comrades bound by an oath) were called upon to defend jointly their common interests. A quarrel between Schwyz and the Abbey of Einsiedeln, of which the Habsburgs were stewards, led to an invasion of the Forest Cantons by the Austrians under Duke Leopold, who was utterly defeated in the memorable battle of Morgarten—the Swiss Thermopylæ it has been called—on the 15th of November 1315. On the 9th of December, in the same year, the Confederates proceeded to Brunnen to renew

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- * Die alten Rechte, wie wir sie ererbt
 Von unsern Vätern, wollen wir bewahren,
 Nicht ungezügelt nach dem Neuen greifen.
 Dem Kaiser bleibe, was des Kaisers ist.
 Wer einen Herrn hat, dien' ihm pflichtgemäss.

In these lines of 'Wilhelm Tell' Schiller has admirably expressed the ethos of Swiss conservatism. It is not the stupid conservatism of the savage, but the conservatism which (in the words of Burke) knows that 'prescription is a blind form of reason'—and often the best form, we may add.

by oath, and also to enlarge, the Pact of 1291. In the next year the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria declared the three Cantons free from the overlordship of the Dukes of Austria. In 1332 Luzern sought and obtained admission to the Confederation, in 1351 Zürich, in 1352 Glarus and Zug, and in 1353 Bern. This Confederation of eight Cantons received no additions until the year 1481. The second half of the fourteenth century is full of its efforts to defend its liberties against Austria, the most memorable incidents being the battles of Sempach in 1386 and of Näfels in 1388, in both of which the Swiss were victorious. It has been said that what Plataeæ was of old to the Greeks, Sempach was to the Swiss; and the story of the heroic action of Arnold von Winkelried, which is alleged to have determined the victory, lives in Swiss imagination side by side with the story of William Tell. The victory of Näfels—it is still solemnly commemorated every year by the people of Glarus—completed the work of Sempach, and thenceforth the Austrian claims were a vain shadow. But the name of Sempach is glorious in Swiss history, not only for the brilliant feat of arms whereby Swiss liberties were vindicated, but also for the Convention known as the Sempacherbrief. It was at Zürich in the year 1393 that the document was drawn up by the deputies of the eight Confederate States. It prohibited the waging of war unnecessarily; it contained certain stipulations concerning military organisation; it provided for the immunity of churches and convents, and of women, unless they fought themselves or by outcry gave help to the enemy. It derived its name from the fact that the battle of Sempach is several times mentioned in it, as exhibiting examples of the evils against which it was directed. It is notable as the first agreement in which the Confederated States all acted together for a common aim; also for another reason. Dändliker, in his 'History of Switzerland,' observes, with pardonable pride, 'The Confederation which, in the nineteenth century, established the Convention of Geneva for the protection of the wounded, had already in the fourteenth century, for the first time in the world's history, endeavoured to mitigate the barbarities of war.'*

* Vol. i, p. 633.

Another constitutional document of material importance in Swiss history, the date of which is 1370—that is, twenty-three years before the Sempacherbrief—is the Pfaffenbrief, or Priests' Charter. By it all the Confederates, except Bern and Glarus, freed themselves from the jurisdiction of clerical courts in all temporal matters. It also contained provisions for the better keeping of the peace throughout the country; and, as Dändliker claims, 'is remarkable for having introduced the principle of the majority as regards the adoption of new Articles.'

The fifteenth century is often spoken of as the heroic age of Switzerland.* Its greatest triumph of arms was the overthrow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in the three great battles of Granson, Morat, and Nancy—in the last of which conflicts (1477) the Duke was killed. There were indeed disputes and even wars among the Cantons; still, the Confederation steadily advanced in power and prestige. But as that century drew to a close, Switzerland passed through a very critical crisis. Jealousies had sprung up between the democratic Forest States, which were the founders of the League, and the cities, rich, aristocratic, and sometimes unscrupulous. Moreover, there was the question of admitting into the Confederation the Cantons of Freiburg and Solothurn. This the cities desired; but the Forest States, not wishing to increase the municipal influence, were opposed to it. There was great danger of the splitting of the Confederacy into two, when, as a last chance of reconciliation, a Diet was called to meet at Stanz on the 8th of December, 1481. After much ineffectual debating, just as the assembly was about to break up in confusion, a compromise was arranged, through the intervention of the hermit, Nicholas von der Flüe, and was embodied in the document known as the Convention of Stanz. It reaffirms the three older great constitutional instruments, the Perpetual League, the Pfaffenbrief, and the Sempacherbrief; it interdicts new separate alliances among the Cantons; and, as to the division of the spoils of war—one of the points at issue—it provides

* The name of the Canton of Schwyz gradually spread over the whole League—I do not know why; and they came to be called Swiss, and their country Switzerland. It is only, however, in quite late times, that these appellations have come into formal use.

that movable booty should be shared according to the number of fighting men, and that new acquisition of territory should be apportioned among the States participating, thus recognising the principle of State right and, in a sort of way, the principle of popular representation also. Moreover, Freiburg and Solothurn were admitted to the Confederacy on equal terms with the other Cantons, as was Appenzell, in 1513.

The thirteen Cantons thus united constituted the Swiss Confederation as it lasted for three centuries. But each Canton, we must remember, was a Sovereign State, its citizens being regarded as foreigners in another Canton. It must be remembered too that the tie which united them was of the loosest kind. There was no central Government, nor was the Diet in any sense a legislature; it was rather a conference of envoys bound by instruction from the several States, which were, in fact, imperative mandates. 'Connected with the Confederacy there were, for various periods, and in different relationships, other territories and cities more or less under its control. One class consisted of the so-called Allied Districts, which were attached to the central body, not as equal members, but as friends for mutual assistance. . . . More closely attached to the Confederation were the Subject Territories, whose government was administered by various members of the League—territories which had been obtained partly by purchase or forfeiture of loans, and partly by conquest. . . . Upon this territorial basis of States, Subject Lands and Allies, the fabric of Government stood till the close of the eighteenth century.* Switzerland was not as yet a nation. It was in fact a German League in its proper style 'The Old League of Upper Germany'—German in origin, in traditions, in language, and in mode of thought, one of many German Leagues, but the only one which, from various causes, had attained to virtual autonomy. At the end of the fifteenth century its dependence upon the Empire was merely nominal, and the peace of Westphalia (1648) recognised its complete independence. Moreover, the Governments of the various

* 'Government in Switzerland,' by John Martin Vincent, p. 22. I am glad to have an opportunity of calling attention to this admirable little book, which is as clear as it is comprehensive.

States differed vastly. The three primitive Cantons were, from the first, strictly democratic; as were also Glarus, Appenzell, and Zug. In these the citizens in General Assemblies ('Landsgemeinden') decided all important questions. In the territories of the Sovereign Cities there were no General Assemblies, and the burghers ruled without consulting the opinions of the country people. Bern, Luzern, Solothurn, and Freiburg were indeed aristocratic oligarchies.

The Protestant Reformation exercised, as was inevitable, a dissolvent influence on Switzerland. Dissident religious sects became political parties, and the country had a narrow escape from being split into two confederations, one Catholic and the other Protestant. At the close of the Reformation period seven of the Cantons, Luzern, Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, Zug, Freiburg, and Solothurn, remained Catholic; four, Bern, Zürich, Basel, and Schaffhausen, had become Protestant; Appenzell and Glarus recognised both religions. Theological animosities were active during the seventeenth century, and were by no means extinguished in the eighteenth, as was shown by the war which broke out in 1712 between the Protestant Cantons of Bern and Zürich on the one hand, and the five smaller Catholic Cantons on the other.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw the political decline of Switzerland, and it has been truly remarked that to this decline the Protestant Reformation largely conduced 'by vesting all power—political, fiscal, moral, and educational—in the hands of the Government in the Protestant Cantons.*' Absolutism, indeed, was in the air, in Switzerland as in the rest of Europe, and the old traditions of freedom lost their influence. The spirit of patriotism was more or less quenched, and foreign military service† depleted the country of its best men. A year after the battle of Marignano (1515) a formal alliance had been concluded between France and the

* 'Switzerland,' by Mrs Lina Hug and Richard Stead, p. 303.

† These mercenary services, which have often been made a reproach to Switzerland, date from the Burgundian war. Sir Francis Adams and Mr Cunningham, in their valuable work, 'The Swiss Confederation,' observe, 'No doubt the reproach was, in a great degree, merited. But the spectacle of some 30,000 Swiss troops mounting guard over Continental thrones was not without its grandeur, and made the name of Switzerland famous in Europe' (p. 9).

Confederation. In the time of Louis XIV French influence was predominant in Switzerland—at all events till the latter years of his reign; and the arbitrary rule of that monarch was regarded as a pattern to be imitated by the Swiss governing classes. The Peasants' Revolt in 1653 was unquestionably due to excessive imposts, harsh administration, and increasing poverty; and although it was suppressed, with much bloodshed and great cruelty, some of the grievances which had led to it were, in the event, more or less effectively redressed.

Matters did not improve in the eighteenth century. Even in the professedly democratic Cantons, popular rights were little respected, as ambitious chieftains and powerful families seized the reins of government and overruled the 'Landsgemeinden.' Most of the other Cantons were more or less completely under the control of aristocracies. In Zürich, Schaffhausen, and Basel, indeed, the guilds kept them in check; in Zürich especially were liberal tendencies manifested. Bern, on the other hand, was the narrowest of oligarchies; as the eighteenth century went on all power fell into hands of less than a hundred noble families. It must, however, be allowed that their government of that State was economical, wise, and just, and that the forty-four bailiwicks of its Subject Territories, though shorn of political rights, enjoyed material prosperity. Johannes von Müller goes so far as to say, 'It were no easy matter to find in the world's history a community which has been so wisely administered, and for so long a time, as this of Bern.' Such was the condition of Switzerland when the French Revolution broke out, and the sciolists and sophists, into whose vile hands France fell, tried to 'make the constitution' for that country on the lines followed in their own. Many Swiss in Paris who, for good or bad reasons, had left their native land, sympathised with the revolutionary movement, and formed themselves into the Helvetic Club—its professed object being the liberation of Switzerland from aristocratic Government—which was formally opened in June 1791, amid the plaudits of the Parisian mob, 'Vivent nos amis les Suisses.' Before long the Swiss discovered the true meaning of Jacobin amity. The French invasion of Switzerland in 1798, undertaken of course in the name of liberty, had for its primary object

the seizure of money and arms. This was effected chiefly under the orders of the Commissary of the French Republic attached to 'the Army of Helvetia,' aptly named *Rapinat*.^{*} The public treasuries of Bern, Zürich, and Lausanne, and all the charitable funds, were plundered; valuable objects of art were stolen from the churches and public buildings, and contributions, gigantic, if the poverty of the country be considered, were everywhere levied. The Swiss resisted heroically but were outnumbered and slaughtered, and every species of violence was perpetrated. 'All that tyranny the most oppressive, rapine the most insatiate, cruelty the most sanguinary, and lust the most unbridled could inflict,' was experienced by that unhappy people. Trees of liberty were, however, planted for their consolation, and a Constitution of the French pattern was forced upon them—a paper theory to replace their ancient 'Landsgemeinden,' their State and Communal liberties. They turned in horror from these Jacobin abstractions. The Helvetic Republic, 'one and indivisible,' which it was attempted to substitute for the old Confederation, took no root in Switzerland. In this new unitary State the ancient Cantons were reduced to Prefectures, while Sub-prefects ruled in the Districts, and agents in the Communes. The change was absolutely repugnant to the genius of the people, and the history of the country from 1798 to 1803 is a record of social trouble, devastation, massacre, and impoverishment hardly to be paralleled in the world's annals. At last Napoleon, who at all events had eyes, showed a willingness, which he was far from always displaying, to recognise the historical fitness of things and the political aptitudes of a country. His Act of Mediation (Feb. 2, 1803), which, while retaining a central Government, gave back autonomy to the Cantons, and restored the old popular Assembly in seven of them, bestowing upon the rest representative institutions, was followed by a general improvement in the condition of Switzerland. The League now consisted of nineteen Cantons, the additional six—St Gallen, the Grisons,

* The following verses which were current about him seem worth citing:

La Suisse qu'on pille, et qu'on ruine,
Voudrait bien que l'on décidât
Si *Rapinat* vient de rapine,
Ou rapine de *Rapinat*

Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, and Vaud—being formed out of Allied and Subject Territories. For the next eleven years the country was really completely dependent upon France, and was obliged to furnish a contingent of 16,000 men for the French army. The Napoleonic Constitution fell with the fall of its author in 1815,* when the Congress of Vienna addressed itself to the regulation of Swiss affairs and displayed more wisdom in accomplishing the task than it manifested in other of its activities. It added to the existing nineteen Cantons three more; the Valais, a small republic allied to the Confederation from the Middle Ages to 1798; Neuchâtel, subject, up to that date, to the King of Prussia, but bestowed by Napoleon as a principality upon Marshal Berthier; and Geneva, an ancient free city till annexed to France by the Directory.† The perpetual neutrality and inviolability of Switzerland was guaranteed by Austria, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, and Russia, in an Act signed at Paris on November 20, 1815.

In place of the Napoleonic Constitution, a Federal Pact was drawn up by the Swiss Diet in 1815, largely under the influence of Stratford Canning, and was accepted by the Congress of Vienna. By it the Cantons recovered a still larger measure of their old independence, and in some of the more aristocratic of them the privileged classes regained a portion of their former influence. The Federal tie was maintained, but the Diet in which the highest power was vested, and which consisted of ambassadors from the several Cantons, had no power to enforce its own decrees. The country became largely a prey to agitation and discord until 1830, when the fall of the Bourbons in France gave an impetus to a reforming movement. The Cantons began to revise their constitutions; between 1830 and 1847 there were twenty-seven such revisions, and all in a liberal sense. Then religious

* As a matter of fact the Act of Mediation was formally dissolved on December 29, 1813, at a meeting of deputies from the Cantons held in Zürich, and the independence of the Swiss States was declared.

† In Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva, and in the Canton of Vaud, admitted to the Confederation in 1803, French is generally spoken, as it is in the greater part of the Canton of Freiburg and in the Bernese Jura. Italian is the language of Ticino and of parts of the Grisons, Romansch being spoken in other parts of that Canton; so that the distinctively German character of the Confederation has disappeared.

troubles added to the confusion and disquiet. They culminated in the separate League known as the *Sonderbund*, which was joined by the four Forest Cantons, as well as by Zug, Freiburg, and, subsequently, Valais. Once again in her history Switzerland was in danger of being split into two confederations, a Catholic and a Protestant. Then came the war of the *Sonderbund*—a question relating to Jesuits was its immediate occasion—in which, after a campaign of twenty-five days, the Federal troops were completely successful, and the Catholic seceders were vanquished.

No sooner was this short civil war over than, in accordance with a general desire, the Diet proceeded to a revision of the Federal Pact; and on September 12, 1848, the organic law on which the Confederation is still based was promulgated, with the assent of all the Cantons. 'The Constitution of 1848,' Sir Francis Adams and Mr Cunningham observe, 'was evidently constructed with a view of satisfying both elements, Cantonal and National. It was essentially a work of compromise, and the central power created by it naturally resulted in a diminution of the authority of Cantons, rendering them less independent individually, whilst they evidently gained in compactness so far as their external relations were concerned.'* In 1874 a proposal for revising the Constitution, in a sense more favourable to Cantonal independence, was adopted by referendum, † 340,199 voting for it and 198,013 against it. The Cantons were two to one in its favour. In this new Constitution a few alterations of no very great importance have since been made. I shall now proceed to give its principal features.

It must never be forgotten that the Swiss Confederation is composed of twenty-two *Sovereign States*‡ united, as the Constitution of 1874 expresses it, 'in order to ensure the independence of the country against foreign nations, to maintain internal tranquillity, to protect the liberty and rights of the Confederated citizens, and to

* p. 21.

† The Referendum and the Initiative—of which more hereafter—are not new things in Switzerland, although their present form is modern. They are the natural fruit of the 'Landsgemeinde'—an adaptation of it to modern conditions.

‡ Three of them are divided into demi-Cantons.

increase the common prosperity.' These Cantons are divided into three thousand Communes. Every Commune is virtually a State in miniature, with an organised Government consisting of a deliberative and an executive body. In some parts of Switzerland the deliberative body, known as the Communal Assembly, is composed of all the resident male citizens. That is so in Uri, Glarus, the two Unterwalds (Obwald and Nidwald), and the two Appenzells; and these are known as the *Landsgemeinde* Cantons. Elsewhere the growth of the population has rendered it impossible for the people to assemble in a mass meeting; and councils elected by them have been introduced.* But the people do not surrender their powers to these Councils. Once a year, at least, a communal voting by ballot takes place in which the citizens themselves decide all important questions. It is the Commune—not the individual nor the family—which is the unit of Swiss political society. M. Numa Droz, in his '*Institution Civique*'—a text-book in the Swiss public schools—says, 'The Commune is almost the State in a small compass, or, to employ an illustration from natural history, it is one of the cells of which the social body is composed. The Communes must have perfect liberty in rivalling one another in their efforts to satisfy and advance the interests they have in charge. Care must be taken not to reduce them to a uniform level, which would stifle all spirit of initiative, every desire for improvement.' It is from them that Swiss citizenship proceeds. Every Swiss citizen must belong to some Commune. He must possess what the French call '*droit de bourgeoisie*' and the German '*Bürgerthum*,' either by inheritance or by purchase.

The chief executive power in the Cantons of Switzerland is uniformly entrusted to a Committee of officials, popularly elected in little more than half of the States, and chosen by the Legislature in the rest. It is known by various titles, but is generally called the Council of State. The highest officer in the German Cantons is a chairman, frequently designated '*Landamman*' or President of the Council of State, but in Luzern, '*Schultheiss*.' For

* The notion of being present by representation appears to have sprung up in the twelfth or thirteenth century.

of forests, rivers, and lakes, the construction of roads and railways, and other matters obviously concerning the common interests of the country. The law-making power of the Federal Assembly is largely safeguarded by the Referendum.* Bills passed by both Houses of the Federal Assembly do not become law at once. They are published immediately after they are passed, and a sufficient number of copies is sent to each Canton, where for ninety days they remain on inspection. If during that period 30,000 citizens, or eight Cantons, petition for a popular vote, the Bill must be so referred. Moreover if 50,000 citizens, at any time, demand *total* constitutional revision, the question must be referred to the popular vote. Further, in 1891 the so-called 'Popular Initiative' was added to the Federal Constitution, 50,000 citizens being empowered to demand *partial* constitutional revision. The Federal Assembly meets twice a year, in June and December, for about four weeks; and there is usually an extra session in March which is shorter still. Parliamentary eloquence appears to be unknown in it, and the reports of its proceedings in the public prints are very meagre. The two Houses which compose it have equal power, and any proposition on matters within their cognisance may be introduced in either. No instance has been known of serious conflict between them. They realise the ideal of the good children in the nursery rhyme, 'When each one is willing to give up his plea, and rather have nothing than e'er disagree.' They sit together for the purpose of electing the Federal Council, which consists of seven members holding office for the three years, but almost always re-elected. Each member of it presides over a separate department; but it has small resemblance to what we call a Cabinet in this

* The procedure in the case of a National Referendum is as follows. Notice is sent to the Governments of the Cantons, and they make the necessary arrangements. Voting papers are prepared which set out briefly the nature of the law. Underneath this statement is a printed question 'Do you accept this law?' Two answers are printed, 'Yes' and 'No,' and the voter is required to strike one of them out. When the day for polling comes the voter must take his paper to a polling station and there obtain a free stamp, which is affixed to his paper, and which is a guarantee of his identity, since the stamp is only issued to electors. After the paper has been stamped it is dropped into a ballot-box. The Referendum is taken throughout the country on the same day, and the votes are counted afterwards. A Cantonal Referendum is made similarly.

country; it is rather a body of civil servants virtually permanent. One of them is chosen each year for the supreme office of President of the Federal Council, and is often termed 'President of the Swiss Confederation,' but he has no special powers; and at the same time another is chosen for the office of Vice-president; neither is eligible for re-election. The President receives a salary of 540*l.*, the other Councillors each a salary of 480*l.*; and while in office they may not pursue any profession or carry on any business. It might well be supposed that this modest provision would fail to attract men of light and leading to assume the cares and responsibilities of office. No doubt it does not attract them, but something else does. The best and wisest of the Swiss are led by mere patriotism to accept positions in the Federal Council, and to lead lives of simple unostentatious devotion to the task of serving their country. They exhibit the spectacle described by Milton where 'they who are greatest are perpetual drudges and servants to the public; . . . neglect their own affairs, yet are not elevated above their brethren; live soberly in their families; walk the streets as other men; may be spoken to freely, familiarly, friendly, without adoration.'*

The political constitution which the Swiss have worked out for themselves is unique in the world. It is a wonderful monument of political sagacity.† They have carried out the principle admirably stated by Herbert Spencer in his book '*The Man versus the State*.'‡ 'In a popularly governed nation, government is simply a committee of management; its authority is given by those appointing it, and has just such bounds as they choose to impose.' Those bounds have been most effectively imposed by

* 'Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth.'

† Prof. Hilty very truly remarks: 'Le génie du peuple suisse s'est toujours manifesté, dans ses meilleures périodes, et dans ses meilleurs citoyens, comme un composé remarquable d'enthousiasme et de bon sens pratique, mélange qui fait précisément le génie politique.' ('*Les Constitutions Fédérales de la Suisse*,' p. 3.)

‡ See chapter iv of that work. Mr Spencer follows up the words quoted with the remark, 'The function of Liberalism in the past was that of putting a limit to the power of Kings. The function of true Liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the power of Parliaments,' of so-called representative assemblies, too many of whose members represent nothing but the audacity and mendacity wherewith they have won an election.

the citizens of Switzerland in the way that we have seen. And all this has not been done in virtue of any *a-priori* theory. The existing Swiss Constitution is the direct outcome of the Perpetual League entered into by the three Forest Cantons, in that ancient village of Altdort—still the chief town of Uri—on August 1, 1291. 'Beginning, so to speak, in a single germ, it has, by a method analogous to that witnessed in other organised bodies, gradually developed new powers and differentiated functions, in accordance with the demands of the times and the increasing complexity of modern life.*' Switzerland has never tried to make a new departure in history. Her existing institutions are 'made and moulded of things past.' The Gemeinde—the Commune—has been the centre of all political life, of all individual right, for six centuries. And during those centuries the variety of laws and the diversities of procedure existing in the various Cantons have been the guarantees of freedom. The Swiss have never bowed the knee to the 'dumb buzzard idol' of uniformity, in whose name the ancient institutions of France were broken in pieces by Jacobinism—and whose iconoclastic votaries have wrought irreparable mischief in our own country. There is not a more patriotic people in the world than the Swiss; and the nature of their patriotism is admirably expressed in Tennyson's well-known and beautiful lines:

'Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.'

Switzerland, as it exists, is the most democratic country on earth; its institutions, political, judiciary, administrative, economic, are indeed superlatively popular, and so are its manners and customs. But all these have grown by a natural process, '*occulto velut arbor ævo.*' It is an historic and organic democracy, and stands in a class by itself in the modern world.

Consider for a moment French democracy, if you would realise this. That is the outcome of a paper

* 'Swiss Life in Town and Country' by Alfred Thomas Story (p. 29). I warmly commend this admirable little book to all who desire to obtain, in short compass, trustworthy and well-presented information on the subject with which it deals.

theory, largely false; it is atomistic and destructive. It is based upon an abstract man and citizen, and subsists by innovation. 'I see in the nation only grains of sand,' said the first Napoleon. He was right; and that was the secret of his successful tyranny. Personal liberties, municipal liberties, provincial liberties do not exist. All are crushed by an all-pervading and omnipotent bureaucracy worked from Paris, against which there is virtually no appeal. This is the reason why at the present moment, a small gang of atheists, having seized the centre of power, tyrannise, without let or hindrance, throughout the country, prostituting all the forms of law and all the resources of administration to the service of their crusade against the Theistic idea.* The French are a people of *administrés*. But in Switzerland, thanks to the Commune and its immemorial traditions of liberty, we find *men*, accustomed for long ages to think for themselves, to act for themselves, and, if necessary, to fight for themselves.

Again, a distinctive feature of Swiss democracy is that it is not worked by what we call parliamentary government. People in England, generally, are accustomed to regard this system as essential to liberty, forgetting that it is altogether modern and the accident of an accident, quite unknown to the free peoples of ancient and medieval times. The delusion is not unnatural when we consider how widely throughout the civilised world this parliamentary government of ours has been imitated or parodied. And so we have come to consider it almost as a law of nature that

* Of the many witnesses who might be cited in support of this statement it will be sufficient to call one, M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, against whose competence no exception can be taken. Speaking in the French Chamber on November 8, 1906, he said: 'The Third Republic summoned round her the children of the peasant and the working man, and into their obscure minds, their unenlightened intelligences, she poured, little by little, the revolutionary germ of education. But this was not enough. With one consent with our fathers, our elders, and our fellows, we have bound ourselves throughout the past to a work of anti-clericalism and irreligion. We have torn the minds of men from religious faith. The wretched workman who, weary with the weight of his day's work, once bent his knee, we now have raised up. We have told him that behind the clouds were only chimeras. Together, and with a majestic gesture, we have put out in the heavens the lights that will never be lit again.' The fact that on the next day the Chamber resolved that M. Viviani's speech should be placarded throughout France, is sufficient to accredit him as the spokesman of his party, or rather sect.

a people which would be free should carry on its public affairs by means of political parties, two only, if possible—that is supposed to be the ideal—one in office which the other is striving, *per fas et nefas*, to turn out. What we call popular government in England is really not popular government at all; it is party government, or, to speak more correctly, government by factions masquerading as parties. There is not the slightest vestige of this system in Switzerland. The seven men who, as members of the Federal Council, administer the Swiss Confederation—and we may say the same of the administrators of the Cantons and the Communes—are chosen for their personal merits, without any sort of reference to their speculative opinions; and are continued in office by the people so long as the people are satisfied with them. As M. Desjardins well puts it, 'En Suisse les autorités ne se démettent jamais et se soumettent toujours.*' The struggle for place and power which is the pivot of English public life is unknown there. The Swiss people are spared the public shame and national dishonour attending an English general election, when quack out-bellows quack, and cold and calculated lies, such as those about Chinese slavery and the cessation of old-age pensions, are scattered broadcast by men who, embarked in a career of meditated mendacity, have forgotten how to blush. In Switzerland there is really government of the people by the people.

Let us see how differently the two systems work by comparing the treatment of the primary education question in the two countries. How that question has fared in England we all know. It has been made the stalking horse of sectarian hate. It has been engineered in the interests of that curious entity, or fiction, the Nonconformist conscience. It has been pressed into the service of the war waged by the Protestant dissenting sects against the Established Church, and indeed against all religious bodies endowed with a creed less nebulous than the 'common Christianity' which is their fetish. Now let us turn to Switzerland.

'Of all the popular votes which have taken place since the introduction of the Federal Referendum' (writes M. Deploige),

* Vol. ii, p. 267.

'that of the 28th of November, 1882, is unquestionably the most notable, both from the importance of the question voted on, and from the large number of electors who went to the polls. The people were called upon to approve a Federal decree passed by the Chambers in pursuance of the terms of Article 27 of the Constitution. By that Article "the Cantons shall make provision for elementary education, which must be adequate, and placed exclusively under the direction of the civil authority. Such instruction shall be obligatory, and in the public schools free of charge. The public schools must be so organised that they may be frequented by those belonging to all denominations without prejudice to their freedom of belief or of conscience. The Confederation shall take such measures as may seem necessary against Cantons who do not fulfil their obligations in this matter."

'Since 1874 no steps had been taken to enable the Confederation to exercise its right of control over elementary education. The entire organisation, administration, and supervision of the public schools were left to the Cantonal Councils, and the provisions of Article 27 as to non-sectarian teaching were nowhere observed. In deference to the wishes of their citizens, the States had continued religious teaching within the schools, and in a great many of the Communes of the Catholic Cantons the teachers were members of recognised religious associations.

'Such a state of things seemed intolerable to the Radical majority in the Federal Assembly. They envied the laurels gained by Liberalism in other countries, and, doubtless in obedience to cosmopolitan Freemasonry, they resolved to make education the field for religious warfare. To start the campaign, they voted an inquiry into the methods of teaching in the Swiss Cantons by a Resolution framed as follows:

"Art. 1. The Federal Council are asked to make immediate inquiry, through the Department of the Interior, into the condition of the schools in the Cantons, and to make the necessary investigations in order to ensure that Article 27 be fully carried out, and to collect evidence which may form the basis of future legislation on the subject.

"Art. 2. To enable the State Department to perform its task, a special Secretary is to be appointed (Secretary of Public Instruction), whose annual salary shall be 6000 francs (240*l.*). His powers shall be determined by a special order of the Federal Council."

The proposed inquiry was bound to reveal that Article 27

had been disregarded in many places, and the immediate result was bound to be a new law on elementary education.

'The lines upon which this law would be framed were clearly indicated by a Federal Councillor when called upon for an explanation from the platform. Elementary education would be made either non-sectarian or secular. The staff would be laymen, the subjects secular, the methods secular, the school-houses secular. Education would be secular down to the most minute details, even in the purely Catholic Communes.

'The publication of the Federal Resolution was the signal for a general outcry in protest. "God in the Schools" was the motto adopted by Catholics and Orthodox Protestants throughout the whole of Switzerland. A vast petition was organised within a short time, to which 180,995 signatures were appended. No demand for a Referendum had ever been so strongly supported before. It is easy to imagine the energy with which the campaign was conducted up to the day of voting. The authors and partisans of the Resolution used every means in their power to ensure success. They raised a bogus cry against Catholicism, denounced the danger of clericalism, and, as a supreme argument, represented the Jesuits as waiting to enter the country. It was all in vain. The common-sense of the country asserted itself, and could not be exploited as in 1874. All these intrigues were estimated at their real worth, and on the 26th of November the Federal Resolution was rejected by 318,139 votes to 172,010.

'Catholics, Federalists, Orthodox Protestants, and religious people generally, united to vote "No." The minority was composed of German Radicals, Freethinkers, and Socialists. The Referendum on this occasion did good service for Switzerland. It checked the advance of anti-religious Radicalism at the very first step, and saved the country from the educational struggle and its deplorable consequences.'*

Such was the decision of the Swiss people on this grave question; and although, when it was arrived at, the majority of the Federal Council consisted—and has ever since consisted—of men who would rather have seen another solution, it has been loyally respected. Each Canton makes its own arrangements for the promotion and organisation of elementary education, taking

* 'The Referendum in Switzerland,' by Simon Deploige. English translation, p. 222.

care to observe the provision of the Constitution, that it must be 'sufficient, obligatory, gratuitous, and unsectarian.' The ways in which this provision is observed are various. In the Catholic Cantons religious instruction takes its place with other subjects of study. But it is given at stated hours, and every facility for absenting themselves is afforded to children whose parents wish them to receive only secular instruction. In the Protestant Cantons a like result is obtained. Matthew Arnold has truly observed in his well-known Report, 'Whoever has seen the divisions caused in a so-called logical nation like the French by this principle of the neutrality of the popular school, in matters of religion, might expect difficulty here. None whatever has arisen. The Swiss communities, applying the principle for themselves, and not leaving theorists and politicians to apply it for them, have done in the matter what they consider proper, and have in every popular school religious instruction in the religion of the majority, a Catholic instruction in Catholic Cantons like Luzern, a Protestant instruction in Protestant Cantons like Zürich; and there is no unfair dealing, no proselytising, no complaint.'

One must have lived in Switzerland, or at all events must have seen a great deal of the people of that country, to understand the place which education holds there in the national life. It has been said, not without truth, that the Swiss have the pedagogic instinct in ampler measure than any other people. They take a pride in their schools, and in everything connected with them. 'In the matter of education,' wrote Sir Horace Rumbold, when Secretary of Legation at Bern, 'they manifest a veritable passion, and it is a thing worthy of sincere admiration to note what heavy self-imposed pecuniary sacrifices they will cheerfully make to this cause. The public foundations, the private gifts, the State contributions devoted to education by this otherwise thrifty, close-fisted race, may be truly said to be noble in the extreme.' Mr Winchester notes that 'great attention is given to the school windows as to their comfort and convenience. The windows must face the east or south-east, and the benches be so arranged that the light falls upon the child's left hand. Then there is sure to be a large and grassy plot for the children's playground, with a fountain

of pure water in it, shady trees, and all the accessories for athletic exercises. The schoolhouse is the most commodious, modern, and handsome edifice to be seen in a Swiss town. . . . The pupil's manners and appearance are cared for. He is taught how to appear and act, no less than how to read and write, how to walk, stand, and speak; that his hands and his face should be kept clean as well as papers and books. . . . The desks, though extremely plain, look as if they are daily washed and polished; not a spot or a splash of ink to be seen on their surface, nor any evidence of the bad boy's knife; the large corridors and spacious stairways show no scratch or scrawl; the wall is free from finger-marks or inscriptions, and there are no bits of paper on the floor. The children, representing all classes of society, from the patrician down to the peasant, are neatly and comfortably clad; none dirty, ragged, or shoeless.* I should not omit to point out that the teacher in the Swiss primary schools is something more than an instructor in set subjects of study. The Swiss know well that the true object of education is not to cram the brain with fragments of knowledge, useful or useless, but to form the character. The schoolmaster in Switzerland is the 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of the children entrusted to him, taking part in their diversions, wandering with them in forests and fields, quietly gaining a knowledge of their disposition, and judiciously winning their confidence and affection. Perhaps to the refining and humanising influence of the teacher—often a man of considerable cultivation—are due the good manners which are so striking a characteristic of Swiss school-children. They exhibit, I must add, a very pleasing contrast to the ways of the children of our primary schools, which, as I remember Mr Ruskin once remarked, seem to be largely devoted to the teaching of impudence. 'The Swiss children,' writes Mr Story, 'have always appeared to me very delightful. In town and country alike they invariably meet one with a frank, ingenuous look, and, not uncommonly, with a bright sunny smile. It is rare to observe in them any rudeness either of speech or manner. Indeed I cannot recall a single instance of

impoliteness on the part of a Swiss boy or girl. . . . In the villages or on the country roads they rarely meet you without a polite 'Guten Tag' or 'Bonjour,' and if you should happen to inquire the way to some place, they will not unfrequently take considerable trouble to see that you go right. As a rule they show the greatest trust, and with a little encouragement they will enter into conversation, and prove themselves very agreeable companions if they happen to be going your way.*

Let us glance at a few more questions which Switzerland has satisfactorily solved, while other countries—our own for example—have been blundering round about a solution. Take the question which, as Lord Curzon has reminded us in a recent speech at Oxford, is the question of questions for us—the question of national defence. It has been solved by Switzerland in a manner which has taken captive the wondering world. She knows well—it is the lesson which the defence and augmentation of her hard won liberties, during long centuries, has taught her—that if a man is worthy of freedom he must be ready and able to fight for it. And, by a system justly dear to the Swiss people, they have been put into a position of such readiness and ability.

'The Swiss army' (writes Mr Winchester) 'is based upon a "voluntary-compulsory" system. It is essentially a force of militia intended for defensive purposes only. Admirable as it is in a military and economic sense, it is scarcely more than a summer holiday, compared with the rigid and grinding martial duties under the other European systems. Two things make it a light burden, if not a diversion for the Swiss. They have a strong military instinct coming down through generations. Then this instinct is in every possible manner encouraged and developed by the Government, the Canton, and the Commune. The elements of drill begin with the first week of a boy's schooling, as soon as he can stand erect or poise a stick. All kinds of games are practised that tend to open and expand the chest, to nerve the limbs, give carriage to the form, and serve to strengthen, temper, and adjust it. All these exercises fit him, and, in fact, contemplate his becoming in time a soldier. He not only learns in his youth the elements of drill and the use of arms, but habits of obedience, order, and cleanliness, and even those yet higher

* 'Swiss Life in Town and Country,' p. 158.

duties of a camp, the will to mingle class with class, to put down personal hopes and seek no object but the public good.*

As a pendant to these remarks of the distinguished American diplomatist we may take the following from the work of Sir Francis Adams and Mr Cunningham:

'The Swiss army is absolutely complete in every detail; the medical, commissariat, and veterinary departments are thoroughly organised; there is the proper proportion of cavalry, artillery, engineers, and transport; the battalions are kept up to their full strength and all in readiness for service. In fact, all the adjuncts for making an army a mobile factor in the field are, with the Swiss system of administration, complete and in thorough working order.

The organisation of the Swiss army is, in fact, as admirable as is the patriotic spirit of the two hundred thousand odd men of whom it consists. The whole able-bodied male population constitutes the army of Switzerland. It is the old Teutonic idea of the folk, as 'the people in arms.' And the Swiss soldier is better clad, better drilled, and better disciplined than are the soldiers of any other nation. He costs his country 7*l.* annually.† It may be well to cite here certain words of Lord Rosebery's. In a speech delivered at Edinburgh on the 4th of December 1908, he said, 'I myself am a believer in the Swiss system by which every able-bodied man is compelled to train for a short time, so that, at any rate, he may be capable, at a pinch, of being produced as an efficient soldier. Switzerland is the purest democracy existent in Europe and would not endure any but a democratic system of defence.'

Another question which is forcing itself upon the serious consideration of thoughtful men in this country is the question of socialism. There are socialists in Switzerland. Yes; but what kind of socialists? Socialism, it must be remembered, is the vaguest of words

* P. 248. Mr Winchester adds: 'In the public schools even the girls receive some training which fits them to be useful auxiliaries in the army. They are taught to staunch the flow of blood, to dress a gun-shot wound, and to nurse the sick; they know some chemistry, and are quick at sewing, binding, dressing, and such medical arts, and, if needed, they would march with knapsacks on their backs, as their mothers did in times past' (p. 250).

† The British soldier costs on an average 7*l.*, the German 5*l.*, and the French 4*l.*

covering a multitude of doctrines. Mr Lowell has well remarked that 'The Swiss Confederation, unlike almost every other State in Europe, has no irreconcilables; the only persons in its territory who could in any sense be classed under that name being a mere handful of anarchists, and these are foreigners.' The Swiss socialists, as a body, do not dream of suppressing private property whether in land or in other things. It would be rather curious if they did in a country which surpasses all others in the wide distribution of land ownership. Its 5,378,122 acres devoted to agriculture being divided among 258,639 proprietors.* As in Switzerland we have government of the people by the people, so we have ownership of the land by the people, two great factors of social order and of a stable polity. It is no paradox to say that socialism in Switzerland is conservative. It aims not at destruction, but at construction; not at rapine, but at the rational distribution of wealth. It aims at socialising the public services—and the aim seems to me reasonable enough. It does not aim at establishing an omnipotent State. The remedy which it proposes for the evils of capitalism is co-operation. As M. Th. Curti, a high authority, remarks: 'In face of the success with which social reform has been crowned in Switzerland, theoretic debates about the essence of socialism and the like could present no great attraction to our workmen. . . . Speculations about the iron law of wages, the proletariat of the masses, and the strife between classes, did not much unsettle their minds, because, thanks to our political liberties, the field was always open further to social reform, and a continual exchange of ideas, and of concessions, took place between the various classes of society.'†

Once more, does our country present any more disgraceful spectacle than the presence of an army of vagrants in our midst, parading London streets, infesting country roads, and filling the casual wards of our work-houses? Let us see how the Swiss have dealt with this problem of vagrancy. In the first place, they distinguish between the work-seekers and the work-shunners. In most

* The average size of the farms throughout the whole of Switzerland is not more than twenty-one acres.

† Quoted by Prof. Clerget, 'La Suisse au xx^e Siècle,' p. 176.

Cantons a wanderer who can prove that he is a genuine labourer may obtain food and lodging at any one of some hundreds of 'resthouses' dotted over a large part of Switzerland. On the other hand, if a man persists in begging, if he makes his wife and family a charge on the public by his devotion to liquor, if he is, in the expressive word which finds a place in the Swiss statutes, 'work-shy,' he is warned once or twice, and, if that proves ineffective, he is sent to a forced-labour farm for some months, or even years, where he has to work hard, whilst strenuous efforts are made to improve his character. This system has been eminently successful—indeed it has almost entirely delivered Switzerland from vagrancy. I cannot see to what rational objection it is open. It is merciful, nay, kind, to the honest man out of work. And if it provides stern treatment for the denizens of its labour colonies, that is precisely what is merited by the tramp who deliberately avoids every kind of lawful occupation, diverts to himself the sympathy due to the industrious poor, and terrorises the community.

I might say much more, but perhaps I have said enough to show why I have arrived at the same conclusion as Mr Lowell :

'The Swiss Confederation is, on the whole, the most successful democracy in the world. . . . The people are contented; the Government is patriotic, far-sighted, efficient, and economical, steady in its policy, not changing its course with party fluctuations. Corruption in public life is almost unknown. . . . Officials are selected on their merits, and retained as long as they can do their work, and yet the evils of a bureaucracy scarcely exist. All this bears witness to the capacity of the Swiss for self-government.'

Students of political science will nowhere find more striking object-lessons in popular government. They should hardly require the caution with which Mr Lowell supplements his encomium : 'We must beware of thinking that the methods [of the Swiss publicists] would produce the same effects under different conditions. The problem they have had to solve is that of self-government among a small, stable, and frugal people; and this is far simpler than self-government in a great, rich, and ambitious nation.'*

W. S. LILLY.

* Vol. II, p. 335.

rt. 9.—GEORGE MEREDITH.

the Collected Works of George Meredith. Thirty-one vols.
London: Constable, 1896-8.

THE art of fiction, in all its innumerable divagations of the last hundred and fifty years, must truly by now have provided material enough for a generalised criticism of its nature, its scope, its limiting conditions; but criticism can hardly be said to have yet made any calculated attempt to survey the whole parti-coloured field and to define the principles which seem to be implied. In the early and bravely irresponsible days of the novel there could be no possibility of such a definition. So long as the art was still purely experimental, so long as it could spread in all directions over virgin soil, criticism could merely watch discreetly and take provisional note of failures and successes. But fiction must follow, and is already following, the line of development which carries it from its first expansive thoughtlessness to self-conscious deliberation. It must run its course, like other forms of art; it must lose certain qualities and assume others; it must submit to maturity and make the best of it without trying to reproduce the essentially youthful graces of its past. It continues so unmistakably to hold its own as the most characteristic form of our time that a distinguished future, it is impossible to doubt, still lies before it. But it must pay the penalty of its prolonged predominance by learning to 'know itself' and to realise its principles. Such a process implies loss in a hundred ways, loss perhaps of the very qualities for which we most incline to value the art; but if the sacrifice is inevitable it is only the sharper challenge to the novelist to develop new values in their place. An artist is of his time, and if he inherits a form which has already yielded its first freshness he has to find the base of his work in the qualities that remain. Criticism steps in at this stage and tries to express the results that have been established, patiently hoping, be it confessed, to avoid its usual mistake of making the art square with its formula instead of moulding its formula on the art.

No attempt can of course be made here to co-ordinate

the scattered achievements of fiction in the manner suggested; but the single illustrious case to be considered will be approached as far as possible from this point of view. The work of George Meredith, so sumptuous and so varied, has for its admirers intellectual, moral, philosophical appeals which have perhaps to some extent obscured the question of its strictly artistic characterisation. Much has been written upon the strong consistent view of the world, of nature and society, which lies alike behind his novels and his poetry; but the art which went to its expression has usually been treated as a detachable matter, something to be estimated side by side, even if in the same prominence, with the personal doctrines of the great writer. Meredith cut so deep into his material and laid open such new sources that the fruition of his thought has occupied his critics before the form in which it was embodied. If it is attempted to reverse the process there can be little danger of overlooking the matter for the sake of the manner, for from this side the two things cannot be separated. The personality of an artist can be disentangled from his art, but never his art from his personality.

True, surely, of all writers, this is trebly true of Meredith, so sharply stamped with the mark of his brain and spirit was everything he touched. The most obviously Shakespearean in a certain sense of modern authors, he was nevertheless the least so if the word is used of that aspect of Shakespeare's work which gives us the most striking example in all literature of an apparent exception to our rule, the aspect in which the writer is merged, almost beyond possibility of recovery, in his creations. Meredith is never for an instant in this sense dramatic. His own presence dominates every page of his books; and often enough, both in his prose and his poetry, we seem less to be handling a fashioned and self-complete work of art than to be actually present in his studio, watching while he flies impetuously at the marble which hides the statue, and perhaps at times more conscious of the process, of the crackle of blows and the hail of white chips, than of the lurking goddess. Yet even so, though the din and the effort may interfere with one kind of enjoyment, the display of power, the determination and the onslaught, joined with the sense

that the possible prize is worth the struggle and that the unconquered block does in fact conceal the divine—all this makes of such an experience an exhilarating memory for craftsman or critic. It fires the athletic quality which is part of the mind of every artist, and shows in the perfected work, when at other times it is given us rounded and flawless, the temper which the highest beauty receives from brain alone.

Meredith's art, indeed, as we follow it from book to book, reflects one long conflict with stubborn and recalcitrant material. It is as though he could never be content until he should make language do a little more than it ever will. Most writers by middle life have acquiesced in the limitations of their medium, and their submission is dignified, rightly enough, by the style of mastery of their craft. There is, then, in the typical case, a moment at which hand and brain work in harmony and produce their best work, before the time arrives when the hand, now completely controlled, is found to be closing upon a gradually weakening substance. That is, on the whole, the evolution more or less clearly to be traced in most cases. But Meredith's record is utterly different. The compromise between intention and result, between thought and word, is struck with extraordinary precocity in his earliest work and with ever increasing difficulty in his later. Not of course necessarily on this account is 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' a better book than 'One of our Conquerors,' when the scope, the significance, the final product of the balance is considered, as well as its nicety. But while it is solely a question of the command of the medium in which he worked, it is easy to see that the Meredith of 1859 was far surer of poised and sustained effect than the Meredith of thirty years later. The rocky utterance with which his stories tended more and more to be wrenched into being was the exaggeration no doubt of an inherent mannerism; but to name it thus does not carry us far. With the living force which Meredith throughout poured into his work, the history of its style becomes the history of its substance; and the growing sense of effort merely implies that he charged his art with ever more complicated burdens. No other imaginative writer of our time has had to reckon with a

brain so perennially insurgent and insistent. Meredith's intellect touched life at an immense number of points and could rest at none of them. He was only incidentally a painter of nature and society; essentially he was an interpreter of one and a critic of the other. This distinction places him nearer Carlyle than Browning; for Browning, though in his case also intellectual curiosity never relaxed its strain upon his art, was far less a critic than a portrait-painter, and was more interested in character, for its own sake, than Meredith ever was.

We thus arrive at what must be called a fundamental weakness in Meredith's attitude as a novelist, pure and simple. Character is the corner-stone of fiction, and the variation of an inch in its position must more or less insidiously affect the whole fabric. It is perfectly true of course that a novel is in one sense necessarily criticism of life, for the simple reason that nothing a human being may say or do can imaginably be anything else. Nor must it be suggested that good fiction cannot be produced except upon the most strictly impersonal lines. All this may be admitted without touching the assertion that fiction is the master-art of representation and is more than this only at its own risk and on its own responsibility. So far from resenting the limitations, fiction should glory in it and be ever ready to look jealously on the tendency to infringe it. It is, or it should be, the especial pride of this beautiful art that it can represent more fully and freely, with greater subtlety and greater precision, than any other; and it ought not to forget that, however often it may do it with impunity, to allow other considerations to cloud the issue is really to allow just so much to compromise its unique power. To be interested first and foremost in character as such is the novelist's safeguard and justification. Meredith's interest in character was ultimately relative; it was closely modelled, that is to say, upon his philosophy, and it was in their bearing upon his philosophy that men and women appealed to him. The desire to show their value or the uselessness was the larger part of his desire to portray them; and, often as he might portray them magnificently, this constant preoccupation must be taken into account if we try to speculate as to the verdict which will eventually be passed upon his work. It must also be distinguished

guished from the obvious truth that for the strictest novelist human beings have a varying range of values, the difference being that judgment depends for him upon the æsthetic and not upon the ethical elements of the case.

We are here promptly confronted with the question whether the novel was really the form best fitted for this masterful imagination, or whether it might not have expressed itself with less hindrance in some more confessedly personal shape. But it will not do, we must be firmly reminded, to be tempted at this point by a question so completely in the air; the plain fact being that when Meredith began to write, as indeed when he ceased, no other form was possible for creative work on a scale so extended. Art, it would seem, insists on claiming that at least its greatest followers should, at any given epoch, keep to the main lines of its evolution. They must accept the forms which lie to their hand, wilfulness in such a matter being allowed only to those whose force is intense rather than broad. Meredith's power was too varied for any but the central stream, whatever its disadvantages; he was a novelist by predestination. Nor should it be forgotten that this very clash between the claim of art on one hand and individual impulse on the other may actually discover compensating sources of strength; as indeed conflict in some shape or other, with consequent sacrifice, seems ever necessary for the engendering of the best. It is surely, for example, not fanciful to trace to what we have called Meredith's initial weakness as a novelist one of the most characteristic and important qualities of his work. With an outlook on life so little detached, with an interest so speculative and constructive, with a range of opinion so positive in its operations, Meredith's grasp of actuality was far-reaching in proportion to his want of impartial serenity. This may seem a paradox in view of the inevitable objection that 'actual' is the last word one would apply to the world of his novels; and it is of course true that in the sense of a photographic transcript nothing could well be further from daily fact. And yet it must be felt that Meredith's novels, for all their curiously alien atmosphere, are somehow or other deeply embedded in life. Other writers may draw more recognisable scenes; Meredith contrives to place us in company

which, in spite of seeming at times like a mad dream, never allows us to question that something living and genuine is going forward.

Yet, vivid as was Meredith's sense of life, his rendering of it was always in indirect terms. He was as entire in and of the Victorian age as man could be, and his types were for the most part of the essence of the nineteenth century; but the air he set them in and the light he shed upon them have the effect of carrying the whole action back to the most spacious days of the *ancien régime*. Horse-whippings, duels, abductions, heroism, conviviality, high-handed rollicks of all kinds—Meredith's drama, whatever the scene or the period, was ever charged with epic reverberations of such matters. It is needless to say that this whole-hearted delight in the romantic stock-in-trade had nothing about it either vulgar or obvious. It was not the commonplace desire of the man of letters, hungry to take a hand in great enterprises for which he has been born too late. It was something much more fundamental than this, much more entwined in his artistic aims. If real life enacts itself in Meredith's novels upon a plane of unreality, it must be remembered that a peculiarly heightened and concentrated effect was thereby obtainable. Meredith singled out certain qualities—courage, spirit, pride, sentimentalism—and thrust them into the strongest possible relief. He did not more than record them; he blazed light upon them, raised their power, so to say, by intensifying their setting. The level of ordinary life was much too low for the strongly symbolic parts his heroes and heroines had to play. 'My people are actual, yet uncommon,' he himself pointed out. 'It is the clockwork of the brain that they are directed to set in motion.' High comedy cannot be rendered in terms of our daily intercourse; it requires isolation, a swept stage, an artful disposition of light. The framework which for Meredith gave the required relief was florid and artificial; in it his characters could not merely be themselves, they could be strikingly and exceptionally themselves.

All novelists are, of course, confronted with this problem, which is simply the all-embracing problem of turning life into art, the discovery of the right artistic notation for the theme selected. Of this part of

business Meredith was a past-master. His presentation of life is everywhere homogeneous; it bears to actuality a uniform and consistent relation. To choose one method of presentation, and not to be reduced (within the same work) to appealing for help from another, is perhaps less recognised as the plainest demand of art in fiction than in any other literary form. Perfect examples of this admirable economy are plentiful through the length and breadth of Meredith's novels. To single one out, we may point to two scenes from 'Sandra Belloni'—the moonlight expedition, with its characteristic interweaving of irony and lyrical rapture, in search of the unknown singer in the wood, and the delirious farce of Mrs Chump's capture of Braintop to help her in concocting her letter to the Miss Poles. Remote from each other, the two scenes are yet translations from life into one and the same language. Mrs Chump's voluble indignation and despair are no more 'realistic' in treatment than Emilia's liquid melody ringing through the night. Both are equally true, both are at the same angle to literal fact. There is no descent from one to the other; they are wrought up to the same pitch and by the same broad, sweeping strokes.

As marked as Meredith's care for consistency of tone was his curious indifference to background. This again may seem for the moment a paradox if we think of his superb power of brushing in a whole landscape in half a sentence, or if we remember only certain scenes in which outbursting emotion melts into sea or sky or land, transfusing and transfiguring them, absorbing their very essence into its own mood. But chapters like 'Morning at Sea under the Alps,' or 'By Wilming Weir,' are exceptional invocations of the beauty of day and night to surround and envelope human passion. Such exquisite visions of poetry are only for moments of great exaltation. For the most part we ask in vain for any sufficient means of realising pictorially the action which is passing. The defect is particularly noticeable in the uncomfortable sterility with which so many of them open. 'Vittoria,' with its rapturous initial ascent into the crystal mountain air of Italy, is an exception; 'Harry Richmond' very notably another, with its picture of the sleeping house suddenly roused, the door opening to the soft February night. But in most of them we are

allowed no chance of feeling *placed* at the start. We are plunged straight into the moral atmosphere of the action; but the absence of suggested form is a little bewildering to the most steady-headed reader. In the whirl of distant talk and laughter which opens the story proper of 'Diana of the Crossways' it is as though the play had begun before the raising of the curtain; and indeed throughout that wonderful book a full square view of the scene is seldom permitted. In 'The Egoist,' with its entirely simple scheme of time and place, the disadvantages of the spectator's position are still more obvious, for the scene never shifts after the first few chapters, and yet Patterne Hall remains to the end more or less of an abstraction. Quite as much as any toughness of phrasing, this defect is no doubt responsible for the obscurity which must in candour be allowed, even by the expert, to be a reasonable charge against many or most of the novels. It is essential to clarity that the sense of *where* the characters are should be plainly given; and we ask the question, in reading Meredith, a great deal oftener than we receive an answer.

But here again it is important to be reminded that a defect so obvious demands, in a writer like Meredith, something more than simple indication. Its origin and its reason need to be further traced in the texture of his art, and this demands a closer examination of his method of handling a story. The later novels differ very considerably in structure from the earlier; and it is in the later that the featurelessness of the background, whilst it is also more pronounced, is by the nature of the case more explicable. That extraordinary maze of poetry and fantasy, 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' stands apart; but from 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' to 'Beauchamp's Career'* the treatment is that of a chronicle rather than of a study. There is no sharply marked break; the change is gradual, and 'Beauchamp's Career' itself has almost as much affinity with the later books as with its predecessors. But, broadly speaking, if we compare (say) 'Evan Harrington' with 'Diana of the Crossways,' the difference is clear enough for an attempt to define it. Each

* The novels that come between these two are 'Evan Harrington,' 'Sandra Belloni,' 'Rhoda Fleming,' 'Vittoria,' 'The Adventures of Har Richmond.'

It is as though the whole action lay spread out before the writer at the start; he surveys it, comments on it, disposes of it point by point; he does not *tell* it. Artistically speaking, these packed overflowing studies of character and dilemma are open to the destructive objection that their density is governed by no definite design. Vital aspects become huddled and fore-shortened, sometimes even almost overlooked, in the exposition. How insufficiently, for example, is the amazing marriage itself prepared for in advance; we have to swallow it, an indigestible fact, while still imperfectly seeing how it arises out of the character of the pair. Again, the position, when their history opens, of Victor Radnor and Nataly, the legacy of twenty years of difficulty which is already behind them—how shadowily this past is realised before we are plunged into the development of the situation. Many examples could be given of this impatience of preparation, which, added to the increased scenic bareness, makes the reader's task ever less straightforward. Yet to the end, though the gathering force of the directing intellect seemed more and more to be baffled by the difficulties of clarity, these later books are full as ever of the torrential imagination which expressed itself in so many living and memorable shapes.

In Meredith's gallery of creations there can be no doubt which series stands out most bravely and takes the eye with the freshest beauty and originality. In Shakespeare only can we find anything to set beside his long series of portraits of women. Since Shakespeare no one but Meredith has painted women with the same full and romantic sureness. He drew them—his especial strength was that he did so—from a securely masculine point of view. It is this that, even when he most boldly tracks their inner thought, always prevents the picture from becoming a mawkish or sentimental abstraction. He never lost sight of the sane relation of man and woman to each other; and, highly as he might idealise his heroines, this ever-present consciousness was the charm which kept every most subtle touch perfectly sound and robust. The heroine of romance sprang with his first book straight to the position which she had never occupied since the days of Rosalind and Portia. She became a woman in a more complete sense than a woman drawn by a feminine hand

can ever be. Only where strong imaginative sympathy is grounded upon a firmly balanced virility, a sufficiently rare conjunction, are such portraits possible as those of Lucy Desborough or of Emilia, of Clara Middleton or Carinthia. The heroes who are mated with these peerless creatures fall into two main groups, one typified by Richard Feverel and Harry Richmond, the other by Vernon Whitford and Redworth. The admirable vividness of the former and the colourless tenuity of the latter proves curiously how necessary for a successful portrait it is that sympathy should be stoutened by a certain detachment. Meredith had imaged Richard and Harry from without, had watched and noted them, before he pictured them from within; and for the latter part of the process imagination had to make a definite effort and readjustment of itself. But Vernon and Redworth, Merthyr Powys and Owain Wythan, were too closely akin to the writer's mind to be surveyed as images before being described as characters, with the result that they do not crystallise sharply enough to form recognisable figures. For a true comprehension of Meredith himself they need close examination; but as actors in their own dramas it must be admitted that they utterly fail to stand out.

Their inconclusiveness, however, is the less felt that none of them occupies or is designed to occupy a place in the front plane of the books in which they appear. They do not therefore contradict the judgment that Meredith had an unrivalled power of consistently giving his principal figures their full emphasis. The latter hold the stage and predominate; the most strongly marked of the subsidiary characters never dispute it with them. Even the matchless and irrepressible Countess de Saldar gets no more than her due. 'Evan Harrington,' moreover, illustrates another delicacy which shows the cunning of Meredith's hand in this matter of relative prominence. It is necessary to the story that the presence of the great Mel should make an effect at the start out of all proportion to our actual glimpses of him; and Meredith manages with extraordinary art that he shall unforgettably pervade the atmosphere. An analogous case is that of Richmond Roy, the irresistible *bravura* of whose personality is felt as much in his absence as when he is brought before us. Where, as in 'Lord Ormont and

his *Aminta*, several characters have to be kept simultaneously in the fore, the handling is no less masterly. Indeed the one comparative failure in this respect is 'The Amazing Marriage,' where the different figures do no doubt tend to jostle and obscure each other unduly.

It is impossible here to examine in detail the army of minor creations which crowd to the mind in the wake of the foremost. Their variety, the wide range of station and type from which they are culled, expresses Meredith's great comprehensive reach over the social structure and the multiplicity of his affinities with life. He is as familiar in 'Rhoda Fleming' and 'Harry Richmond' with the atmosphere of the wallflower-coloured farm-houses in which he so delights, as elsewhere with the highly artificialised aspirations of the Poles or with the select restlessness of Diana and her circle. Mrs Berry, Mrs Chung, Mrs Wadly, form a chapter by themselves; Octilia's Professor, Shrapnel, Dr Middleton, another. All of them, it must again be emphasised, receive the figurative treatment, the deliberate translation from literal fact, which was indicated above. It is no criticism to say they are 'exaggerated'; though it may be confessed that occasionally, as with the terrible Ladies Busshe and Culmer of 'The Egoist,' and with the Peridons and Pempsons of the Radnors' music-making circle, they approach mere formulae, impossible of recognition. But we must pass over the tempting opportunities for insight into Meredith's art which are afforded even by failures of this kind, and be content with selecting two aspects of character peculiarly illustrative of his power.

The first is one familiar enough in life to make its unfamiliarity in fiction a proof of the extreme difficulty of portraying it. The warmth, the freshness, the fragrant charm so often worn by middle age are qualities that only the most sensitive art can catch in their likeness and unlikeness to the same qualities as worn by youth. Their representation is a matter of half-tones and veiled lights which elude any but the lightest hand. Many a practised novelist can draw the sympathetic elements of character which belong essentially to middle life and are born of it; but Meredith, in such sketches as Dorothy Beltham and Rosamund Culling does much more than this. He draws youthfulness that remains young and

desirable though shadowed and softened by time. Our modern idea of the point reasonably to be called the *mezzo del cammin*, is of course a great deal more generous than that of our grandfathers; and Dorothy, at any rate, may perhaps be regarded as middle-aged only in the same sense as Anne Elliot, who, as we know, had resigned all pretensions to youth long before she was thirty. But the actual number of ascribed years do not affect the question. Anne is middle-aged because Jane Austen so conceived her; and we may place not only Dorothy but the beautiful heroine of the 'Tale of Chloe,' that fine picture of tragic passion in a setting of the most fantastic rococo, in the same category. But Meredith's supreme triumph in this connexion is the figure of Nataly in 'One of our Conquerors.' Here we have a portrait, full and complete, which probably could not be paralleled in our literature. In her Meredith achieved the feat of describing one of his own young heroines—for Nataly in her youth would have been unmistakably a subject for him—leaving her all her buoyant beauty, yet enriching it with difficult experience. Thackeray no doubt did something of the same kind in drawing Lady Castlewood, but his task was an easier one by the extent to which his view of femininity was narrower. By the time he imagined Nataly, Meredith had long ago emancipated the heroine of fiction from her obligation to square with the earlier view of her as incurably, charmingly unjust and capricious and jealous. She was built upon finer lines by now and demanded a more comprehensive insight.

The other aspect of Meredith's command of character which we will single out shall be his unique grasp of international contrast. No one else has ventured to bring men and women of other languages so freely to the front of the picture as did the creator of Ottilia and Vittoria and Renée, of Dr Julius von Karsteg and Mr Pericles and Carlo Ammiani. Meredith's keen sense for what is English was sharpened by his strong appreciation of complementary qualities to be looked for elsewhere. He carried his discriminations too far, perhaps, in his insistence on the somewhat arbitrary antithesis between Celt and Saxon; his fondness for tracing certain sterling qualities to a Welsh strain was possibly a little more loyal than critical. But in the wider field his perception was

that of a man who dealt directly with life and accepted no conventional figments. The individual charm of their different countries is expressed in Ottilia, Vittoria, Renée, as ripely as is the English spirit in Lucy and Rose Jocelyn and Janet Ilchester. And for vigorous criticism, digging to the roots of character, the questioning to which Harry Richmond is subjected in his midnight colloquy with Dr Julius shows Meredith at his full strength. This scene in particular is so indicative of Meredith's personal point of view that a few sentences may be quoted :

"He sent out quick spirits of smoke rolling into big volumes. "Nay, my good young Englishman; but, on the other hand, you have not answered me. And hear me; yes, you have shown us a representation of freedom. True; but you are content with it in a world that moves by computation some considerable sum upwards of sixty thousand miles an hour."

"Not on a fresh journey—a recurring course!" said I.

"Good!" he applauded, and I was flattered.

"I grant you the physical illustration," the Professor continued, and with a warm gaze on me, I thought. "The mind journeys somewhat in that way, and we in our old Germany hold that the mind advances notwithstanding. . . . Somewhither we tend, shell and spirit. You English, fighting your little battles of domestic policy, and sneering at us for flying at higher game,—you unimpressible English, who won't believe in the existence of aims that don't drop on the ground before your eyes, and squat and stare at you, you assert that man's labour is completed when the poor are kept from crying out. Now my question is, have you a scheme of life consonant with the spirit of modern philosophy—with the views of intelligent, moral, humane human beings of this period? Or are you one of your robust English brotherhood worthy of a Caligula in his prime, lions in gymnastics—for a time; sheep always in the dominions of mind; and all of one pattern, all in a rut!" ("Harry Richmond," ch. xxix.)

The whole of this admirably expressive chapter reveals the rich and trenchant mind of the author himself. It yields a clue to the recognition of the embracing plan to which all Meredith's work was ever related. "Yes, yes, I comprehend," says Dr Julius a little later; "your country breeds honourable men, chivalrous youngsters. . . . It's not enough—not enough. I want to see a *mental force*, energy of *reason*." There we have it

All gifts of character, good dispositions and good intentions, vigour and perseverance, love and pride and chivalry—there is nothing that may not crumble to calamity, the best to the worst, where the initial impulse is not started by a clear and candid brain. It is brain only that can point the way, brain only that can utilise aright all the conflicting elements received by us from nature, none of which can man afford to suppress and to none altogether to trust himself. Life is not so simple a matter as the rejection of one-half of nature and a blind faith in the other; our task is nothing so simple as a flat discrimination between good and evil, each bearing an unqualified title. Blood, brain, and spirit—so Meredith figured the great triad on the harmonisation of which our lives have to be built; and if the discerning principle of brain is not incessantly active and vigilant the true chord will never be struck. All the tragedy and comedy of Meredith's creative work revolves round this central doctrine. It is present in his wit and in his irony, in his fierce exposure of sentimentalism, in his insistence on the rottenness of pride that is grounded in egoism; it is present in his glorification of freedom and sanity, and in the imperishable beauty of his lovers' idylls. 'Trace these spirited actions and these fine raptures to their roots,' he seems to say. 'If they spring from the sound understanding that is ready to give each side of our nature its due, and no more than its due, all will be well. But if character has been stunted or warped by any failure to see life in its true proportions, then expect disaster.'

The doctrine is expanded and reiterated to the last fullness in his poetry. It is here that we find, varied in a hundred different moods and strains, and in a form so elaborately symbolised that it is possible perhaps to read too much into it, his view of earth as the beginning and end of man, the universal origin to which humanity must be ever attuned. It is easy to lay a too mystical interpretation on Meredith's magnificent homage to earth the mother of man. His personification of her is his recognition of the example to man in the undeviating sanity of nature. The reckless waste and cruelty of nature does not disturb him. The grandeur of the life outside ourselves is for him its poised deliberation, its self-centred completeness, its universal grasp.

‘Never in woods
Runs white insanity fleeing itself: all sane
The woods revolve: as the tree its shadowing limbs
To some resemblance in motion, the rooted life
Restrains disorder: you hear the primitive hymns
Of earth in woods issue wild of the web of strife.’
—(‘Melampus.’)

To this great example then let man conform himself, remembering ever that the intellectual and spiritual in him is drawn from earth as surely as the physical. The animality in man readily confesses its parentage; and the mistake of the ascetic, a mistake as abhorrent to the mind of Meredith as that of the sensualist, is to set up an antagonism between the material and the immaterial, to assert that one must be destroyed as base-born and the other enthroned as of diviner origin. Spirit is as sour and thin in divorce from the body as the body is gross and ugly in divorce from spirit. Body and spirit are divine by the same divinity; and the test of manhood is to think and act, above all else to love, with a just understanding of both. Through all Meredith’s ‘nature poems’ this theme is the under-current; its final expression is to be found in the grave and stately measure of ‘A Reading of Life.’

The same theme is touched at a different point by the ‘Hymn to Colour.’ Reason about it, test it, disprove it as we may, the spirituality of earthly things remains for the human mind an abiding fact. Language may lay hold of it and riddle it through and show that it has no true substance; and yet it is known to all of us at moments that something not to be netted by language survives and escapes. As magnetism transfuses dead metal, so in beauty there is an essence and an influence which eludes our closest definition of beauty itself. It is for this, the intangible aura which hangs round beauty, that poetry exists; and poetry can render it only by symbols and imagery. And so in the ‘Hymn to Colour’ it is pictured as the transient moment of dawn, seen through the eyes that are the most poignantly quickened to seize it, the eyes of Love:

‘Love eyed his rosy memories: he sang:
O bloom of dawn, breathed up from the gold sheaf

Held springing beneath Orient! that dost hang
The space of dewdrops running over leaf;
Thy fleetingness is bigger in the ghost
Than Time with all his host!

'Of thee to say behold, has said adieu:
But love remembers how the sky was green,
And how the grasses glimmered lightest blue;
How saint-like grey took fervour: how the screen
Of cloud grew violet; how thy moment came
Between a blush and flame.'

As colour in the world of nature, the shafts of rose and gold which bring day out of night, so is the spirit in man's life, the spirit without which life itself is dead. And love being the highest and widest and greatest of man's capacities, it is in love that the absence of the spirit is most a disaster and its presence an enchantment.

Finally, brushing through our modern tangle of doubts and hesitations, salting the labours of heart and brain, comes the health-giving force which Meredith invoked as the spirit of comedy. 'Sword of common sense,' he apostrophised it; he was never tired of insisting that the best of things are the better for liberal seasonings of laughter. He was no doubt, in the strict sense, an optimist, if we care, indeed, to use so exhausted a title; but the word as trivially used, to denote the temperament that slides lightly over sin and sorrow, denying the power of either, has no application for him. He perfectly saw that the simple central life which he upheld grows harder with the growth of the world, and that the duty of brain to carve a shapely existence out of our huge legacy of advancing knowledge and increasing bewilderment becomes the heavier as we drive, 'shell and spirit,' the further into the void. The more need therefore that brain itself should be purged and fortified by that power of laughter which reminds us that, though self-consciousness is our pride and our distinction, it is also our ineluctable curse. We have learnt to survey ourselves, and there is no fear that we shall not find the sight absorbing. But there is the fear that we may dwell on it with such loving interest as to forget how relative is our importance; and equally in these days there is the fear of obsession by the horrors of the spectacle, till we magnify out of all proportion the strange

disabilities which undermine our strength. Laughter purifies the air and corrects the dangerous refraction of our vision. Even in that sombre and difficult tragedy, to which Meredith gave the bitter name of 'Modern Love,' the irony that watches the death and burial of passion has the securely anchored sanity which we owe to the same great gift. And if it has virtue in tragedy how much more certainly will it sweeten the beauty of hope and joy, where these have found their fulfilment. Its final and perfect effect is in the clear ring and flawless brilliance of 'Love in the valley.'

Such, in summary outline, was the work and temper of a high and many-sided genius. His death we may readily see as the close of a great period of literature. His long career started in the days when romance was still supreme in art, and romance, with all its power and all its limitations, was the material in which he wrought. Art has put on since those days so new a panoply that an artist, as we now understand the word, Meredith undoubtedly was not. That there is much splendid art scattered through his books the preceding pages have tried to show; but the restraining hand, the deliberate design, the critical sense of perfection, these are not to be found. More comprehensive still, the single-minded attitude of the artist before his work, his unqualified homage to it and it alone—this too was wanting. Yet with the literature of the past before us we must admit that romance did in its eagerness plunge its fingers more generously into life than art nowadays seems to have the secret of doing. Meredith's profusion, his exuberance, his ever-shaping imagination, his poem of poetry, survived into a generation to whom such qualities as these have all the heroic fascination of the past more spacious and more intensely coloured than the present. Those who are gone are always greater than those who remain—this we may recognise and concede. But in a more special sense we may realise that with Meredith died the last of his race. In art his aims are no longer ours, nor in life perhaps his creed; yet the further we may diverge from either, the more clearly we must perceive the strength and beauty which crowned so widely based and so living a work.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

Art. 10.—ORIENTAL ART.

1. *Painting in the Far East.* By Laurence Binyon. London: Arnold, 1908.
2. *Manuel d'Art Musulman.* By Gaston Migeon. Paris: Picard, 1907.
3. *Mediæval Sinhalese Art.* By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. Printed in the Norman Chapel, Broad Campden, 1908.
4. *Indian Sculpture and Painting.* By E. B. Havell. London: Murray, 1908.

THOSE who concern themselves with art are apt to look with a kind of admiring envy on the man of science, to think of him as continually progressing to the conquest of new worlds, urged on by a breathless anticipation of ever new and more astonishing wonders. But if the artist feels discouraged and overshadowed by the great creations of the past, the critic and student of applied æsthetics is to-day held in almost the same breathless suspense as the man of science before the new worlds of art which recent research has revealed to his wondering gaze. To almost the same extent as the man of science he finds himself out of his bearings, bewildered and amazed at the multiplicity and strangeness of the new unassimilated material. For him too it is imperative to find a new orientation, to provide himself with new charts and new guiding principles. The specialist in any particular branch of art is usually spared this effort. For him the discovery of historical data, all the quasi-scientific apparatus and curiosity of the researcher, is sufficient guide and stimulus. He takes refuge in a happy prejudice which gives to his particular branch of art an indisputable pre-eminence in his own opinion. This is doubtless as it should be. Without some such fortunate illusion the work before him could never be accomplished. But the mere critic, the man who seeks, however fondly, to adjust the valuation of any and every artistic expression of the human spirit, who must for ever keep his mind and feelings alert for the acceptance of new æsthetic truth, may well feel a certain bewilderment at the vast mass of new æsthetic experience which lies open to him.

Especially is this true of the art of the East. Scarcely more than a hundred years ago art meant for a cultivated European, Graeco-Roman sculpture and the art of the high Renaissance, with the acceptance of a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains as curious decorative trifles. Then came the admission that Gothic art was not barbarous, that the Primitives must be reckoned with, and the discovery of early Greek art. The acceptance of Gothic and Byzantine art as great and noble expressions of human feeling, which was due in no small degree to Ruskin's teaching, made a breach in the well-arranged scheme of our æsthetics, a breach through which ever new claimants to our admiring recognition have poured.

When once we have admitted that the Graeco-Roman and high Renaissance views of art—and for our purposes we may conceive these as practically identical—are not the only right ones, we have admitted that artistic expression need not necessarily take effect through a scientifically complete representation of natural appearances, and the painting of China and Japan, the drawings of Persian potters and illuminators, the ivories, bronzes, and textiles of the early Mohammedan craftsmen, all claim a right to serious consideration. And now, finally, the claim is being brought forward on behalf of the sculptures of India, Java, and Ceylon. These claims have got to be faced; we can no longer hide behind the Elgin marbles and refuse to look; we have no longer any system of æsthetics which can rule out, *a priori*, even the most fantastic and unreal artistic forms. They must be judged in themselves and by their own standards.

To the European mind of to-day, saturated as it is with some centuries of representative art, there is always some initial difficulty in thus shifting the point of view to one in which likeness to natural appearances, as we understand them, can no longer be used as the chief criterion of value. The average amateur is apt to think, even before the masterpieces of primitive Italian art, before Giotto or Simone Martini, that these are very good considering the time when they were made, or at least, that they would be better if they conformed more to his own standards of representation. Such an idea implies always an imperfect grasp of the language of the early

artist, but it requires many years of study to eradicate altogether the underlying prejudice. To such a one the mere fact that the Japanese employ a different kind of perspective from ours, or as he would put it, 'do not draw in perspective,' makes it impossible to give full assent to the artist's idea. On the other hand, any one who has once thoroughly mastered the methods of artistic expression employed in Byzantine and early Gothic art (say before 1400) will find that he has little or no difficulty in entering into the modes of conception of Sino-Japanese painting.

The present writer once had the opportunity to test this essential community between the art of the East and early European art. He accompanied Mr Okakura, the subtle and ingenious Japanese critic, to various galleries in London, among others to the exhibition of illuminated manuscripts at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Both there and elsewhere it was evident that the Japanese critic understood at once the meaning of an Anglo-Saxon drawing, and that he could without difficulty place it in its right relation with both earlier and later work. He understood the methods of expression, and he could appreciate exactly the changes in style that occurred in the course of centuries, but when once complete naturalistic presentment began in the fifteenth century he was altogether at a loss. Before a miniature by Simon Benink he stared with blank amazement and refused, with Oriental politeness, to express any opinion. He said that he was unfortunately unable to understand it. This of course did not mean that he failed to recognise the objects represented, but that he failed to see any artistic idea that lay behind that photographic vision.

The European mind has then been gradually prepared to accept the methods of Oriental design, and with that preparation has come an immense increase in its accessibility. In the last generation even enthusiasts like Whistler had to content themselves with blue and white porcelain of the seventeenth century, and a few Japanese prints of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But already the Berlin and British Museums contain a few masterpieces of Chinese and Japanese classic art, and the publication of the Kokka and of Tajima's 'Selected Masterpieces' have made possible for the first time some sort of

general understanding of the art of the Far East. Even so, however, it was possible only to a few to follow the development of the various schools, until Mr Binyon's book gave easy access at least to the general movements and conceptions of Chinese and Japanese painting.

Mr Binyon's writing, with its grave and sober eloquence, is admirably adapted to give an idea in words of the art of which he tells with such a deep sense of its poetical content. At least one great period of Chinese art, that of the Tang dynasty, has left nothing but a memory and some later copies; but even here Mr Binyon is able to hold the reader's interest by evoking vague and mysterious images of inaccessible splendours.

When, however, we come to the Sung period there is plenty of material at hand, though but few of the masterpieces have found their way to Europe. Mr Binyon well describes what must be the most surprising fact to any European who first sees, even in reproduction, a Sung landscape, namely, the extreme modernity of these painters. He shows how this note of modernity pervaded the whole South Chinese civilisation of the Sung period, and certainly the paintings show a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature such as even our own art has never quite attained to. There is a picture by Ma Yuan of the moon rising amid piled-up cumulus clouds over a limitless expanse of storm-tossed waves, which gives a deeper, more poignant expression to all those feelings of wonder and awe at the infinity of nature than ever Turner did. There is a scene by a river in winter, by Ma Lin, which has more of the sense of mystery and romance than anything in Corot. To the contemplative spirit of the Chinese, even the slightest revelations of beauty in nature—a bird on a spray of magnolia, or a rose-mallow reflected in a stream—can become outlets for the spirit into the infinite background of phenomena. Thus it is that their flower-pieces have none of the triviality which seems to mar even the most brilliant European renderings of such subjects. But it is in the definitely religious art of artist's like Li-lung-mien that we realise the full range of Chinese art, its power to adumbrate, in forms of classic severity and precision, the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence.

With Japanese art we enter a very different world, if we except, as well we may, the vast mass of fifteenth and sixteenth century imitations of Sung originals, which, even when executed by a supreme virtuoso like Sesshiu, bear upon their faces the evidence of wilful stylistic artifice. Indeed throughout Japanese art we are constantly meeting evidences of a more capricious, eccentric, and self-conscious attitude than would have been tolerated by the essentially classic principles of the great Chinese masters.

The earliest painting of Japan reflects for us in all probability something of the lost grandeur of the Tang school in China; it is profoundly religious and grandiose, but gives little indication of the specific characteristics of Japanese feeling. These come out for the first time in the great Tosa school, the Yamatoye or national school, as it was appropriately called. In Keion's long narrative scrolls we see a conception of art to which no parallel can be found in Chinese painting. They represent the violent scenes of civil strife out of which came the new feudalism. Nothing can be conceived more expressive than these of the turbulent vehemence of armed crowds, the agitation of a hundred arms and legs moving at the bidding of some infectious passion. In looking at these wonderful scenes, depicted with a line as agitated and alert as the gestures it describes, we are struck by the infallible power and the apparent ease with which Keion renders the most complex and momentary movements of the figure. How, one asks, was it possible at such a time, in the thirteenth century, with no long and slowly accumulated science behind him, such as a Goya or a Degas inherits—how was it possible for Keion to seize and render such effects? And in the answer to this we discover one of the curious paradoxes of Eastern art when compared to our own. Eastern art, and especially Japanese art, is far more visual than ours; the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations. It is more perceptual, less conceptual. The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolise concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of

order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design. Certain impressionists have apparently made the attempt, have even formulated theories of a purely perceptual design, but, in so far as they were artists, the decorative, and, in so far as they were human beings, the conceptual, elements are bound to intervene.

But it may well seem paradoxical to state, as I have above, that Japanese art is more perceptual than European. How can you call that art perceptual, it might be objected, which is ignorant of the laws of perspective—the laws, that is, according to which all appearances must arrange themselves to our vision—which neglects altogether that large element of perception which is concerned with light and shade? Now it would not be possible to deny that a typical modern picture was much nearer to the actual retinal image than a painting by Keion; but we must remember that this is the result of a comparatively modern discovery, of a purely scientific nature, the discovery in the fifteenth century of the laws of perspective; this discovery has undoubtedly modified our habitual visual attention very strongly, but, up to the time when European science stumbled upon that discovery, it was possible to the European artist to take greater liberties with perspective than the Japanese ever did. The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found. He knows, for instance, with what perversity the main actors in the drama will hide behind the most trifling and insignificant details of the foreground, and how rapidly the effect of distance is felt upon figures which the imaginative

needs of the story would have large and prominent. The result is that European narrative composition can with difficulty escape from the composition of a rilievo, that is to say, it has to give up much of the imaginative effect due to space relations. It is here that the native Japanese recognition of the visual whole comes to the narrative artist's aid, and he displays his actors spread out upon the ground as seen from above; true, he does not give to his figures the full distortion which such a view would actually entail; he follows here the conceptual view, which demands that things shall be seen in their most familiar aspect; but, since his perspective is instinctive rather than scientific, he can effect this compromise without any shock to our feeling for unity.

The question of light and shade is more difficult to resolve. We must think of light and shade in two aspects, for which, unfortunately, we lack words. In the first place, light and shade may be regarded as the evidence upon an object of its plastic relief, of all those saliences and depressions which, being at right angles to the plane of vision, leave no record in the contour; this I will call light and shade simply.* Secondly, we may consider light and shade as existing already in the atmosphere, and liable to affect any object which moves in that lighted and shaded atmosphere according as it protrudes into a band of light or shadow. This I will call 'chiaroscuro.' Its effect is not primarily to reveal plastic form; on the contrary, such effects as I have in mind, such effects as, for instance, Rembrandt and Caravaggio loved, tend rather to obscure and obliterate all but a few elements of plastic form.

Now in European art light and shade was studied for its plastic revelations for centuries before the essentially visual idea of chiaroscuro was conceived, and its study was due to the constructional, architectonic, and non-visual attitude of European artists. To the more perceptual artists of the Far East light and shade appeared to belong to the realm of sculpture and not to painting, and hence they developed and completed their pictorial language without its aid. It is one of the many

* Such a treatment of light and shade for its plastic quality is to be found in almost all the Italian painters of the fifteenth century and, in its completed form, in the work of Michelangelo and Bronzino.

cases in which the Eastern artist has retained purity, unity, and completeness of expression at the cost, no doubt, of a loss of intensity and depth. The Chinese and Japanese artists then rejected light and shade as belonging primarily to the sculptor's art; they therefore never arrived, as the Europeans did, at the idea of *chiaroscuro*, though this in itself might not have been unsympathetic to their predominantly visual attitude. That this is so may indeed be surmised from the fact that, in certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere, effects of mist, of night, and of twilight, they have for six centuries shown the way which only quite modern European art has begun to follow.

From this digression let us return to the story of Eastern painting as unfolded by Mr Binyon.

In China the period of the Yuan dynasty adds many masterpieces, in which, however, the essentials of the great Sung period continue to dominate; but in the Ming dynasty, though there is no revolution in style, there is a marked change of attitude. There is noticeable a greater love of variety of detail, a greater minuteness and elegance, with a loss of that grandiose unity of effect which makes the Sung masterpieces pre-eminent in the whole history of Oriental art.

In Japan the painting of the Ashikaga period corresponds with that of our Renaissance, and, oddly enough, like the art of that time in Europe, it is based upon a more or less conscious revival of classic models, the classic fount being for Japan the art of China. We must, I think, however much we admire the astounding skill of a Sesson or Sesshiu, regret the loss of the turbulent and intense dramatic spirit of Keion and his contemporaries. Virtuosity, the besetting sin of the Japanese race, here reigns triumphant. Sotatsu stands out in this period as a great master of flower design; but it is, on the whole, a relief to pass to the less refined but more original splendour of decorative designers like Yeitoku.

But it is in Matabei that the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Keion; and it is significant of the Japanese spirit that he is the great master of *genre* and the originator of the Ukiyoyé, the fertile school of designers to which we owe all the marvellous ingenuity of Japanese colour printing. No on

an look even at the reproduction given in Mr Binyon's book of a painting of a dancing girl without feeling the greatness and originality of Matabei, without recognising the spontaneity and force of the imaginative impulse which here realises so intensely the vital unity of rhythmic movement, and presents it in forms so austere and nobly restrained. The familiarity of the theme is no bar to the almost hieratic solemnity and grandeur of feeling with which Matabei invests it. And, on the purely decorative side, what amazing fertility and taste is here displayed! There is here the true power of the great pattern maker to get the utmost richness without loss of unity and by the use of the simplest means. And this is the more remarkable in that it is on the purely decorative side of their art, in their designs for textiles and pottery, that the worst failings of the Japanese are apparent, their frivolous delight in multiplicity, ingenuity, and virtuosity.

Of Matabei Mr Binyon writes with more than his usual eloquence. After explaining that Matabei had mastered the principles both of the old national Tosa school and of the Chinese revivalists, he adds:

'There is nothing in him of the tameness that so often attends the calculated attempt to blend a variety of qualities, such as we find in the Caracci. On the contrary, there is a sort of primitive fire in his painting. All his qualities are native to him; there is nothing taken on from outside. Nor was he tempted, as many leaders of revolt have been, into the violence of reaction from accepted type. There is the centred strength of balance in his art. . . . Nothing is more utterly Japanese in its beauty than the beauty discovered in life by Matabei. Perhaps these may seem extravagant words when we contemplate the artist's few extant works. But it is with him as it is with Giorgione; we feel him a power working in the life of art, perhaps even more in the production of others than in his own.'

Korin stands perhaps to the European as the most typical, as he is almost the most popular, of Japanese designers; but beside the noble dignity of Matabei his work appears marred by capricious individualism, by a desire to astonish and surprise that does not conduce to lasting admiration.

Of the later developments of Japanese art it is un-

necessary to speak, its real importance for us lies in the colour prints which have for long been the most familiar of all Eastern graphic designs. Mr Binyon discusses them with fine appreciation, though it is surprising that he omits Sharaku, who is, if not the greatest, at least the most classic and one of the most original of all, besides displaying the possibilities for this particular technique of colour in its rarest and most fascinating aspects.

Mr Binyon's conclusion is one which deserves the most thoughtful attention. In it he points the moral, for Western minds, of Eastern art as an outcome of Eastern life; of a life more ordered, more harmonious, a life that does not divorce so completely as ours its ideals from its practice.

'We fill a museum with fine works from divers countries, and place it in the midst of streets that desolate eye and heart, without an effort to make them part of the beauty we desire. Art is not an end in itself, but a means to beauty in life. This we forget.'

It is not a little strange that while in thought and religion India is the mother country of the Far East, we can treat Chinese and Japanese art as a whole by itself. References to Indian art there undoubtedly are, especially in certain phases of Japanese design, but on the whole the influence of India is surprisingly slight. It is most felt in outlying and provincial schools in Thibet, in Siam and Annam, but the great central Chinese tradition seems scarcely affected by it; motives borrowed from India become transformed at once by the powerful genius of the Chinese race.

To the European who, through British occupation of India, has had for so long the opportunity of familiarity with it, Indian art appears to present almost insuperable difficulties. It is at once stranger and more familiar than the art of China and Japan. More familiar in that it treats the human figure with a certain structural completeness which, whether it be an inheritance from Greek art or not, at least recalls the general European tradition. Stranger in that the religious symbolism of Brahmanism is often repellent to Western minds, incomparably more so than that adopted by the Buddhist art of China and Japan. We can understand without much difficulty the

significance of the seated figure of Buddha; the Kwannon or Goddess of Mercy is a welcome, almost a Christian conception, but we stand aghast before certain many-armed and many-headed figures in which the ideas of Siva or Vishnu are externalised. But one may doubt whether this in itself would keep us at bay. It is rather the curious incoherence—for to us it appears such—of Indian sculpture, its want of any large co-ordination, of any sense of relative scale. In its choice of relief and of the scale of ornament it appears without any principle. It is like a rococo style deprived of the lightness and elegance which alone make that style tolerable. Such a treatment implies for our minds a fundamental conflict between the motive and its expression; for these heavily ornate reliefs—one cannot but have in mind the Amaravati sculptures of the British Museum—are intended apparently to convey notions of grave religious import, and such ideas are for us inevitably connected with a certain type of line, with a certain austerity in the treatment of design, with large unperturbed surfaces or great and clearly united sequences of plane.

This is not written in any way as an answer to Mr Havell's well-intentioned denunciation of the British official attitude to native Indian art. All that he avers may be true; it is merely an endeavour to state the real difficulties of approach to an understanding of Indian art, difficulties which, as we have seen, are not met with before Sino-Japanese art, or even before Egyptian art, where the symbolism of divinity is at least as strange and as likely to shock us as that employed by the Indians. Nor is it said as a condemnation of the whole of Indian figurative art. There are reproduced in Mr Havell's book many sculptures which must appeal deeply to any unbiassed and sensitive European.

The free and picturesque composition from Ellora, representing 'Ravana under the mountain of Kailâsa,' complicated though it is, is held together by the dramatic beauty of movement of the figures of Siva and Parvati. The same dramatic vitality is apparent in the struggle between Narisinha and Hiranya-Kasipu, also from Ellora. Indeed all the Ellora and Elephanta sculptures here reproduced appeal to the European eye by a relatively greater observance of the laws of co-ordination, and by

an evidence of dramatic force which indicates that Indian art did not always convey its meaning in a strange tongue. The same is true, in an even greater degree, of the superb colossal figure of a war-horse led by a striding soldier from Kanârak in Orissa. This has indeed, in the highest degree, the qualities of great monumental design, and one may sympathise fully with Mr Havell when he says of it that it not only shows

'the versatility of Indian sculptors in the past, but points to one of the many potential opportunities which might be opened to their descendants in the present day if Anglo-Indians, who persist in treating them as ignorant children, possessed the capacity of the Mogul craftsman for understanding and utilising the extraordinary artistic resources of the land in which they live. For certainly, among all the commonplace statues of British Viceroys and Generals by European artists set up on the *maidans* of Calcutta and Bombay, there is not one to be placed in the same category as this.'

But it is rather outside of India proper that, if we may judge from Mr Havell's work, we must look for those aspects of Indian sculpture which are most likely to appeal to European taste. The great statues at Anuradhapara in Ceylon, and the reliefs at Bôrôbudûr in Java, have noble qualities of style. In the Bôrôbudûr reliefs the eye can rest upon straight lines, upon untroubled spaces of flat stone, upon mouldings of classic simplicity; the bands of ornament, intricate and elaborate as they are, are held in place by the nice choice of relief, being low and unaccented, in opposition to the deep cutting and full modelling of the panels they surround. And in these panels, in spite of the full roundness of the modelling and the wealth of ornamental detail, the unity is maintained by a fine sense of rhythm and discreet massing and spacing.

Doubtless Mr Havell is justified in maintaining that by this time all trace of Greek influence has departed from Indian art; certainly no one would be disposed to deny the immense superiority of these reliefs to the derivative art of Gandhara; but it is odd that the particular balance between realism and large suavity of decorative rhythm here attained, comes nearer to certain Greek reliefs than to anything else, though in their over-ripe

weetness and richness of effect one would compare them with neo-Attic rather than with Pheidian examples.

Of Indian painting it is almost impossible for us to form at present any idea. The great examples for all the earlier centuries (100 B.C.-700 A.D.) are the frescoes in the caves of Ajanta, and until these are adequately reproduced we can form no judgment. The reproduction given by Mr Havell is too fragmentary. On the other hand, the reproductions of frescoes from Sigirya in Ceylon have singular beauty and make one wish that further study of these should be undertaken. They have a strange and disquieting charm, at once noble and perverse, as of some one who should combine the arts of Fra Angelico and Felicien Rops. For the later periods of Indian painting it is impossible to share Mr Havell's enthusiasm; the Thibetan art which he includes is essentially provincial Chinese, and the Mogul art is debased Persian. To any one who has once familiarised his eye with Persian originals these can make but a feeble appeal. Nor does he strengthen his case by including the efforts of certain modern artists. Such pictures as that of the 'Siddhas of the Upper Air' show that, however anxiously these artists strive to adopt the formulæ of their ancestors, the spirit that comes to expression is that of the American magazine illustrator. Nothing indeed could provide a stronger proof of the profound corruption which contact with European ideas has created in Oriental taste than these well-intentioned but regrettable drawings. Mr Havell has done a much-needed work in putting before English readers the serious claims of Indian art; the fact that he puts them in a rather needlessly provocative manner may perhaps delay their acceptance, but such righteous indignation is doubtless excusable in one who has watched close at hand the substitution of European commercial products for those of an ancient and respectable craftsmanship.

It is entirely from this point of view indeed that Mr Coomaraswamy's book is conceived. Himself a Cingalese (or, as he no doubt correctly calls it, Sinhalese), he writes in a far more restrained tone than Mr Havell, but his criticism of English influence on Sinhalese art is quite as severe. For he is not concerned with the history of the great masterpieces; his work is almost as much

sociological as æsthetic; he seeks to investigate and explain the methods of Sinhalese craftsmen, to fix the outlines of an artistic industry and education before it finally disappears. The interest of such an attempt is great, for the tradition of craftsmanship which survived in full force until the English occupation, and vestiges of which still linger in remoter districts, was closely akin to that which obtained in Europe in the Middle Ages.

We ourselves, ever more and more disgusted with the effects upon art and life of machinery under commercial competition, have, since Ruskin pointed the way, turned with eager curiosity to the study of medieval craftsmanship and organisation of labour. In this direction Mr Coomaraswamy's record is likely to be of great value, for although, as he himself admits, the works which he discusses are not masterpieces, are in fact the ordinary utensils of daily life, still they bear upon them the stamp of individual care and sound craftsmanship.

We have so far left out of account the art of Persia. To this Mr Binyon devotes a brief chapter. No doubt the time has not yet come to write a history of Persian art, or to trace all the influences from China, from Syria, and from Egypt which were brought to bear on the earlier Sassanian tradition. Mr Binyon, no doubt, rightly remarks on the Chinese influence, though he underestimates, I think, the indigenous tradition and speaks of the conquests of Ghengis Khan and Tamerlane as a quickening influence. Now perhaps the finest pottery and some of the noblest draughtsmanship and design which we know at all was produced at Rakka and Rhages before the Mongol conquests. Indeed that particular art was brought to an end by the devastations they caused. Mr Binyon seems scarcely to give sufficient weight to this essentially Persian tradition—a tradition of drawing unsurpassed in certain respects even by the finest Chinese art. Nor was figure art confined to the decoration of this marvellous lusted pottery. In the Bibliothèque Nationale there is an illuminated manuscript dating from the early part of the thirteenth century in which the same great and purely indigenous figure drawing is seen; moreover, we know that the Fatimite rulers of Egypt had the walls of their palaces covered with frescoes in which, judging from the descriptions which

have survived, the human figure was represented on a large scale. Finally, the discoveries at Kosseir-Amra, published by MM. Riegl and Karabacek, show that as early as 860 the artists of the Nearer East were able to cover the whole interior of a building with frescoes. All this points to the existence of a great artistic tradition in early Mohammedan times extending from Egypt to Persia. But for the real history of this great efflorescence of Mohammedan culture we must await the results of researches such as those carried on by Dr Martin. No doubt Chinese influence may have come in earlier—and certain pieces of pottery of the Yuan dynasty which have lately come to Europe point to this conclusion; but the great period of Chinese influence in Persia was the sixteenth century, when already Persian design was over-ripe. Almost everything that survives of Persian art of the thirteenth century shows such impeccable taste, the drawing has such nobility and freedom, the decoration is so largely conceived, that it is difficult, after seeing specimens of this period, to tolerate the sixteenth and seventeenth century work which once stood as typically representative of Persian art.

What will be the effect upon Western art of the amazing revelations of these last twenty years? One can scarcely doubt that it will be almost wholly good. When once the cultivated public has grown accustomed to the restraint, the economy of means, the exquisite perfection of quality, of the masterpieces of Eastern art, it will, one may hope, refuse to have anything more to say to the vast mass of modern Western painting. And then, perhaps, our artists will develop a new conscience, will throw over all the cumbrous machinery of merely curious representation, and will seek to portray only the essential elements of things. In thus purifying pictorial art, in freeing it from all that has not immediately expressive power, Western artists will be merely returning to their own long forgotten tradition. The greatest practical value of Eastern art for us lies in the fact that those essential principles which, in our thirst for verisimilitude, we have overlaid, have been upheld with far greater constancy by the artists of the East.

ROGER FRY.

Art. 11.—BEFORE AND AFTER THE DESCENT FROM ELBA.

1. *Le Revirement de la Politique Autrichienne*. Négociations secrètes, Novembre 1814–Mars 1815. By Commandant Weil. Turin: Fratelli Bocca, 1908.
2. *Letters from originals at Welbeck Abbey*. Roxburghe Club, 1909. (Appendix 1B is a sketch of Lord William Bentinck's Life, by Mr Richard W. Goulding.)
3. *MSS. in possession of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey*.
4. *Unpublished Letters from Paris of March 1815, from Sir Charles Bagot to Mr Hammond*, in the possession of the Honourable Misses Hammond.
5. *Public Record Office. Admiralty*: (Letters of admirals.) Vols 429 (Mediterranean, 1814), 430 (Mediterranean, 1815). *War Office*: Vols 283 (Secretary of State, Letters), 284 (Army in Mediterranean, Lieut-General Lord William Bentinck, 1815), 315 (Sicily, 1814). *Foreign Office*: Vols 9 (Congress of Vienna. Drafts to Ministers and Consuls), 21 (Tuscany), 6 and 62 (Italian States), 71, and Bundles (Sicily), 111 and 114 (France), 142 (Miscellaneous), and 299 (Précis). *Foreign Office Archives* (1815), Portfolio 129, 130, 131.
6. *La Rivoluzione Lombarda del 1814 e la Politica Inglese*. Secondo nuovi documenti. By Giuseppe Gallavresi. Milan: Archivio Storico Lombardo, 1909.
7. *Joachim Murat. La Dernière Année de Règne*, Mai 1814–Mai 1815. Vols i, ii, iii, and iv. By Commandant Weil. Paris: Fontemoing, 1909, 1910.
8. *Lettres et Documents, Joachim Murat*. By Prince Murat. Vols ii and iii. Edited by M. Paul Le Brethon. Paris: Plon, 1909.
9. *Report, Historical Manuscripts Commission, on the Manuscripts of J. B. Fortescue, Esq.*, preserved at Dropmore. Vol. vi, 1908.
10. *Lettres et Papiers du Chancelier Comte de Nesselrode*. Vol. v. Paris: Lahure, 1907.

THE revelations, in and since 1908, of secrets of the years between 1800 and 1815, as well as recent publications upon the period between Waterloo and the foundation of the new German Empire, present features of

extraordinary interest. Documents of 1814 and 1815 upset our history, as do three letters of the autumn of 1870 contained in 'The Bernstorff Papers.' The archives of the Austrian political police, and of Piedmont, are yielding rich material to the historian. Our own are still subject to a reservation concerning our secret agents, from which records in private hands are free. Already, in 1905, Mr Walter Fitzpatrick's painstaking work at Dropmore had produced, in the fourth volume of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on Lord Grenville's papers, letters from Stanforth* calculated to set that mysterious figure even higher than it had appeared in the previous volume. The sixth volume, published in 1908, shows Grenville—who controlled for Pitt, in 1800, our relations with the Continent—despising Austria, presenting to the Minister a suggestion of alliance with Bonaparte, made by another of our secret agents, and adding argument in conflict with the avowed policy on which history has been based.

It is the bearing of the new documents of 1814-15 upon the relations of the Allies with the Bourbons, and upon the descent from Elba, that concerns us most. Popular beliefs, based as they are on the Wellington despatches, the Castlereagh correspondence, and the State papers, will be shaken by complete publication of records as yet but little known and not, up to this moment, fully searched.

Mr Fitzpatrick, in his introduction to the Dropmore volumes, says that Lord Grenville's letters would 'obviously have furnished valuable material' to historians, but were 'unknown' until Mr Fortescue allowed their use. The connexion of Fouché with the British Cabinet was, indeed, suspected here, as was in France our financing of conspiracies against Bonaparte. The price of Barras and of Montgelas was newer and forms interesting scandal. Still newer is the evidence as to the part played on our side by the sister of Queen Louise of Prussia, and the reports of our representative at Berlin, replacing the

* 'Stamfort' in the indexes. George III writes 'General Stamford.' The Governor of the Princes of Brunswick and agent of the Prince of Orange made use of the French tongue, and signed 'Comte de Stanforth.' He is divided into two German poets, both 'Stanforth,' though with different initials, in German works of reference.

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 An inaccurate sketch of Bentinck's career—suppleme

in other quarters only by accounts of his policy as Governor-General in India—ends with an assertion that the papers of Lord William Bentinck were brought together with a view to the writing of a Life, but have 'disappeared.' Some secret papers of 1814 have 'disappeared,' but enough are safely stored at Welbeck, and in Italy, to permit of an attempt to set in their true light the public services rendered by Castlereagh's chief representative in the Mediterranean. It bears closely upon the descent from Elba and upon the birth of Italy.

An article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' in 1898, told 'The story of Murat and Bentinck' as it then appeared to stand. The case against Bentinck is met by Lord Aberdeen's despatch, which justifies him in his instructions to Mr (afterwards Sir James) Graham, and in his own action. 'Lord Castlereagh has desired me to convey his full approbation for the whole course you have pursued relative to the transactions with Murat.' But the essayist declares that Bentinck was proved, later in 1814, to be 'congenitally unfitted for posts of high responsibility.' Bentinck resigned his post, and so passes from our history—our history of the time, no doubt, though even his long tenure of the most responsible of posts is belittled. Macaulay may have been right or wrong in his judgment passed on Bentinck as an Indian ruler. It is contained in words quoted by Sir George Trevelyan, from the essay on Clive, as applied to 'that singularly noble character,' Bentinck. No one now doubts the truth of Macaulay's letters describing Bentinck as 'rectitude, openness, and good nature personified'; 'the frankest and best-natured of men.'

The story of 1814 as last told, by Commandant Weil, runs thus. Bentinck was our Minister at Palermo, the Court of Ferdinand, who claimed the 'Two Sicilies'—one of them in the hands of 'the Usurper,' Murat. He was also Commander-in-chief of the British land forces in the Mediterranean, and Captain-general of the Sicilian army. Up to January 1814 his policy, fully explained by him to Castlereagh, received hearty support from home. Having been sent to Sicily as plenipotentiary by a previous administration, he had asked, on the change of Government, to be allowed to resign his 'diplomatic' post, according to the practice of the day, and to pursue

a purely military career. Castlereagh had induced him to continue to perform his multifarious duties. When not leading, as their General, the Anglo-Sicilian forces in Spain or Italy, Lord William was managing our Italian policy. If he left Palermo, one of the many soldiers and diplomatists who were under his orders reported to him, and generally through him to the Government at home. His subordinates and his agents were of different kinds. Douglas became for a time a personal friend of the Sicilian Bourbons, and wrote of Napoleon as 'a monster' whose 'death' was to be prayed for; Lieut-General Robert Macfarlane and Milnes the A.D.C. were devoted to the inspiring personality of their chief. Amongst others, including some peers on their travels, a greater Milnes, Lord Houghton's father—who had just refused the Secretaryship at War and the Exchequer—was pressed into the service.

The most compromising of Bentinck's men was Fagan, of whom we have been told that he exaggerated the errors of his chief, and was crushed like an insect by the Foreign Office. But the truth is that our consul at Palermo was also our official agent at Rome and Naples. He was Consul-general in Sicily, and also, in 1814, at Naples, the capital of 'Marshal Murat,' with whom we had made peace, refusing recognition. The Austrian police reported Fagan's actions as those of an ambassador having daily interviews with the brother-in-law of Napoleon at a time when communication between Naples and Elba was continuous. British Ministers expressed their horror of Fagan in Cabinet letters long since published to the world. Nevertheless Fagan was not 'dismissed'; and continued to be well paid until his death at Rome in 1816, duly reported to the Foreign Office by his subordinate in our consulate. Neither did we cease to pay him, by Castlereagh's own decision, a special income of 200*l.* a year, additional to his salary and expenses. It had been necessary in 1814 that at Rome he should be only the portrait painter to the Pope, in spite of our official use of his reports upon his interviews with the papal secretary; it was also necessary that his presentation to Murat should be as 'Mr Fagan,' and 'not as Consul.' No notice was ever taken of a discovery recorded in the Castlereagh Corre-

pendence, that, as a Roman Catholic, Fagan could not hold the office,' to which, however, his religion had been one of his claims, as stated by his patrons, Lord Amherst and Mr Baker, M.P., of Bayfordbury. The descendant of the latter, Mr Clinton Baker of Bayfordbury, has most kindly helped to fill the gaps in a study of Fagan's life required by this review.

No language could be more stern than that made use of by Burghersh, and by Bathurst about the 'mischief-makers and busybodies' whose proceedings terrified the Austrian police. Against Fagan, against Bentinck through Fagan, and against Castlereagh through Bentinck, the police case was at its strongest. Fagan accepted censure from all sides, and has thus misled historians.

When À Court, on taking Bentinck's place as Minister at Palermo, discovered activities of which he had not been warned on account of the delicacy of the subject, he at once complained of Fagan's conduct; but the answer which he received from Castlereagh shows that there was more in Fagan's position than met the eye. All the strong language of complaint has seen the light, but it is well to study the actual words of Castlereagh's real reply. It is not the 'ostensible' reply of the same date printed in the Castlereagh Correspondence. Dating from Vienna, October 2, the Minister passed over the public despatches of À Court, and the official answers made to them by Bathurst. Castlereagh wrote, in his own hand, that he had 'received your private letter in regard to the conduct of Mr Fagan, which, according to your manner of stating it, seems highly reprehensible.' Finding that À Court had recalled Fagan 'to his Sicilian duties,' Castlereagh confirmed that decision, which, however, was not acted upon by its author; and mysteriously told À Court that he might 'enjoin him not to meddle in political affairs but in strict pursuance to your instructions.' Fagan had 'meddled in political affairs' in Italy, 'in strict pursuance to instructions,' and with Castlereagh's approval. Government acted upon the information as to papal policy and Neapolitan war preparations conveyed in Fagan's memoranda long after the severe 'censure' and supposed dismissal.

Bentinck also was brought home 'to explain,' while some writers have not hesitated to describe as 'dismissal'

the 'six months' leave' given to him in 1814. But he spent only two months in England, during which he actively discharged the duties of his greatest post. There followed a more direct representation of Castlereagh in Italy, at the most critical moment of 1815, than Bentinck had known in his previous career at Palermo, or at Genoa after his capture of that fortress in 1814. As our principal agent in Italian affairs, Bentinck represented one of the two strings to Castlereagh's bow, but Murat's attack on Austria in 1815, and the last resolve of the Emperor Alexander's tortuous mind, forced a final decision fatal to Bentinck's Italian policy, and made the complaints of Austria against his language so hard to meet as to account for his non-employment after May 1815.

The original despatch of Bentinck to the Mediterranean had been explained, in the State Papers of 1811, by orders directing him 'to rescue Italy,' and commanding the formation of an army of men of Italian race for operations on 'the continent of Italy.' His instructions—anti-Austrian in tone until late in 1813—had been modified by Lord Liverpool at the end of that year. But even in December 1813, a despatch directing him to keep Tuscany outside his encouragement of Italian nationality was still, on the whole, hostile to Austria. When, however, the Emperor Alexander's schemes forced our Cabinet to act with Metternich, Bentinck's proclamations of the spring of 1814 were laid before Parliament, and formed the case against him in the debates of 1815 on Murat, Elba, and renewed war with France.

It was in pursuance of a wise and necessary policy, well understood by Castlereagh, that Bentinck, struggling against the French, encouraged the earliest representatives of the patriotism of Italian nationality. Napoleon's Viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, contending against both Austria and Murat, had represented at Milan the Italian dream in concrete form. Murat, in turning against his fellow-countrymen of France, had parodied the Viceroy's language. Bentinck, who despised the Bourbons, detested Murat, and was prepared to fight to his last breath against the French, was from the first a defender of the idea of Italian independence. Italian unity he would have preferred—union of an Italy, as he explained, owing her national life to England. During

he campaign of France, promises were made to Murat, to the Pope, to the King of Sardinia (Victor Emmanuel), and half promises with regard to Tuscany and other Duchies. But Bentinck had led to Genoa an 'Anglo-Sicilian army,' supported by our 'Italian levies.' He clung to the idea of a nucleus for an Italy of the future, likely to survive Murat, and, holding Milan and Genoa, to come to terms with the crown of Piedmont and Sardinia. Bentinck and Colonel Sir Robert Wilson anticipated 1859, 1866, and 1870. Both prophesied the steps by which Italian unity would be obtained. They differed about the Pope, and their difference forms the subject of many unpublished letters.

Bentinck's proclamations to the Italians had roused the fierce hostility of Austria. His renewed application to the War Office and Foreign Office for six month's leave in case of peace, and after he should have visited Sicily to nurse our Sicilian Parliament at its next meeting, was the more readily granted by the Cabinet on account of violent language applied to our policy on the 30th March, 1814, by Metternich at Dijon. The Burgundian capital was the haven in which the allied Sovereigns and Ministers had taken refuge from the desperate efforts of Napoleon. The change in Castlereagh's attitude is illustrated by the fact that, on March 30, Bentinck had received instructions to withdraw opposition to Murat's entering or claiming Tuscany. But even Castlereagh's instructions of April 3 from Dijon, in one of the seven different communications to Bentinck signed by him on that day, were far from friendly to the Bourbons; and Metternich's own despatches, of the same date, from the same French city, show that the Austrian policy in this respect was still unsettled.

Comparison of the new documents with the old confirms the simultaneous existence of two British policies, and suggests that Castlereagh inclined towards that of Bentinck. Castlereagh had little confidence in the 'legitimate Sovereigns' of France, Spain, and Italy. He repeatedly used language pointing not only to our insistence on constitutional rule in Italy, but to his own desire, 'as far as possible,' to retain the liberties of Genoa and of all territories likely to be conferred in Europe upon 'new proprietors.' Bentinck and Macfar-

lane were able honestly to concur in modifications of policy under Austrian pressure. With Sir Robert Wilson it was otherwise. He writes to Bentinck that he felt ashamed (when the conclusion of the Peace left Milan open to the Austrians) 'of my trappings of a feigned satisfaction.' Wilson was a prophet. We know from a diary, published by the house of Murray in 1861, that in May 1814, when taking in his hand the Iron Crown, at Monza, he 'returned it with the conviction that it would yet encircle the brows of independent sovereigns.' From Paris Wilson wrote of Napoleon: 'Where he may find his tomb is a question that will suspend interest until it is resolved by time.' An entry in his Journal, which immediately precedes the date 'June 17th,' foretold Quatre Bras and Waterloo: 'I shall be surprised if the cannon does not rattle through Europe again before there is an anniversary of the Peace.'

Under Austrian suspicion, Bentinck became a compromising agent. It was soon known that Castlereagh had written to a Cabinet colleague of his 'impracticability and Whiggism.' Colonel Charles À Court, brother to Bentinck's successor as Minister at Palermo, writes to Lady William that a letter of her husband 'has made an unfavourable impression at home'; his Italian acts are 'not altogether considered as satisfactory.' Yet we now learn that Bentinck's policy at Milan was in the later autumn of '14 expressly adopted—for a time—by Castlereagh.

We had, perhaps, a desire to hold Sicily for ourselves, and to secure a pro-British Italy. Macfarlane writes from Milan:

'There are reports current that the Duke of Cambridge is likely to be King of Italy. If England wishes it he may be so immediately. . . . The Emperor of Russia would no doubt be delighted to see his sister on the throne of so fine a Kingdom. The Italians, your lordship may rest assured, would receive a British Prince unanimously. I am now acquainted with the sentiments of all, and I am convinced England has only to say what she wishes.'

Several letters to Bentinck from the Government show that the anxiety of Castlereagh was to smooth the surface. He explains that À Court is to carry out the same policy at Palermo. The less secret of Castlereagh's many letters

f May 6 and 7 had been meant for Austria, and for the Duke of Wellington.

Murat, at this moment, illustrated Bentinck's opinion of his treacherous nature by revealing to Austria Castlereagh's suggestions (as to a constitution) made to him through Bentinck. This Murat did to curry favour with Austria. On the same day the Austrian Minister at Naples informed his Government that it was indispensable that England should dismiss this 'General . . . that turbulent person.' So the head of the Austrian police reported from Milan: 'Bentinck is the Messiah . . . to re-establish the kingdom of God in Italy.' 'Macfarlane and Wilson,' at Milan, the Report to the Emperor at Vienna set forth, 'had encouraged "The Independents" by promises, and "subsidies."' Even Victor Emmanuel complained to Bentinck that if Austria took Milan for herself 'Italy will find herself more crushed and humiliated than ever.' But, as Douglas wrote to Bentinck from Palermo on May 14, 'The Monster still lives.' He was indeed singularly active at his temporary home in Elba, and known to be adding to his picked troops.

Bentinck, throughout the whole period under consideration, repeatedly stated to Government his opinion against the choice of Elba for the residence of Napoleon. A letter from Sir Charles Stewart of April 7, in the Castlereagh Correspondence, had already shown how the Cabinet was warned that Bonaparte, from his future home in Elba, would exercise his power over Italy. It would 'sooner be united under his sceptre' than divided by 'the Allies.' The suggested offer of Elba had come, we knew, from Alexander, who wished to keep the door open to all dangers.

Passing through Paris, Macfarlane defended Bentinck to Castlereagh with enthusiasm. Tacit acquiescence 'in Austria taking possession of six millions of people and a revenue of as many pounds sterling,' when we could stop it by holding up our finger, would have been a betrayal of the duty of British generals. Castlereagh replied that British 'generals should interfere as little as possible in the Politicks of the Countries in which they are acting.' But Bentinck was to return with undiminished powers, and to exercise, as the representative of Castlereagh, control in essential matters over the acts of 'all British

diplomatic agents and commanders of British forces in the Mediterranean.'

There are indeed letters which, more than the dispatches, show that the Cabinet were guarding themselves against attack should they be forced by stress of circumstances into complete adoption of the Austrian policy. 'Conditions' are supposed to have been made with Bentinck, to the effect that his return 'to Italy' deprecated by one Minister, was to be surreptitious. Bathurst went so far as to suggest, through Burghes at Florence, that Bentinck had violated these implied 'conditions.' Even without quoting the new documents it may be pointed out that Bentinck had never ceased to act while in London, and with the full knowledge of the War Office, and of Castlereagh, as Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. He was 'approved' for all such action taken after September 1814 up to May 1815, by Castlereagh himself.

Throughout June Pauline was bearing communications between Napoleon and Murat. Fagan was in Rome reporting to the British Government. In June it became clear that our Italian regiments at Milan would desert in a body rather than serve Austria. Fagan, 'his Eminence' Cardinal Pacca, complained that most of the emissaries from various discontented parts were sailing 'under our flag to Elba . . . and it is rumoured that Napoleon was united with Murat in some operation daily expected.' The union of Bonaparte and Murat was conditional on the result of the Congress of Vienna. The Italians, 'well received by the Emperor,' had 'been given such promises as to remain perfectly satisfied, having hopes that in a little time public affairs will be changed according to their desires.'

Louis Philippe had reported to his father-in-law, King Ferdinand, conversations in London on June 18 with Liverpool, and with Castlereagh on the 20th and 22nd. In other reports of the same conversations the Duke of Orleans had revealed our desire to offer Murat territorial compensation should he renounce the crown of Naples.

It has been supposed that Bentinck, replaced in Sicily, was but nominally retaining his great military command. His Journal, first identified by Mr Goulding when the article was commenced, reveals the truth. At Palermo

on July 14 and 15, the Duke of Orleans, for whose return Bentinck had been told to wait, related the story of his mission in different terms from those of the despatches at the Record Office. Commandant Weil first printed a few months ago, another version of the tale. That Bentinck faithfully sets out what Louis Philippe told him of his conversations with Louis XVIII, with the Prince Regent, and with our Ministers, there can be no doubt. That Orleans told the truth, in any of his versions, is less certain; but he would not have been so anxious to impress his views upon a man whom he believed to be discredited in the eyes of his own Government. And Bentinck's Journal seems to make the real Louis Philippe speak. Commandant Weil has identified, as being throughout in Louis Philippe's own hand, the 'copy' of his formal report, sent home by a Court under curious circumstances related in his despatch. Bentinck had also forwarded an early copy of the original, and, again, a different account from a royal Sicilian source.

Louis Philippe's cunning was never more brilliantly displayed. He was representing two different causes—legitimacy at Paris, where he concurred in the desire of Louis XVIII to restore continental 'Sicily' to his father-in-law, Ferdinand of the Great Nose; and constitutional parliamentarism in London. He was also thinking of himself. He had seen the Emperor of Russia frequently and told Bentinck that 'the Emperor was a complete Jacobin.' When Orleans talked to Metternich about Italy, he had found the representative of Austria unprepared to admit that the expulsion of Murat was in the least 'settled.' The Duke anticipated 1830 and his own 'Monarchy of July.' He was inclined to put forward its probable date to that which became the time of the Hundred Days and Waterloo. 'He said the army of France was not well disposed.' Louis XVIII had made mistakes. The Duke mentioned, suggestively, the fact that 'none of the royal family but himself had worn the French uniform of the present day.'

It is clear that the most clever of observers, returning directly from his repeated interviews with all the leading men of Europe, did not share the opinion of historians, that the orders addressed under Austrian pressure to Bentinck by Castlereagh on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and

7th April had 'weakened Bentinck's influence and credit beyond repair and compromised and shaken his situation.'

It is startling to read, along with Bentinck's Journal the letters of Orleans, published by Commandant Weymss. The opinion of Alexander I is obviously misrepresented in the written communications. In the despatch to King Ferdinand, Liverpool is made to say that 'unhappy Lord William Bentinck had gone too fast with Murat and had given him grounds for complaint,' to which Orleans had replied that Bentinck agreed with him, again Liverpool, that King Ferdinand had a strong party in Naples. Bentinck's Journal forms a necessary correct of all previous accounts of the Orleans mission, even Bentinck's to Castlereagh, written, from documents and from hearsay, long before he saw Orleans on 14th July.

The morning following his second day's conversation with Orleans, Bentinck left Palermo. We find, by his entries in a shorter diary, that he landed at Dover on 13th August. After 'attending . . . to private affairs' and paying his respects to the Queen, he had repeated interviews with Bathurst. Leaving London on the 1st October, he returned to his post of Commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean. The discharge of the duties he had not, for more than a few days, intermitted. In November he was hard at work again at Turin, reporting upon Italian affairs. The Cabinet had been cold towards him, but he had satisfaction of knowing that Castlereagh had continued his policy, kept open the Italian settlement and admitted that the Allies at present agreed only in shutting out the Bourbons from the Italian peninsula. Turning to the Austrian police records, now made known, we find that the most terrible of Bentinck's crimes continued to be the carrying of an Italian flag by one of his Italian regiments. The whole character of the force was discussed with Bunbury at the War Office, and Lord William's arrangements were adopted and approved. The flag was that which now links Italy to the Prince of Savoy.

The Austrian Commander-in-chief, writing from Milan in September, had described to Metternich

position of the movement in favour of Italian independence, of which 'the heart and centre is formed by Genoa under the protection of the English.' Other Italian patriots, divided as yet from these, were 'those . . . who surround the King of Naples.' Marshal Bellegarde doubted whether it should be 'feared that the English might reunite to the party of Murat that which they sustain and nourish.' Bentinck had formed and kept alive the party of independence, and there was no doubt as to Bentinck's animosity towards Murat. Bellegarde added that the effort of Italy 'against us will be without effect if our conduct . . . should be such as to conciliate public opinion.' Marshal Bellegarde suspected the Austrian political police of helping to make the conspiracies which they 'discovered.' A military plot, hatched in the summer and discovered in the late autumn, was more real. But, after visiting Vienna, Bellegarde wrote to Metternich that Austria should '*ménager l'esprit national de l'Italie.*'

Dr Gallavresi tries to show that Bentinck, Macfarlane, and Wilson, as honest supporters of Italian freedom, were thwarted in common action by a pro-Austrian Cabinet. But Bentinck was no Radical in this part of his career, and the older documents already proved that Castlereagh was favourable to constitutional government in Italy. It is not possible for an Englishman, however much opposed to the internal policy represented by Castlereagh, to accept the distinction drawn by continental writers between a consistent policy at home and an opposite policy pursued by Bentinck on the spot.

The Italian author thinks that later in 1814 'the danger of a fresh outbreak of Napoleon became so great that it forbade, on purely material considerations, the betrayal of Italian hopes.' His view is that Castlereagh at first betrayed the Italian cause, and handed over Milan to Austria, Genoese liberties to the King of Sardinia, Tuscany to a Grand Duke of Austria, the 'patrimony of Peter' to the Pope, and, in principle, Naples to the Bourbons; but that when Elba became dangerous he hastened temporarily to suspend his policy.

The fullest consideration of the new papers does not support this view. That there was hesitation and even contradiction is no wonder, for the circumstances were

incredibly difficult and the future dark. But Castlereagh was heartily with Bentinck in favour of constitutional government, in contempt for Bourbon rule, and in a not unnatural hostility to Murat and his Queen. Bentinck, like Castlereagh, foresaw that war with the Emperor Alexander, almost inevitable at the end of 1814, must make us once more the unwilling and suspicious allies of Metternich. The neighbourhood of Napoleon forced Austria herself, however determined to hold an Italian *glacis*, into an indecision with regard to central and southern Italy more startling than any that can be laid at Castlereagh's door.

Blacas and Louis XVIII alone professed to think Napoleon 'a corpse buried in an island.' The Allies knew that he would leave Elba, unless they took more active steps towards preventing his departure than any advisers, excepting the Vatican, Burghersh, and Bentinck, were willing to propose. Metternich was more afraid of Italian secret societies than of Napoleon, and 'stood to win in any event.' Napoleon might be killed; if, landing in France, he escaped death and reached Paris, he would be beaten by the northern Allies. If he were partially successful, Metternich was ready to bid higher than Alexander for his alliance, and was in a better position to obtain it. The King of Rome, under another name, was a pawn in the great game. The British Cabinet, who could have kept Napoleon at Elba if they had pleased, may have believed, as they continually declared, that Napoleon would land in Italy. Some may have been as willing that he should run his risks and shake the Bourbons, and France herself, as was Metternich. The police of the French Bourbons went so far as to suggest that Metternich was in direct correspondence with Elba through his old friend Caroline Murat. Alexander, protected by his snows, was more concerned with Poland than with Paris, and repeatedly threatened his 'allies' with Napoleon's return. In conversation, he told the Ministers of the Powers combined against himself by the Treaty of the 3rd January 1815, that when he liked he could let 'the Monster' go. Talleyrand quoted Alexander as the authority for his own words, referred to by Jaucourt and Pozzo as 'Monstre que le Czar se réservait de lâcher.' Queen Hortense perhaps had

ground for writing to Alexander after Waterloo in exculpation of her part in the Hundred Days: 'Enfin, . . . je vous croyais pour nous.' Jaucourt even suspected Talleyrand's participation in the intrigue, as is seen by the question 'Whether there is not some devilry of yours at the bottom.' Each of the allies of 1814 was indeed threatening the others with Napoleon. Castlereagh used him only to scare the Bourbons, Piedmont, Tuscany, and the rest, into granting or maintaining constitutional rule. The safeguard against a descent from Elba lay, it was repeatedly declared, in the contentment of the peoples.

The famous defence of Castlereagh's foreign policy in the 'Quarterly Review' of January 1862 had to be written without knowledge of the documents now before us. The writer guarded himself by these words: 'The obscurity in which diplomatic transactions are necessarily shrouded will conceal from the public eye the circumstances upon which his justification rests.' He dwelt on 'the necessity of sparing the feelings' of powerful monarchs or ministers elsewhere, and of hiding the faults of men whom 'it would be injurious to English interests to offend.' The events of 1814-15 were passed over—with a hint, however, of the true view of the similarity of Castlereagh's policy to that subsequently pursued by British statesmen, and the expression of well-founded doubts as to his affection for the Bourbons. So, too, Lady Londonderry, in her brief sketch of Castlereagh's life, writes that in foreign affairs Castlereagh was 'far from being the old-fashioned Tory that ignorant opinion supposes.' He was, indeed, 'in advance of his time.' But here again the most memorable period is treated in four lines, of which, it is now necessary to add, the apparent effect is negated by the discoveries of 1909.

It is useless in this respect to turn to the tenth and eleventh volumes of the Castlereagh Correspondence. What is now conspicuous in them concerns the 'many chasms and losses' mentioned in the introduction. But the writer, Castlereagh's brother, goes too far when he asserts of 1814 that 'the safety of Europe' was 'inseparably connected with the restoration of the House of Bourbon.' That was the opinion of Wellington, even before the decision of Talleyrand and Alexander. It was

a decision, accepted by Castlereagh with hesitation, and with doubts that deepened rapidly when Louis XVIII defied our representations. It must be borne in mind that Wellington, a more old-fashioned Tory in continental politics than Castlereagh, was influenced by his Bourbon surroundings.

Castlereagh, whose despatches only profess to 'hope' that he had met 'the wishes of the Genoese people,' wrote to Bentinck in the same tone of apology on December 17 and 18, from Vienna. Unable, under the new development of policy, to meet a 'desire to preserve a separate existence,' Castlereagh could assure Bentinck that 'the wishes of the Genoese people' had 'in all their arrangements gone before the wishes of the Powers.' The King of Sardinia had promised him to conduct his government 'upon liberal principles.' The Welbeck correspondence shows that the disobedience of Dalrymple harmed Bentinck. Dalrymple explains from Genoa, on January 28, 1815, his reasons for 'taking into my hands the government here. . . . Had Lord Castlereagh's intention been really what his letter expressed, my passively seeing the Piedmontese act otherways would have exposed me to great blame.' Blame from all sides Sir John did not avoid. Charles A Court charged him with using language 'indecent and disrespectful' with regard to Bentinck and to Castlereagh; while Hill thought Dalrymple 'crazy in his ingratitude.' Finally come two letters in which Dalrymple withdraws everything that he had written, with special 'regret at having incurred Lord William's displeasure.'

So far was Bentinck from being prejudiced against the restoration of the King of Sardinia, and in favour of the retention at all hazards of 'Genoese liberties' under 'the Most Serene Republic,' that his earlier letters to private friends accept the loss to Piedmont 'of a part of Savoy' with indemnity 'in the Rivière de Gênes.' In one of June 20, which has now been communicated by Signor Gallavresi from Italy to Welbeck, he added that the King

'will have the satisfaction of proving to the Genoese the injustice of their prejudice to the Piedmontese connection. If he acts wisely he will employ . . . Genoese in Genoese territory, and begin mixed employment by first employing

Genoese in Piedmont. Much management will be required to remove the natural animosity.'

Meanwhile confusion and uncertainty were spreading over a wider field. In November Castlereagh had been driven to use language of menace to the Emperor Alexander. The Duke of Wellington had described 'the danger at Paris—so many discontented and so little to prevent mischief.' On Christmas Day the Duke wrote to Vienna that the combination of Murat at Naples with 'Bonaparte in Elba' made the latter 'an object of great dread.' But, answering his own suggestion on the next day, the Duke admitted that the removal of Murat from his throne was a matter too 'delicate' for his policy to be approved by his colleagues. Nevertheless the Duke maintained that Murat's kingship, thus unavoidable, 'increases the chance of disturbance in France.' Also, in December, Burghersh had reported from Italy that the Italian party of independence 'looked with hope of assistance to . . . the island of Elba.' Fagan had already informed Bentinck that 'It may be expected, should Murat disappear, that we may soon see the Emperor of Elba at the head of Murat's army.'

Napoleon had fixed his eye upon the larger field. His enlistments had convinced Metternich that Paris was in his mind. Commandant Weil has brought together the accounts given by the Austrian and papal spies of conversations which reveal what the Emperor knew. A despatch from Burghersh, and the report of Sir N. Campbell, dated from Elba on Christmas Day, set forth the 'confidences' made by Napoleon in view of the division of 'the Four' Powers into two twos. Hoping for the outbreak of a war which could not but improve his chances, Napoleon thought it best for him to say so.

Count Litta, who had spent part of December with Napoleon, had been 'foolish and extravagant' enough to repeat Napoleon's secrets day by day to the spy through whom they reached Louis XVIII, Metternich, and our Foreign Office. We thus became aware of the details of his preparations for a war. This spy, however, when he made enquiries of others, showed over-great facility in belief. He relates in his report of December 26 that Bentinck had spent two hours with Napoleon. We now know from Bentinck's diary that this statement was, as

Commandant Weil suspected, totally untrue. The substance of police reports from Elba was the same as the opinion given by Campbell to our Foreign Office, that the Emperor, failing war among the Allies, would land in Italy. Metternich alone seems to have known better. On December 29 the possible alternative of a landing in France was reported to us. Litta had left for Naples before Christmas to inform Murat of 'Napoleon's intentions'—without knowing them himself.

It is doubtful how far Metternich departed from his attitude of expectation when he bound himself to Castlereagh 'never to establish the son of the Empress Marie Louise and of Napoleon as a king.' An eventual temptation to establish Napoleon II in France was, with Metternich, secondary to his firm resolve not to let us establish him in Italy. Metternich continued to use his habitual threat to Louis XVIII, conveyed in the question 'Quel rôle Napoléon jouerait-il dans tout cela?' Louis XVIII replied, through the same most secret channel, that unless Napoleon were sent to Africa 'on verrait un jour l'homme de l'île d'Elbe paraître en Italie.' On February 17, Saint Marsan wrote directly to Victor Emmanuel from Vienna, that Metternich had told him the difficulties of pursuing a common policy with England, and again adds, for himself, that 'Vienna' saw the risk of Napoleon 'reappearing on the scene.'

Castlereagh was given to respect, even under the most difficult circumstances, our foreign engagements of all kinds. His apologies to Bentinck about Genoa reveal a conscience more uneasy than was, perhaps, usual in such times. The removal of Murat from his throne seemed to him impossible for Austria to undertake in face of her treaty with that king, unless there were clear violation of its conditions. Now the treaty with the Emperor Napoleon was not of our making. It is often forgotten that the engagements of April 1814 were expressly between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, on the one hand, and 'his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon' on the other. Elba had been 'adopted by his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon as the place of his residence.' Castlereagh undertook to accede 'to the Treaty,' with no reservation unmade, 'so far as the same concerns the sovereignty of the island of Elba.' Any

uch accession was to be binding in respect of our own acts only, 'but not with respect to the acts of third parties.' The British 'Act of Accession,' long delayed, refused the Imperial title to 'Napoleon Buonaparte,' but acceded to the stipulations relative to the possession in sovereignty of the island. Castlereagh repeatedly placed on record his objection to the arrangements made, as he showed, by the Emperor of Russia 'in the absence of the Allies,' and his wish that there had been chosen another position in lieu of Elba for the seat of Napoleon's retirement.

Historians continue to assert that the return from Elba came as a thunder-clap upon the Powers. But, there was not a Power, unless it were the France of Louis XVIII and Blacas, which had not regarded a descent from Elba as imminent after Christmas 1814. The proofs lay thick in the records of all their capitals.

Bentinck's reply to Castlereagh's 'private and secret' questions of December 18—differing from those in the Record Office—destroys the offer of Louis XVIII to dethrone Murat, on grounds which seem conclusive as to the existence of accurate knowledge at the time. 'The disposition of the French army' was such that 'it would be dangerous to assemble it anywhere or for any purpose.' Of 'the attempt' to attack Murat, 'the effect might possibly reach even to the throne of France.' A necessary first step would be the removal of Napoleon 'from his present residence.'

Though we had not bound ourselves to watch Elba, a different view of our responsibility was abroad and was not repudiated by us until too late. As Sir Robert Wilson wrote in 1814: 'The employment of a British commissary, a British frigate, etc., to carry into execution the articles' of Alexander's treaty, appeared to constitute a moral guarantee to Europe on the part of the British Government. Wilson had not seen Castlereagh's ambiguous letter of instructions to Campbell, and was in ignorance of the interpretation placed on it by Sir E. Pellew. Bentinck had pressed his friend Pellew, now become Lord Exmouth, to treat 'attending' the 'person' of Napoleon as implying a blockade. Exmouth wrote from 'Genoa, where my presence had been requested by Lord William Bentinck.' The naval com-

remained with his military colleague and he sailed towards England. Lord Exmouth 'arranged only for attending' the ruler of Elba and the members of his family, in their own interest, and based his course on Castlereagh's vague letter. The admiral's work shows an intention to help in watching, but not to assume a responsibility which the Government desired to avoid. When Exmouth had left with the larger portion of the fleet, Admiral Penrose carried out 'Lord Castlereagh's' instructions, as afterwards stated by Castlereagh in the House of Commons. We repeatedly represented to Louis XVIII that it appeared to us to be his duty to guard France. Penrose reports, as hearsay, that a French squadron of frigates and corvettes keep a strict look-out between Corsica and Elba'; but Corsica was not the important point, and the 'French squadron' was hardly in existence. We were singularly weak in the Mediterranean, and barely able to hold our own against the American privateers and the Algerine corsairs, with whom, as Penrose shows, his chief anxieties were concerned.

We knew that Louis XVIII was unable to prevent a descent from Elba. But none of the allies had insisted on a blockade by France, or tried to perform the task. Castlereagh afterwards told the House of Commons that blockade was impossible. To prevent Napoleon landing land by in Italy was difficult. It would have been easy for us to destroy an expedition to the nearest point of France. Bentinck, among others, wrote freely in advance upon the method by which the end could have been attained. No serious attempt was made to thwart an enterprise almost openly prepared, and known to menace the Bourbon crown. The story of Elba will be rewritten in the light of police records, in part printed within the last few months by Commandant Weil as bearing on Murat's march against the Austrians from Naples to the Po. The reports of the chief French spy were published long ago by Pellet, but accompanied by notes showing how little the facts were known till now. They might have been guessed from the controversy between Campbell and Hobhouse in 1816. It will be remembered, as an interesting prophecy bearing on the return from Elba being expected, that, according to Hobhouse, 'the

boatswain of the "Undaunted," on reaching Elba with Napoleon in 1814, addressed him on the quarter-deck, in a short harangue, in which he *thanked* his honour, and wished him . . . *long life and prosperity in the island of Elba, and better luck another time.*' Hobhouse's italics might well have been confined to the four final words.

The Allies could take no action about Elba because of their conflicting interests and their disputes. Napoleon was so certain that this was the case as to joke with Campbell about blockade. In January he 'asked if the ships of war of Louis XVIII had been seen off . . . Elba.' No wonder that a French consul wrote, 'That fool Campbell is captivated by the Emperor.' In his report on February 15, alluding to Napoleon's alarm, of the first days at Elba, that he might be kidnapped either by the Bourbons or by the Dey of Algiers, with whom Elba was at war, Campbell added, 'In my last conversation with Napoleon on this subject he did not seem so apprehensive as he was at first.'

We now know that Fleury, accredited by Bassano's secret sign, had seen Napoleon on or before February 13. The preparations for the embarkation of the guard were complete on the 16th. On that day Campbell gave himself leave of absence, 'for my health and upon private affairs.' This he reported from Leghorn, adding expressions of anxiety as to Napoleon's quitting Elba; but 'I think it almost certain he is prepared to join Murat.' On February 18 that admirable but unidentified spy, 'the Oil Merchant,' had reported Fleury's departure, after several conferences, which left the Emperor in 'high spirits.' On the 23rd the French consul at Leghorn knew that Napoleon was 'about to sail.' The authorities of the island were publicly received to take farewell on the 24th. On the 25th Napoleon wrote to Murat, but I now learn, through the kindness of M. Paul Le Brethon, that the letters are not in Prince Murat's archives. It is possible that they may yet be found in the papers of Murat's Secretary of State.

What followed is at present unaffected by new matter. We already knew how Campbell's naval adviser was informed by Madame Bertrand of the Emperor's 'bad cold' the day before Napoleon sailed. Campbell was fetched from Leghorn on the fatal day for the purpose

of ascertaining whether Napoleon 'is still in Elba.' On the 28th came his report from Elba. We know from a fresh spy, sent at the last moment, that the Emperor's flotilla had 'been in sight,' becalmed till noon on the previous day.

Campbell was not prevented by Pauline's tears from writing to his Government, behind her back, that should he 'overtake this pest of tranquillity, the world should be eased of him.' In another of his many versions: 'The lives of this restless villain . . . and his followers are not to be put in competition with . . . the tranquillity of the world.'

The Austrian archives now reveal congratulations that Napoleon had not 'unchained' the Revolution in Italy. He had gone where it would be the business of Wellington and Blücher to stand the brunt with such troops as could be collected before the return of our Peninsula veterans from New Orleans.

When Bentinck's life comes to be written, stress should be laid upon the new proofs of his admirable administration of our Mediterranean affairs in March 1815. Testimony is borne to the value of his services at the time in the letters not only of Macfarlane and of Exmouth, but of Burghersh and Bathurst. The 'direct and manly course you pursued,' wrote Exmouth, 'would have produced results infinitely more advantageous than the crooked, half-measured, temporising means which he [Lord C.] followed.' The 'direct and manly course' extended, with Bentinck, to his wishes as regarded the Austrian generals in Italy. Their timidity and hesitation were censured by him from Genoa on April 21. Doubting whether 'the Austrians will venture to pursue' Murat, or be 'ready to come forth when the French shall enter Italy,' Bentinck urged 'pursuit till they have killed and eat him.'

This article has already shown the strange shifts to which Metternich and Castlereagh were put in their Italian policy, under the strain of Napoleon's entry to Paris. Commandant Weil brings out in his fourth volume Metternich's negotiations with Murat at the end of March. Our Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Cooke, who 'happened' to be at Rome, was also at the same time making proposals for Murat's alliance,

as well as alternative proposals to Sardinia for the creation of an Italian kingdom with a National Council.

War with Napoleon was not decided by Castlereagh until later. Historians have been misled by Wellington's signature of the declaration at Vienna which Castlereagh at first refused to ratify. The secret orders given by the Admiralty to Penrose and afterwards to Exmouth concerned Murat. Long before Castlereagh became certain that we should 'undertake the job' our fleets chased French men-of-war. One was taken after a hard fight. The French tricolour was treated as a piratical, because an unknown, flag. We were not at war. Exmouth was directed to follow Bentinck's 'plan of operations'; but it concerned 'the war in Italy.' As late as May 24 our admirals wrote of preparations against France, 'in the event of war taking place.' The Prince Regent's message announcing the probability of war was of May 22, and the Duke of Wellington's action of March 12 and 13 had then been ratified in guarded terms. Although on May 8 Castlereagh wrote secretly of the 'management required to bring' the public 'to the point of war,' yet as late as May 23 he admitted the possible need of an accommodation with Napoleon. His hesitation strengthened the conviction entertained on the Continent of our supposed treachery to the allied cause.

In the parliamentary debates of 1815 Bentinck was roughly handled for undue hostility to Murat. But he was also attacked for having left Dalrymple so long at Murat's headquarters in April as to justify the complaints of the Austrian generals who were fighting against the Neapolitan army on the Po. Castlereagh had approved Bentinck's action, now explained at enormous length in the pages of Commandant Weil's four volumes. The doubt left by the new papers is whether Dalrymple may be open to a charge of some abuse of the confidence of his treacherous and untruthful, but splendidly courageous, host. Austria revealed to Castlereagh letters to Bentinck from Lord Holland, obtained by the capture of the Whig peer's messenger in an amateur negotiation on behalf of Murat. We now read of Bentinck, in Austrian police records explaining the need for the arrest, that, 'although the enemy of the King [Murat], he is dangerous to Austria as a

partisan of Italian independence.' There was no love lost between Bentinck and 'Holland House,' but it suited Austria to treat Lord Holland as Bentinck's confidential friend. Bentinck's letters show his belief that our Government were preparing, at the end of April, to make him a scapegoat rather than to resist Napoleon. A fresh war with France was unpopular, and Ministers were building up a case for Parliament. A curious letter at Welbeck from Charles À Court, and one of the same date from Bentinck to Bunbury, give the grounds for Bentinck's suspicion.

As for the belief, universally entertained at the time outside the United Kingdom, that, in the words of an Austrian ambassador, we had 'facilitated Buonaparte's invasion,' our Cabinet heard of it from all sides. Burghersh from Florence reported that every one thought that 'the English connived at the escape.' Louis XVIII informed Metternich that Alexander had done the deed. If, indeed, this had been the King's belief, he would have stood alone in it at his capital.

Among the unpublished letters entrusted to me for this article by their possessors, are those written from Paris, in March '15, by Sir Charles Bagot to Mr Hammond. Bagot had been Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris. The recipient of the letters was George Hammond, also an Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, whose son, remembered as Lord Hammond, afterwards long occupied the same post. George Hammond had been one of those who joined with Canning in accepting Murray's idea of the 'Quarterly Review.' A long letter of March 7 contains Bagot's 'true account of what is filling all Paris, and will fill all London, with anxiety.' After quoting Campbell's report, 'forwarded by this courier to Government,' Bagot shows that Bonaparte is likely to march through Grenoble and to reach Lyons. At Lyons it was hoped to 'crush him.' This points to secret acquaintance with the intentions of Lavallette and the true situation at Grenoble. 'It is impossible to consider it as a mad effort of despair.' Believing in 'a general combination,' Bagot noted 'that there is combustible matter all round. . . . Here also there is much bad spirit. . . . There is an immense mass of disloyal people in Paris. I shall be anxious and very

curious to see how Soult, the Minister at War, conducts himself.' On the 9th, Bagot wrote again, 'There is hardly a person of whatever principles or whatever party who does not declare aloud his entire belief that the English have not only connived at, but assisted Bonaparte in this project: . . . folly; but . . . universally believed.'

After the debates in both Houses, Bentinck's military career was ended. A day before Waterloo he was offered a command—too late. For twelve years he was laid upon the shelf. In 1827 remembrance of the administrative powers he had displayed and recognition of his nobility of character combined to give him India. Attacked, at one time, like Canning, by Whigs and Tories, he should perhaps be claimed by both as one of the honoured statesmen who are the glory of both parties. Of the private letters of 1815 which deplore his fall, those of Exmouth are best worth remembrance. The naval Commander-in-chief went out of his way, after declaring the strength of his personal friendship, to express in the strongest terms his complete agreement at every point with Bentinck in all the matters which had been criticised by their superiors or attacked by the Whig Opposition in both Houses.

The defence of Bentinck is now perhaps complete. That of Castlereagh lies in the incredible difficulty of the circumstances and in the profound distrust with which experience of Alexander, Metternich, and the Bourbons had filled the minds of British statesmen—'their allies.'

CHARLES W. DILKE.

Art. 12.—ANGUS.

1. *Angus or Forfarshire, the Land and People.* Five vols. By Alex. J. Warden. Dundee: Alexander, 1880–1885.
2. *Memorials of Angus and Mearns.* By the late Andrew Jervise: rewritten and corrected by the Rev. James Gammack. Second edition. Edinburgh: Douglas, 1885.
3. *The Land of the Lindsays.* By the late Andrew Jervise: rewritten and corrected by James Gammack. Second edition. Edinburgh: Douglas, 1882.
4. *Historic Scenes in Forfarshire.* By William Marshall, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, 1875.

OF all the old provinces of Scotland none presents a greater variety of scenery, a more complete combination of rural and urban interests, or a history more illustrative of early ages, of feudal greatness, and of modern activity than ancient Angus, the area of which was more or less coincident with that of the modern county of Forfar. First known to history as the land of the Horestii invaded by Agricola, it was the kernel of the kingdom of the Picts, and its grand Abbey of Arbroath was the chief religious house of north-eastern Scotland. It is rich in old castles, some in ruins, some still inhabited by the descendants of their hereditary lords; it is associated with the early developments of the Reformation; it had its own share of the vicissitudes of the great Civil War, and its own romantic traditions of the '15 and the '45; while its quartette of industrial and residential burghs, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and Arbroath, are 'Four Maries' in the train of its commercial queen city of Dundee.

Various described as approximately a square or a circle, and bounded generally on the east by the North Sea, on the north by the river North Esk, on the south by the estuary of the Tay and the Perthshire border, and on the west by the crest line 'where wind and water shears' of the Grampians, Angus contains four districts of distinctive character. Though Glenisla is the only portion actually within the highland line, and the only part which long preserved its Gaelic population intact, the country of 'the glens' and the 'braes of Angus,' including the part of the Grampians distinguished as the 'Binchin-

nan Mountains, 'embraces nearly a moiety of the superficial area of the shire. Next comes that portion of Strathmore—the great valley'—known as the Howe of Angus, which, though broken by lesser hills in the neighbourhood of Forfar, stretches between the Grampians and the Sidlaws from the vicinity of the Tay to the sea at Montrose. The elevated country forming the range of the Sidlaws has a separate character of its own, and the maritime region sloping gently to the sea successfully competes with Strathmore in the produce of the soil and the high standard of its agriculture. The coast-line has its own charm, as it changes from the waste stretch of sand at Buddon and Barry to the sandstone cliffs and caves where the land rises to the bold outline of the Redhead of Angus, and so on to the beautiful sweep of Lunan Bay with its golden sands and green background dominated by the ruins of the Red Castle, beyond which, again, lies the broad land-locked expanse of the basin of Montrose. Three rivers lend beauty to the shire, flowing at first through wild gorges and diversified highland scenery, and latterly by wooded banks and fertile fields. Forfarshire shares the Isla and North Esk, but the South Esk and its chief tributary the Prosen run their whole course from the Grampians to the German Ocean within its bounds. It has its lochs both highland and lowland, of which the principal are Loch Lee and Loch Esk, the sources of the two Esks, the chain of picturesque lakelets near Forfar, and the lochs of Lintrathen, Lundie, and Monikie, now impounded and controlled for the water supply of Dundee and the service of busy mills and manufactures.

The region is rich in memorials of prehistoric times. It has, or had, its Druidical circles, its 'rocking stones,' its 'Picts houses,' its hill forts, its chain of Roman camps, showing the course of disciplined invasion, and its varied and numerous sculptured stones. The names of a succession of shadowy Mormaers ruling one of the seven great provinces of the Picts appear from time to time, till their possessions pass by marriage to a Norman house. Tradition and local nomenclature record the first Christian mission, the settlement of the royal St Drostan in Glenesk, and how at Glamis St Fergus 'consecrated new *cenobia* to God and chose the place of his rest.' In 'the

straits of inaccessible mountains' the Saxon arms were stayed at Nechtansmere, and the flood of Danish invasion was broken on the low coast of Barry. The close connexion with the royal house of Celtic Scotland is indicated by the number of 'thanages' and royal forests, and the beautiful round tower of Brechin preserves the memory of a long established Culdee community and of King Kenneth, 'who gave that city to the Lord.' The Augustinian Priory of Restenneth succeeded an earlier Pictish foundation, and the records of the monastery of Cupar illustrate the labours of the Cistercian order in the cause alike of Christianity and civilisation. Red, Black, and Grey Friars, grey sisters and magdalenes had their habitations in Dundee, and Black Friars were located at Montrose, but the greatest ecclesiastical establishment was the magnificent Abbey of Arbroath, dedicated in 1178 to St Thomas the Martyr, by King William the Lion, who was buried before the high altar. With forty-six dependent churches, many baronies and fishings, the right of ferry over the North Esk and Tay, and the custody of the 'Brecbannoch,' or consecrated banner of St Columba, under which its tenants were led to war, it soon became the most powerful and opulent religious house of the North. Within its precincts was held the Parliament of 1320, at which the Scottish barons addressed to the Pope their memorable letter asserting the independence of the realm, and among its later abbots was the famous Cardinal Beaton.

The first historic event in the annals of Dundee is the foundation of the church of St Mary by the gallant David, Earl of Huntingdon and Garioch, on reaching Scottish land after ransom from captivity among the Saracens and escape from shipwreck. The royal burgh then erected by his brother King William has experienced many vicissitudes. It was taken and pillaged, and the church, in which the inhabitants had deposited their treasures, burnt by Edward the First. There Wallace, when attending the grammar school, struck down the son of Selby the English Governor. Thrice taken by the Scots under Wallace, Scrymgeour, and Edward Bruce, it was the scene of the National Council of Scottish clergy who, in 1309, pledged their fealty to Robert Bruce. It was burnt by the troops of Richard II and by those of

Somerset in 1547. It was the first burgh in Scotland that declared for the Reformation, earning the name of 'the second Geneva'. There Wishart, 'a man of tall stature, black haired, long bearded, comely of personage, well spoken after his country of Scotland,' preached in time of plague on the east gateway, attended on one occasion by young John Knox carrying a two-handed sword, and from Dundee the Wedderburn brothers launched the fierce satire of the 'Gude and Godlie Ballates.' It was taken by Montrose's Highlanders, but its darkest day came in 1651, when it was stormed by Cromwell's army under Monk, the garrison put to the sword, many citizens, men, women, and children, slaughtered, and the Governor, and those who had taken refuge with him in the steeple of the church, starved into surrender and butchered in the market-place. The sack and slaughter lasted for three days, and Monk's chaplain described the spoil as 'the best plunder that was gotten in the wars throughout the three kingdoms.' In more peaceful times Dundee has, as Juteopolis, become the fourth city in Scotland.

In 1291 Umphraville, Earl of Angus, held out the castles of Forfar and Dundee against Edward the First till he received a letter of indemnity from the claimants to the throne and the guardians of the realm. The castle of Forfar fell to Wallace and was surprised and captured for Bruce by 'Philip the Forester of Platane.' The town was recognised as a royal burgh in 1261, and is described as 'bone ville' in the diary of Edward I's progress. Its provost, Alexander Strang, almost alone, in 1647 protested against the sale of King Charles the First to the English rebels:

'In loyal heart, in pithie words, though few,
I disagree, as honest men should do.'

It was pillaged by the soldiery of Cromwell, who 'broke open the charter room, took forth all their rights and records, and cancelled and destroyed the same.' It was strongly Jacobite in sentiment, and in 1745 a party of Forfar men went under cover of night to Glamis, where the Duke of Cumberland's army was resting, and cut the girths of the horses. Forfar was for long famous for the manufacture of shoes. It is the county town, the seat of the Sheriff Court, and the great market centre of the

agricultural interests of the shire, while its later prosperity has been mainly due to the linen manufacture.

Brechin was 'a frie burgh royall' at least as early as 1488. In 1303 the castle was most gallantly defended against Edward I for twenty days by Sir Thomas Maule, who, when the English warwolf discharged its heavy stones, wiped the rubbish from the wall with his handkerchief till struck down by one of the stone shot. Surviving till the evening, he still refused to surrender, and it was only on the day after his death that the garrison lowered their bridges. The town has been for many years a seat of busy mills and thriving manufactories. Montrose occupies a position of advantage at the mouth of the South Esk, and was from ancient times a seat of population originally gathered round a castle. It was destroyed by the Danes in 980. There Wallace landed in 1305, and the Chevalier St George embarked after Sheriffmuir. In 1548 an attempt of the English to land was gallantly defeated with the loss of several hundred men by Erskine of Dun. It was the scene of the capture of the 'Hazard' sloop by the Jacobites in 1745. Even when it was occupied by the Government troops 'the Jacobite gentlewomen in Montrose got on white gowns and white roses and made a procession through the streets where the young boys had put on bonfires' on the Prince's birthday. The town has always combined residential charm with the pursuit of trade, and been fortunate in its excellent charitable and public institutions. An old saying, attributed to Thomas the Rhymer, prognosticates a future for the larger towns of Angus, of the realisation of which there is as yet no sign :

' Bonnie Munross will be a moss
When Brechin's a burgh town,
An' Forfar will be Forfar still
When Dundee's a' dung down.'

Arbroath arose under the shelter of the Abbey. It suffered from its exposure on an open coast to the attacks of the English fleets; and in 1781 resisted a bombardment from a French ship. Its manufactories are large and substantial, and the combined interests of town and country are succinctly epitomised in the Arbroath weaver's toast :

'The life o' man, the death o' fish,
The shuttle, soil, and plough,
Corn, horn, linen, yarn,
Lint an' tarry woo.'

Kirriemuir, the next most populous place in the shire, was a burgh of regality, and the head court of the jurisdiction of the Celtic Mormaers and later Douglas Earls of Angus.

Although it was at Stracathro (or Brechin) that John Baliol 'did render quietly the realm of Scotland as he that had done amiss,' and Bruce and Comyn, Earl of Buchan, confronted each other in Glenesk, no great battle of the War of Independence was fought on the soil of Angus. In the centuries that followed it had the common experience of Scotland, affected by its position between the north and the south, and on the borders of the Highlands. In two fierce battles its chivalry bore a conspicuous part. One was the stern conflict with the wild Highlanders of Atholl in Glenbrerachan in 1391, so graphically described by Wyntoun, when upon Glenisla there

'Came down all suddenly
Of Scottis a great company,'

with the wild whelp of the wolf of Badenoch among their leaders; and a handful of sixty knights, under Sir David Lindsay, Sir Patrick Ogilvy of Auchterhouse, Sheriff of Angus, and Sir Patrick Gray, pursued and unhesitatingly attacked them. Ogilvy fell with his brother-in-law and many of his name, and Lindsay having pinned a Highlander to the earth, 'the mountaineer yet writhed him up against the spear' and struck such a blow with his broadsword that it cut through the knight's stirrup leather and steel boot 'full three-ply or four above the foot' to the very bone. On the red field of Harlaw in 1411 there fell, fighting with the Earl of Mar against Donald of the Isles, the Sheriff-principal of Angus,

'The gracious gude Lord Ogilvie,
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie,'

with his eldest son, and among others Sir Robert Maule of Panmure, James Lovel, Sir James Scrimgeour—

'Sir James Scrimgeour of Dudhope, Knight,
Great Constable of fair Dundee,
The King's chief bannerman was he,
A valiant man of chivalrie,
Whose predecessor won that place
At Spey with gude King William free
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race'

—and Deuchar of Deuchar, whose hand clasped his sword-hilt so firmly that it had to be cut off and was brought home with the blade it had wielded so well. On a darker day for Scotland there lay around their king on Flodden the son of the Earl of Angus, the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, Lindsay of Edzell, Sir Thomas Maule of Panmure, and Carnegie of Kinnaird.

Arbroath was in 1445 the scene of the fierce battle between the Lindsays and the Ogilvies, in which five hundred of the latter fell, and the old Earl of Crawford was killed while endeavouring to prevent the conflict, of whom the chronicler philosophically remarks, 'he died in ane gude action labourand to put Christian men to peace, albeit he was very insolent all the rest of his lifetime.' The tables were turned seven years later when the Earl of Huntly, who as a guest had ridden with the Ogilvies to Arbroath, at the head of the loyal barons of the north defeated 'the Tiger Earl' of Crawford, then leagued with the rebellious Douglasses, on which occasion one of Huntly's vassals, who, in the heat of pursuit, found himself amid the Lindsays and entered with them the hall of Finhaven, heard the defeated earl say he would willingly pass seven years in hell to gain such a victory as Huntly had won that day.

A century later Brechin was again the scene of Gordon successes. It was captured by the Earl of Huntly in 'the Queen's name and behalf' and retaken by the Regent Lennox, who hanged Huntly's two captains and soldiers in front of the castle. In 1571 it was again taken by Huntly's gallant brother, Sir Adam Gordon of Auchendoun, in the spirited fight known as the 'Bourd of Brechin,' when he 'returned thanks to God in the Kirk for his victory, called the prisoners to the number of two hundred, mostly gentlemen, before him, and dismissed them on the sole condition of their remaining in future faithful subjects of the Queen.' The country at the mouth of the

Tay had seen sharp fighting some years before. In 1547 the castle of Broughty was yielded to an English force, who held it until the place was reduced in 1550 by the auxiliary troops from France which came to the aid of the Queen Regent. The Reformation received strong support from the north of Angus, the origin of which is found in a protracted quarrel between the baronial house of Dun and the town of Montrose. It culminated in the death of a priest in the bell tower of the church at the hands of John Erskine, who fled to the Continent, where he imbibed the spirit of the revival of letters and ecclesiastical reform. On his return in 1534 he established at Montrose, under a Frenchman, the first school in which Greek was taught in Scotland, and among the pupils of that school were Wishart, the most prominent martyr of the Reformers, and Andrew Melville, the champion of Presbytery. Erskine, as Superintendent of Angus, took an active part in the promotion of the new order. John Knox speaks of him as 'marvelouslie illuminated,' and the great Reformer is said to have dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Table at Dun House, where on one occasion 'the greater part of the gentlemen of the Mearns were partakers.'

In the Civil War the great houses and gentlemen of Angus were ranged on different sides. Among the Cavaliers were the gallant Grahams led by 'the great Marquis,' the Earl of Airlie and the Ogilvies, and the Earl of Southesk and the Carnegies. The Earl of Panmure was a close personal adherent of his Sovereign, was with him at Holmby House, and was 'the last servant to leave the King.' The Earl of Crawford, trained in the continental wars, fought at Edgehill and Marston Moor. On the other hand, most of the Lindsays led by their Fife kinsmen and the Laird of Edzell, Arbuthnot of Findowrie, and others, were Covenanters, and an Angus contingent fought at the Bridge of Dee. The Aberdeenshire Cavaliers twice penetrated to Montrose. The Marquis of Argyll, who had a personal feud with the Ogilvies, laid waste their lands and burnt their castles in a raid, romantically commemorated in the ballad of 'The bonnie house o' Airlie.' The Earl of Airlie was in England with the King, and Lord Ogilvy's gallant defence of Airlie was in vain. His wife had taken refuge

at their highland residence, but Campbell of Inverawe had specific instructions from his chief 'not to fail to stay and demolish My Lord Ogilvie's house of Forthar.' The Campbells left 'bot bair boundis,' and these proceedings gained for Argyll, in spite of his caution 'not to let know that ye have directions from me to fyre it,' the distinction of being 'the first to raise fire in Scotland.' The county was traversed more than once by Montrose in his meteor-like campaigns. On the most famous occasion he eluded superior forces of the Covenanters, left Dunkeld at midnight on April 3, 1645, marched to Dundee and carried it by assault. Informed that the Covenanting army was close at hand, he got his troops, many of whom were intoxicated, together, and left the town on the east, setting fire to the Hilltown, as Baillie entered from the west. He marched to Arbroath, turned north-west, crossed the fords of the South Esk, and reached Careston Castle on the morning of the fifth, when his wearied men dropped on the lawn and fell asleep. They had marched nearly seventy miles, stormed a fortified town, and skirmished frequently on the retreat to Arbroath. They were soon on the move again, and in the wilds of Glenesk set their pursuers at defiance. Well might the skilled soldiers of the Continent say that they preferred this retreat to his most famous victories! Some years later, when taken a prisoner to Edinburgh, Montrose was allowed to bid farewell to his boys at Kinnaird Castle. His wife was Lady Magdalene Carnegie of South Esk, and strangely enough it was another Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Northesk, who was the mother of the other great hero of their race, Viscount Dundee. It was to his house of 'Glen Ogilvie' that Graham of Claverhouse, who was Constable of Dundee, betook himself after his dramatic departure from Edinburgh, and from it he rode to raise the clans. Haliburton of Pitcur, 'like a moving castle in the shape of a man,' fell with him at Killecrankie. That the sentiment of Angus was more strongly Jacobite at the Revolution than it had been Cavalier fifty years before, is indicated by the reports of William of Orange's officers, and in Forfarshire, though not perhaps to the same extent as in Aberdeenshire, there was difficulty in carrying out the settlement of the Presbyterian ministers.

The nobility and gentry of the shire rallied to the standard of the ancient royal house in 1715. The Earl of Strathmore and his uncle fell at Sheriffmuir. The Earl of Panmure was wounded, reached his own grounds disguised as a beggar, and was concealed by his wife till he escaped in a little boat from Arbroath. The honours and estates of the Maules of Panmure and the Carnegies of Southesk, and the peerage of Airlie, were forfeited. An Edgar of Keithock died a captive in Stirling Castle, and his brother escaped to Italy, where he was for many years secretary to the Chevalier St George and highly esteemed by the Jacobite exiles. It was he who, when Sir Robert Walpole tried to bribe him by placing ten thousand pounds to his credit at Venice, wrote thanking him for the money, which, he added, he had lost no time in drawing from the bank, and had just laid at the foot of his royal master, who had the best title to gold that came from England. A Fotheringham of Powrie escaped from Edinburgh Castle, and in exile in Italy, experiencing 'the notorious justice of this rascally country,' wished himself again on the cold slopes of the Sidlaws. The Earl of Forfar, a title held for a short time by a cadet branch of the Douglasses, fought on the other side as a brigadier in the Government army. Angus again swelled the forces of the young Chevalier in 1745. Another Earl of Airlie fought at Culloden, and among the relics at Cortachy are his sword, bearing a German inscription thoroughly characteristic of the chivalrous line, whose recent representative fell at the head of his squadrons on the South African veldt.

'Wer nicht Lust hat zu schoenen Pferd,
Ein blanken Schwerdt,
Ein schoenen Weib,
Hat kein Soldatenherz in Leib,'

and a drinking cup with the French lines,

'Si la Fortune me tourmente,
L'Espérance me contente.'

Lord Gray was saved from the fate of his neighbours by the resource of his good lady, who so successfully scalded his feet that he could neither draw on his riding-boots nor walk till the crisis was past. James Carnegie, 'the rebel laird' of Balmamoon, fought at Prestonpans,

Falkirk, and Culloden, lay hidden for a time in 'Bonnymunes Cave' in Glenesk, and, after hairbreadth escapes, got off with his life owing to a flaw in the indictment, to live peacefully and jovially ever after, and provide some of the most characteristic of Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences. The Chevalier Johnstone found his way to Duntrune, and after drinking 'a bottle of fine old claret' with the laird, was ferried across the Tay by 'two pretty young girls.' Graham of Duntrune had conveyed his lands to a relative before going out, and Sir John Wedderburn of Blackness was executed on Kennington Common. The Duke of Cumberland sent a special party to harry Glenesk and Clova as 'nests of Jacobites,' the commander of which burnt down 'all the Jacobite meeting-houses he could find.' The standard of Lord Ogilvy's regiment, a lock of the Prince's hair, given to John Kinloch of Kilrie, and his commission to Sir James Kinloch of Kinloch, are preserved at Logie, and at Kinblethmont are the flaxen wig, the tartan coat, and the walking staff used by the Prince in his wanderings in the Highlands, and given to his private secretary, Carnegie of Boysack.

The most powerful of the great houses of Angus were the Lindsays and the Ogilvies, and the estates of both were largely situated on the border between the Highlands and the Lowlands. It was a fact of no little importance that two such families were planted at the issues of the highland glens, and that the 'caterans' and 'brokenmen' who dwelt in their recesses were bridled by neighbours so ready to set the lance in rest. The character of both races was affected by their geographical situation. The Earl of Airlie—*pace* the competing claims of the house of Inverquharity—was chief of the 'Siol Gilchrist' as well as feudal Lord de Ogilvy. The Earl of Crawford was not only 'Lord the Lyndissay' but the head of a 'pridefu' kin,' and in their relations to their kinsmen and tenants, and the spirit of both races, there was little difference between the descendant of the Celtic Mormaer and the Norman knight. Both great branches of the progeny of Gilbert de Ogilvy, the brother of Gilchrist, one of the old Celtic earls, remain at Cortachy and Baldovan. But the curse of Cardinal Beaton, that every future Lindsay might be poorer than his father,

as fulfilled in the fortunes at least of the elder branches of the houses of Crawford and Edzell, and their name remains in one landed family alone. The Angus Lindsays* attained the height of their prosperity when, for one generation, their oldest earldom blossomed into the dukedom of Montrose; but, in spite of the gallant efforts of one or two of their name of character and attainments, a series of turbulent and reckless generations dissipated states that once embraced about two-thirds of Angus. The evil Master' began the process; to 'a princely man, but a sad spendthrift,' succeeded 'the Prodigal Earl,' and in the days of 'the Troubles' 'the loyal Earl' was not likely to recover the situation. No more pathetic story of the fall of a great house exists than that in which the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres tells how the last of the lordly line of Edzell, whose princely hospitality won for their castle the name of 'the kitchen of Angus,' passed into obscurity beyond the Pentland Firth, and how the lady of Aithernie, 'the proud bird out of the eagle's nest,' came for a last look at the deserted halls.

The rights and lands of the Celtic Mormaers were forfeited by the Umphravilles in the time of Robert the Bruce. The earldom was then conferred on Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, whose heiress, three generations later, became the third wife of the Earl of Douglas, and their son the first of the Douglas Earls of Angus. The branch of Angus ultimately succeeded to the honours of Douglas, and the remains of the Mormaers' lands belong to their representative, the Earl of Home. The old thanage of Glamis, the dowry of a royal princess in the fourteenth century, remains the central possession of the Lyons, Earls of Strathmore. The line of Carnegie of that Ilk, which has annexed the two great rivers of the shire as its twin titles of honour, has adorned northern Angus with the lofty towers and princely park of Kinnaird and the walls of Ethie with the records of naval service to the State. The old possessions of the Norman houses of de Valoniis and Maule, increased by the acquisition in later years of the heritage of the de Brechins, of whom the Maules were already the rightful representa-

* The present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres descends from a younger branch of the family which had long been settled in Fife.

tives, have passed by marriage to the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and both the monument on the hill above Panmure, and the building which contains his generous benefaction to Brechin, keep green the memory of that strange but popular figure whose motto was 'Live and let live,' and who is diversely known as 'the wicked Lord Panmure,' and 'the Father of Reform in Scotland.' The well in Glenesk records the visit of Queen Victoria to his distinguished son.

The territorial connexion of the Grahams with the ancient thanage of old Montrose, from which they had taken their title since the days of William the Lyon, terminated in the days of 'the great Cavalier.' Of the branches of Claverhouse, Duntrune, and Morphie, the last alone remains, but the name of Dundee is for ever associated with that gallant Graham known to the Westland Whigs as 'Bluidy Claverse,' and to the Highlanders as 'Dark John of the Battles.' At an earlier period the title of Earl of Dundee was borne by the Scrymgeours of Dudhope, on whose ancestor, Alexander Carron, King Alexander the First, whom he saved from conspiracy at Invergowrie, had conferred the name of 'Scrymgeour' (or 'hardy fighter'), to which either he or William the Lyon had added the office of hereditary standard-bearer of Scotland. A later representative of the same family received from Wallace, as guardian of the realm, the office of Constable of Dundee. The classic pile of Camperdown House, and the huge figure-head of the Vryheid, recall the long weeks when, with mutiny at the Nore and a skeleton fleet, Admiral Duncan held the mouth of the Texel, and how he broke the naval power of Holland on its own low shore.

The castles and country houses of Angus are illustrative of its history. A few have their awe-inspiring traditions of the supernatural and the mysterious. The sealed chamber of Glamis holds its strange secret, and local superstition may maintain that the Tiger Earl of Crawford still plays on there, awaiting the change in luck that will never come till the day of judgment. The drummer-boy of Airlie may still beat his summons around the towers of Cortachy, and the tread of the cardinal's foot echo on the stone stair of Ethie. The barefooted boy may walk from Finhaven while there grows a chest-

nut tree, and the white lady of Careston flit through the wood, bewildered by the vicissitudes of its ownership. The memory of 'the Black Earl' and his more than human knowledge may haunt Kinnaird, and a kindlier halo illumine that turret-room on the slopes of the Sidlaws, where, in time of plague, Ballantyne set himself to preserve the ballad poetry of Scotland. The massive though riven tower of Finhaven, the carved masonry and stately yards of Edzell, the crumbling ruins of Vayne and Inverqueich recall how the grasp of fate closed on the heart of 'the Licht Lindsays.' Forthar never recovered the rough handling of the Campbells, but Airlie and Cortachy record the growth and changing conditions of the family that owns them. The 'iron yetts' of Inverquhar, for which the royal license of James II exists, and of Invermark, tell of a time when the strong man who lived on the highland border had to keep well his house. From the old tower of Guthrie, with its ten-feet walls, father and son 'of that ilk,' descendants of 'the Squire Guthrie' that fought with Wallace, rode to their rest on the fatal field of Flodden. Mains in Strathdichty has replaced the earlier castle of the old Earls of Angus, and the ruins of Red Castle recall the name of Baliol as well as the ruffianly raid when Gray of Blackjack nearly suffocated Lady Innermeath with smoke. Panmure is an example of the stately building of a great noble at the time of the Restoration. Brechin occupies the site of the castle so gallantly defended against the great Plantagenet, and Glamis, the most famous of all, unites traditions of hoary antiquity with traces of the genius of Inigo Jones. 'No other castle in Scotland,' says Billings, 'probably stands in this day so characteristic a type of feudal pomp and power. It by no means detracts from the solemn grandeur of the edifice and its overawing influence that it conveys no distinct impression of any particular age, but appears to have grown, as it were, through the various periods of Scottish baronial architecture.' No district of Scotland exhibits more fully the combination of ancient associations with modern comfort, and the varied origin of landed property in old inheritance, in military and naval service to the State, and in strenuous and successful industry and commerce.

In the rich fields of Strathmore the stately glossy-coated 'Angus Doddie' has attained his fullest development, and the more rapidly maturing short-horn cross gives brighter colour to the scene, while numerous substantial steadings of dull coloured sandstone, well filled rick-yards, and comfortable cottages, brightened with well cared-for flowers, evidence an advanced agriculture to which judicious landlords' outlay and industrious tenants' energy have concurrently contributed. The mills of Strathdichty, of Brechin, Forfar, Arbroath, and Carnoustie, and the tall chimneys and ceaseless machinery of Dundee, testify to capable captains of industry and busy labour. The quays of a great commercial city have covered the old landing-place by the craig of St Nicholas. 'In Tiberim defluxit Orontes,' and the produce of the banks of the Hooghly has brought wealth and prosperity to those of the Tay. Monifieth and Carnoustie, with their mansions of merchant princes and innumerable villas, point to widely diffused comfort and well-doing, and the fisher folk of Auchmithie and Ferryden continue to reap the harvest of the North Sea. The links of Barry, where a kingdom was saved, form a training-ground for national defence, and, far out on the reef of the Inchcape Rock, an outpost of Angus looks towards Heligoland, and the first of Scottish rock lighthouses rises in the tall column of the Bell Rock, where constantly

'A ruddy gem of changeful light
Gleams on the dusky brow of night.'

Art. 13.—THE APPEAL TO THE NATION.

1. *The Lords' Debate on the Finance Bill*, 1909. Reprinted from the 'Times' of November 23, 24, 25, 26, 29, and 30.
2. *The People's Budget* explained by the Rt Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1909.

THE battle of the Budget is over. The campaign for the preservation of the constitution, and especially of the Union with Ireland, has begun. Hence many war-cries and controversies which for the last six months and more have distracted the country may be lightly passed over. It would, for example, be a waste of ink and paper to trouble our readers with a confutation of the silly assertion that the Lords have opposed the will of the British people. The charge is on the face of it groundless. What the Lords have done is nothing more than to insist that on a matter as to which there exist the widest differences of opinion, and which concerns the permanent and vital interests of the country, an appeal shall be made to the nation. In accordance with the substantial result of that appeal the Peers will regulate their conduct. The maddest of Roman emperors never dreamed that an appeal to Cæsar was a denial of Cæsar's authority. The electors, who, as things stand, are possessed of sovereign power, are not so dull as to imagine that to appeal from the majority of the House of Commons to the people is to offer defiance to the people. Few words again need be spent on the pretence that the Peers claim to regulate the national finances. They claim nothing of the kind. They have simply exercised the established right of rejecting a Bill which, under the pretence of being a mere money Bill, included permanent legislative changes, and therefore ought, like all other permanent legislation, to be submitted to the criticism and the vote of the Lords. The absolute rejection without any attempt to amend the Budget is enough of itself to negative the wild idea that the Peers wish to exercise a lasting control over matters of finance. It savours rather of folly than of partisanship to imagine that the Peers

contemplate a custom of rejecting Budgets. Nor is it desirable to pay much attention to the merely academical disputes as to the right of the House of Lords to deal with money Bills. Such controversies are at best infected with unreality. Lord Morley of Blackburn intimated to the House of Lords that the rejection of the Budget involved a violation of the Septennial Act. When the debate was over a moment's reflection must have shown him that no vote of either House, though it might lead to a dissolution, could by any possibility contravene a statute the effect of which is that a parliament cannot last for more than seven years. Some vague recollection of an error of Burke's must have suggested to him the delusion that the Septennial Act ensures to a parliament the right to sit for seven years. In the same debate Lord Loreburn flattered the House of Lords by the assertion that to their House belonged supreme jurisdiction in the administration of justice. It does not take the learning of a Lord Chancellor for a man to know that this statement was either an unmeaning quibble or a patent absurdity. Supreme jurisdiction does not belong to the 425 peers, that is to the House of Lords whom the Chancellor was addressing. It belongs to a very different body, that is, to a limited number of eminent lawyers who, in common with his lordship, are peers. When men of as much eminence, honesty, and talent as the Secretary for India and the Lord Chancellor so confuse forms and facts as to fall into the emptiest cant of constitutionalism, ordinary persons may well wish to avoid, if it be possible, the unrealities of constitutional arguments. After all, the lengthy debates carried on inside and outside the walls of Parliament make it at once tedious and futile to quibble over the relation between the two Houses in regard to money Bills or Budgets. We all of us by this time know how things really stand. It is easy enough to summarise the points in favour of and against the rejection of the Budget by the Peers. The legal right of the House of Lords to reject any Bill laid before them is past denial. Their constitutional disability to reject a money Bill has never been admitted by themselves, and has never been directly asserted by the House of Commons. Some of the leaders of that House, even when opposed to the action of the

Peers, have conceded to them the constitutional right of rejection and have even admitted that it is a power which may, for the advantage of the nation, though rarely exercised, be maintained. A Budget again is after all nothing but what might be a set of money Bills reduced to the form of one Bill. When Lord Loreburn, on the 25th of March, 1908, used the words: 'As to the question of throwing out money Bills, your lordships have the most ample powers,' he gave up, as was detected by the acuteness of Lord Salisbury, the contention that the rejection of a Budget lies beyond the constitutional competence of the Peers. All this tells in favour of the action of the Lords, but the rejection of a Budget is open to one strong *prima facie* objection. It is the unprecedented exercise of a real but latent power. To a latent power so used the well-known words of Burke precisely apply: 'Its repose may be the preservation of its existence, and its existence may be the means of saving the constitution itself on an occasion worthy of bringing it forth.' This language raises us at once from the realm of words to that of facts, from indecisive precedents to a real principle. The Lords have used a latent power. The true question in debate is whether the worthy occasion for such use has arisen. Our first aim in this article is to show that the objects for which all Unionists are contending are of vital importance to the nation, and that in fact the power of rejecting the Budget has been used for the sake of saving the constitution. Our second and subordinate aim is to point out the means by which, and the reasons for which, Unionists may hope for success in the conflict into which they have been driven. Let it be noted, to save all misunderstanding, that we dwell upon the objects common to all Unionists. With the matters on which they are divided, such as Free-trade and Tariff Reform, we have nothing to do except to insist with Lord Cromer that they are for the moment of subordinate importance.

I. *The main object of every Unionist must of necessity be to repel the impending attack on the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.*

The existence of the Union is, if the Government obtains a majority, in deadly peril. Listen to the words of the Premier, applauded by his audience of separatists:

'The solution of the [Irish] problem can be found only in one way' (cries of 'Home Rule,' and cheers), 'by a policy which, while explicitly safeguarding the supreme and indefeasible authority of the Imperial Parliament, will set up in Ireland a system of full self-government' (loud cheers) 'in regard to purely Irish affairs' (cheers). 'There is not, and there cannot be, any question of separation' (cheers). 'There is not, and there cannot be, any question of rival or competing supremacies. But subject to those conditions, that is the Liberal policy' (cheers). 'For reasons which I believe to be adequate, the present Parliament was disabled in advance from proposing any such solution. But in the new House of Commons the hands of the Liberal Government and the Liberal majority will be in this matter entirely free' (cheers).*

Mr Asquith, it may be, hesitates at the name of Home Rule. Let Unionists, if they doubt what the Premier means, weigh the terms—and especially the words we have italicised—in which his proposal is accepted by Mr Redmond:

'We are now in the midst of one of the greatest constitutional crises that has arisen in the history of the British Empire for over two hundred years, and what concerns us here more nearly *we have before us to-day the best chance which Ireland has ever had for the last century of tearing up and trampling under foot that infamous Act of Union which has made our country impoverished, depopulated, and unhappy.* I rejoice with all my heart that this great meeting—and not half those who desired to enter this hall have been let into it; more are outside than have been able to come in—I rejoice with all my heart that this great meeting of the citizens of the capital of Ireland proves they are awake to the magnitude of the issues that are at stake.'†

The day of ambiguities and equivocation is at an end. Let us in the name of common-sense and common honesty hear no more of 'devolution,' 'extended self-government' and the like cant. What the Cabinet mean to introduce is Home Rule, as understood by Mr Gladstone, and accepted by Mr Redmond. It is nothing less than the practical repeal of the Union and the creation for the government of Ireland of an Irish executive responsible

* Mr Asquith at the Albert Hall. 'Times,' December 11, 1909.

† Mr John Redmond at Dublin. 'Irish Times,' December 16, 1909, p.

to an Irish parliament. Let the present Ministry remain in power and the battle of the Union must be fought over again. We Unionists are ready to fight it. This is not the place or time to show, as we are fully prepared to show, that a policy rejected by the people of England again and again is, as has been proved up to the hilt, ruinous to the nation. Let it suffice to put before every honest Unionist a few pregnant questions. Is he prepared to surrender all that was gained by the victories of 1886 and 1895? Will he yield to the astute ambiguities of Mr Asquith what he denied to the outspoken eloquence and passionate energy of Gladstone? Has a single one of the reasons which forbade the grant of Home Rule in 1886 and 1895 lost its force? Have not all the fallacious arguments based by Mr Gladstone on the relation between Austria and Hungary, or Sweden and Norway, been so thoroughly confuted by the experience of the last twenty years as to be transformed into cogent reasons against the wild policy of which Mr Gladstone was the patron? Is there any man, whatever his political belief, who is prepared to concede to the demands of Irish Nationalists an Irish executive and an Irish parliament, and at the same time retain at Westminster a body of members from Ireland who may govern England and Scotland and are more than likely to support any policy which may enfeeble the British Empire? Is this the time when any Unionist is prepared to weaken by dismemberment the now United Kingdom? Is any Free-trader prepared to allow an Irish parliament the power conceded to the legislature of every self-governing colony, of establishing as against England a system of fiscal protection? Can any Englishman dare to try the experiment of dismembering the United Kingdom at the very moment when it is admitted even by our present Government that we must strengthen our forces by land and by sea against the armed attacks of foreign Powers? Is there any Unionist—we had almost said any English Minister—who will allow an Irish ministry or an Irish parliament to raise an Irish army even though its character be concealed under the ominous name of Volunteers? Will any man of honour, will Mr Birrell himself, propose to subject the property and liberty of Irish loyalists to the power of an Irish

executive consisting of unrepentant Parnellites and supported by the desperadoes who have carried out the lawless behests of the Land League? Can any Unionist, in short, support a government prepared to tear up and trample upon the Act of Union? If these questions supply their own answer one thing becomes clear. Every Unionist, be he a Free-trader or a Tariff-reformer, must see to it that, as long as the battle for the Union rages, he subordinates every minor consideration to the support of the Union. Every vote given in favour of a Ministerialist is a vote given in favour of Home Rule; every vote denied to an honest Unionist, though he be a red-hot Free-trader, or a passionate Protectionist, is the desertion of Unionism.

II. *The immediate object of Unionist policy is to preserve the existence of the House of Lords as an effective Second Chamber.*

Unionists maintain the right of the Peers to compel on a fitting occasion an appeal from a majority of the House of Commons to the electors. They contend for the maintenance of this power because it is, as things now stand, our sole protection against the House of Commons first arrogating to itself the legal authority which belongs to Parliament and then using its temporary omnipotence to override the will of the nation. Such a claim requires instant resistance. Our new democrats, taught by the disastrous experience of 1895, dread nothing so much as the necessity of giving heed to the voice of the democracy. The desire to annul the legislative authority of the House of Lords and thus secure the supremacy of party is no new thing. It is unconnected with the controversies over the Budget, it marks the policy of Liberalism almost from the moment when our so-called Liberals obtained office. This is no random assertion. The policy of partisanship is now avowed by the true leaders of the Cabinet, Mr Winston Churchill and Mr Lloyd George, and it has been endorsed by the titular head of the Government. The gradual revelation of a revolutionary idea which has never received the sanction of the electorate is worth attention. On March 9, 1907, the President of the Board of Trade communicated, not to Parliament nor to his constituents but to the public through the pages of a paper called the

'Nation,' a proposal for disposing altogether of the legislative power of the Lords. The scheme was probably studied by few Englishmen. It was hard to believe that an insignificant paper of no special merit, and of which we suspect not one elector in a thousand had read a copy, must be treated as the official, or, in the slang of continental politics, the 'officious' organ of the Cabinet. We, however, reflect with pleasure that we from the first called attention to the importance of Mr Churchill's utterances.* There is no need to repeat the details of an absurd plan. The noticeable matter is its object. It secured that under any ministry which for the time being was supported by a majority of the House of Commons, the Lords should be compelled to give effect to the legislative behests of the Government. No appeal either directly to the electors or to a succeeding parliament was provided for. In the words of Mr Churchill himself, 'the political supremacy of the House of Commons must be the vital characteristic of any Liberal scheme.' He admirably anticipated and summarised the ideas of the politicians who now lead the Liberal party. Supremacy meant with him, as now with them, sovereignty uncontrolled by any Second Chamber, sovereignty to be exercised without any need for an appeal to the nation. On June 24, 1907, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as Premier carried through a Resolution† which formally endorsed the essence of Mr Churchill's policy. The Premier made the absolute and unlimited supremacy of the party which at any time commands a majority in the House of Commons 'a plank in the platform'—to use odious but appropriate slang borrowed from transatlantic politics—of the Liberal party.

The proposal to abolish the legislative authority of the House of Lords, whether presented in the columns of the 'Nation,' or in the equally unnoticed Resolutions

* See 'The Main Function of the House of Lords,' *Quarterly Review*, No. 411 (April 1907), p. 420.

† 'That, in order to give effect to the will of the people as expressed by their elected representatives, it is necessary that the power of the other House to alter or reject Bills passed by this House should be so restricted by law as to secure that within the limits of a single Parliament the final decision of the Commons shall prevail.' *Parl. Debates*, June 24, 1907 (4th series), vol. clxxvi, p. 926. The debate ended on the 26th of June, 1907 with a majority of 432 in favour of, and 147 against the Resolution.

of the House of Commons, fell flat. The Lords were not terrified, the electors were not interested; one election after another betrayed a want of confidence in the Ministry. Under the guidance of Mr Lloyd George, who understands the art of agitation far better than he ever understood his own Budget, the assault on the Peers took a new shape. A Budget which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are sure, would not only admit, but proclaim to be unlike any Budget produced by his predecessors, was laid before Parliament. To one point only will we here direct marked attention. The Budget placed, and was intended to place, the House of Lords in a false position. The House of Commons is supreme, by custom at any rate, over the finance of the year. It alone votes the estimates for the year. It alone grants the supplies for meeting these votes, and any other expenditure previously settled by Act of Parliament which may fall due within the year. Any expenditure or grant can be put on a more permanent footing only by an Act of Parliament, upon which the House of Lords has a right to express its assent or dissent, just as in the case of any other Act e.g., the Old-age Pensions Act, or the Irish Land Acts.* Now the Budget introduced permanent changes; it established permanent machinery for enforcing the land taxes, it opened the widest questions of policy, it was in many respects modelled upon and gave expression to principles which delighted the Socialists, whose support the Ministers have studiously courted. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are sure, will not deny that the Budget is no measure intended merely to meet the wants of the year. It is in the eyes of himself and his admirers the inauguration of a new policy; it is, according to the cant of the day, the poor man's budget, which is to seize the property of the rich and devote it to the benefit of wage-earners. It points in principle towards the nationalisation of the land, and, be it added, nationalisation without compensation to its present owners. Now these characteristics of the Budget

* Or, we may add, the Act by which, in 1846, Peel established free trade in corn. On this Act the Lords claimed, and, without any disapproval, exercised the right of expressing their opinion. Wellington won from them their assent, but knew nothing of their constitutional inability to deal with a money Bill.

placed the Lords on the horns of the following dilemma: If they rejected a Bill which could be described as a money Bill, they would incur, as they have incurred, misrepresentation and unpopularity. If they passed a Bill which was in reality much more than a money Bill, they would practically sacrifice that legislative authority which they hold in trust for the benefit of the nation. That this is so, is clear. No man who thinks the matter out seriously can deny that if once the Lords admitted their constitutional obligation to pass any money Bill, all measures to which the House of Lords were likely or certain to object would, by judicious draftsmanship, assume the shape of money Bills, and the legislative power of our Second Chamber would be virtually destroyed. It would, to take one example only, be easy enough, under the form of a so-called money Bill, to concede to Irish Nationalists more than half the reality of Home Rule. The Government, we conjecture, expected that the Budget would pass into law. It was in any case an assault upon the authority of the House of Lords, and an assault unsanctioned by the nation. The rejection of the Budget at once revealed the permanent policy of the Ministry. Their avowed aim is to establish by law the absolute supremacy of the House of Commons. The true leaders feel or affect delight. The Chancellor of the Exchequer rushes to the attack on 'the most rickety and gimcrack of idols.' He already, adopting the rôle of a Prime Minister, announces the intentions of the Ministry.

He would not, he tells the National Liberal Club,

'remain a member of a Liberal Cabinet one hour unless [he] knew that that Cabinet had determined not to hold office after the next general election unless full powers are accorded to it which will enable it to place on the Statute-book of the realm a measure which will ensure that the House of Commons in future can carry not merely Tory Bills, as it does—no, but Liberal and progressive measures in the course of a single parliament, either with or without the sanction of the House of Lords.' *

The fury of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is re-echoed

* 'Times,' December 4, 1909, p. 8.

by the verbal moderation but emphatic party spirit of the Lord Chancellor. 'It is,' he tells the House of Lords,

'in my opinion impossible that any Liberal Government should ever again bear the heavy burden of office unless it is secured against a repetition of treatment such as our measures have had to undergo for the last four years.' *

Mr Asquith plays his well-worn part of 'follow my leaders.' He supports, though with judicious vagueness, the policy of Mr Lloyd George and of the Lord Chancellor. He is still the advocate who speaks from his brief and has not yet learnt the dignity or responsibility of leadership. He does not explain the nature of the powers and the security desired by his colleagues. We must assume that the sincere wish of the whole Cabinet is to establish that despotism of party which is veiled under the term 'supremacy of the House of Commons.' Few expressions, we may note, are more delusive. The House of Commons, except in the days when it was hated by the people, dissolved by Cromwell, and at last condemned as the Rump, has never claimed supremacy. Legal sovereignty is possessed now, as it has been for centuries, by Parliament, i.e., by the King, by the House of Lords, and by the House of Commons. Political supremacy lies in the hands of the electors, who themselves are morally bound to act with a view to the welfare of the nation. The legislative supremacy of one Chamber is an absolutely new idea. To the revolution contemplated by the Government no Unionist, no believer in the merits of the English constitution, no one, we will venture to say, who cares that legislation should represent the permanent will of the English people, can assent. The change means, at best, the abolition of our Second Chamber. But this is an innovation which nowadays few serious thinkers and hardly an English statesman will openly defend. 'The need of two Chambers,' we are told in the often quoted words of Mr Bryce, 'has become an axiom of political science based on the belief that the innate tendency of an Assembly to become hasty, tyrannical, or corrupt can only be checked by the co-existence of another House of equal authority.' The all but universal

* The Lords' Debate, pp. 38, 39.

experience of popular government attests the truth of this axiom. In France democratic dogmas and some historical traditions for a long time maintained among Republicans a preference for government by a single Chamber. French opinion has now undergone a decisive change. The third French Republic maintains a Senate of which the influence increases year by year. Few indeed are the republicans who wish for its abolition, so universal at the present day is the distrust of a single Chamber of unlimited power. In Norway, a country inhabited by independent and educated yeomen owning small estates, this distrust has led to a singular result worth notice. The Norwegian Parliament consists of one House only, but under the constitution this House immediately divides itself into two Chambers which debate and vote separately. There is something more in the prevalent desire to place a check upon the omnipotence of a parliament than is as yet fully apprehended even by the fairest among English politicians. The people of one country after another have come to feel that a parliament, even though it consists of two Chambers, and is fairly chosen by universal suffrage, often fails to represent the permanent will of the electors. The demands for the Referendum, for minority representation, and the like, all bear witness to a sentiment which is widespread and deep, and not without its justification. But if even a bicameral parliament may come into conflict with the settled will of the people, it is absolutely certain that a single Chamber, not controlled either by another House of more or less co-ordinate authority or by the need of a formal appeal to the people for the ratification of important legislation, will become the mere instrument of a party. The House of Commons seems to believe that the people of England is sighing to confer upon that House absolute supremacy. No idea can be more delusive. To our whole line of argument it will, however, be objected that no one contemplates the abolition of the House of Peers. So be it. What we maintain is that the policy of the Government at its best involves the destruction for legislative purposes of our Second Chamber. At its worst and in reality it means something far more injurious to England. It means the prolonged existence combined with the legislative im-

potence of the House of Lords. It will reduce the House not only to a sham, but to a noxious sham. The weakness of the Lords will prevent them from in any way appealing to the people against the tyranny or the follies of a party who are supported for the moment by a majority of the House of Commons. The nominal existence of the House of Lords will prevent the fairness, the common-sense, the moderation, and the conservatism of the country from gaining an influence in a single and omnipotent House of Commons, which might be no small compensation for the abolition, much as we should deplore it, of the House of Lords. That House contains, even as things stand, more men of high character, of pre-eminent talent, of vast administrative and political experience, than any other existing Second Chamber either of Europe or of America. Who can doubt that, were the House of Lords abolished to-morrow, many of its present members would, to the great advantage of the country, be elected to seats in the one remaining House of Parliament? Take, to illustrate our meaning, a few of the men of each party who have distinguished themselves in the last debate on the Budget. Take from the one side Lord Morley, Lord Crewe, and the Archbishop of York; take from the other Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, or Lord Milner. Is it not certain that such men would at once be elected members of Parliament if a representative Chamber existed in which they were allowed to take seats? No one knows this better than the ordinary M.P. The member for Little Pedlington is well aware that he would have little chance of keeping his seat if he were opposed by an eminent, perhaps even by a not very distinguished, peer. Many, it will be said, of our six hundred and odd peers are not endowed with very extraordinary talents. This suggestion (which, by the way, applies equally well to the mass of M.P's.) does not even touch our argument. The House of Lords admits of improvement: the nation, for example, would in our judgment gain much if not only the House of Lords but also the House of Commons were reduced to half its present number. There are assuredly various methods in which the legitimate influence and the representative character

of the House of Lords might be increased. Many among their lordships ardently desire reforms of the House meeting the wants of the time. Such improvements are rendered difficult by the corporate jealousy of the House of Commons. This is not the occasion for discussing the form which desirable changes should assume. Our ministerial Liberals are, in respect of the House of Lords, not reformers but revolutionists. They seek to weaken a body which, for their own purposes, they desire to keep nominally alive. For great institutions, as for men of noble spirit, paralysis is worse than death. With this doctrine all Unionists, we are well assured, will agree. The vast majority will, we are equally well assured, give it their assent. The Home Rule Bill of 1893, which was meant to annul the union between England and Ireland, was carried, and on many points carried without discussion, through the House of Commons. It was rejected at once by the House of Lords. The rejection received in 1895 the emphatic approval of the nation. The Liberal Prime Minister of the day, who is one of those rare statesmen capable at any rate of fixing his eye upon matters which lie beyond the field of party interest, openly admitted that in determining the terms of partnership between the different parts of the United Kingdom, the wish of the predominant partner had of right predominant authority. The power of the House of Lords, that very power which the present Minister and every ministerialist wishes to destroy, forbade legislation which was opposed to the will of the people. One example is as good as a hundred. The lesson has been well impressed on the people of England that the House of Lords is at the present time our only security against the absolute sovereignty of any party which for the moment is dominant in the House of Commons. That we have not taken a false view of the revolution aimed at by Ministers, whose absurd affectation of being true Conservatives excites the derision even of their friends, is acknowledged by men who stand as far apart from one another as can any Englishmen who take a patriotic interest in the welfare of their country.

'The childish proposal' (wrote the late Lord Salisbury) 'that the veto of the House of Lords shall be taken away, while

it is still to remain a legislative Assembly, would be as much government by a single Chamber as if the Second Chamber were abolished.*

'Of all the schemes proposed' (writes Mr Beesly, who is no Tory, and has no love for the Peers), 'the most insensate, the most dangerous, the most hateful, are those which would retain the present House of Lords while curtailing its powers by statute. Rather than give the slightest countenance to any of them I, for one, would support the House of Lords as it is.'†

III. *A third object of Unionists is to withstand a policy of Socialism.*

The kind of legislation which they wish to oppose is best described in the words of one of the wisest and weightiest among their leaders:

'Many of the leading men' (says Lord Cromer) 'among the Radical party are very anxious to dissociate themselves from socialist tendencies. I need hardly say that I entirely accept their disclaimers. I do not doubt that many of them are no more Socialists than I am. But I have equally little doubt that, under the pressure exerted by the extremists of their party, they would put their names to measures which cannot be characterised as anything but socialist. Look at their land policy. I am one of those who think that the land laws of this country at present are in a very unsatisfactory condition. This is unquestionably an evil which requires remedy; but how does the present Government propose to remedy it? If they had made an honest endeavour to create a peasant proprietary class I should certainly have thought it my duty to give them whatever support was in my power. They have done nothing of the kind. What they propose is merely to substitute the State as landlord in the place of the private individual—in other words, to nationalise the land. They propose the State should buy up the property of existing landlords, often by compulsion, and that then the State should receive the rent formerly paid to the private owner. If this is not socialism, I do not know what socialism means.'‡

The particular instance to which his lordship refers is but one example of the attempt to gain for the poor

* 'National Review,' December 1894.

† 'A Strong Second Chamber,' by E. S. Beesly, Emeritus Professor of History in University College, London, p. 14.

‡ Lord Cromer at Sheffield. 'Times,' December 18, 1909, p. 9.

at the expense of the taxpayer—often by no means a rich man himself—advantages or comforts which have hitherto been gained, even among the less wealthy classes of the community, by the use of individual energy and self-control. This attempt marks the whole policy of the present Government. It pervades the Budget, it is seen at its worst in some of the provisions of the Development and Road Improvement Funds Act, 1909. It is the essential characteristic of socialism. We fully admit that socialistic laws are due to a state of opinion extending far beyond the Government and its followers. 'There is,' said Lord Morley with perfect truth, 'a great feeling prevailing, and quite beyond the lines of party, in this country, of pity, of sympathy, of horror at the misery our industrial system entails.' We most completely agree with this statement and also with his warning words: 'There will no doubt be foolish proposals made to satisfy the desire for remedy on the part of the sympathetically minded, whether politicians or philanthropists, outside politics—proposals, if you like, full of charlatanry, full of quackery.' We share his hope, though without great confidence, that in England, at the end of socialistic experiments, 'there will be left behind a fertile and fertilising residue of good.' Our hope might perhaps amount to conviction if we could expect the fulfilment in our country of one essential condition, namely, that socialistic experiments, filled as they are with risk, should not be made the instruments of party warfare. This condition has already been flagrantly violated by the Ministry of which Lord Morley is a member. The Cabinet's whole method of dealing with old-age pensions, its whole attitude throughout the Budget, is a salient example of the way in which socialistic experiments ought not to be treated. The Opposition has in these circumstances a duty to perform; it is bound to warn the nation again and again that State help destroys self-help; it is bound to recall the terrible fact, which no man can deny, that the benevolence of the old Poor Law was well-nigh the ruin of agricultural England, and that the destruction of the country was in 1834 averted only by the salutary harshness of the detested new Poor Law. The Opposition is bound to see to it that old-age pensions are not made a form of party bribery;

the Opposition is bound to ensure that a vast step towards socialism shall not be made at all until it is formally sanctioned by the nation, and that it shall be made in combination with the most careful respect for the fair and lawful rights of individuals—yes, even though they be criminals so notorious as landowners and dukes.

IV. *The object of Unionist policy is to expel from office, or, at worst, to deprive of power a Government which excites universal distrust.*

The reasons for this distrust can be and ought to be stated in plain terms.

The Cabinet gained office under false pretences. The victory of 1906 was due to the support or acquiescence of Free-traders, many of whom were Unionists. The followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were elected as Free-traders, as rigid economists, as disciples of Cobden. They relied on the cant of the day that 'Home Rule was dead.' Not a hint was dropped that our new Liberals favoured socialism. Pledges were given, or understood to be given, that they would not favour any measure making for Home Rule. The Prime Minister and his disciples were supposed to be free from any tendency of a revolutionary character. All the legitimate expectations which won vote after vote from the imprudence or simplicity of Unionists have ended in disappointment. The disciples of Cobden have turned out to be the followers of Henry George or of the far less rational and more virulent Mr Lloyd George. The promised policy of economy and reduced taxation has produced the most extravagant scheme of finance ever laid before Parliament, and has raised the income tax, supposed to be the great resource of the nation in times of emergency, to a rate nearly as high as the rate reached during a period of warfare. Whether as regards taxation Ministers have adhered to the true doctrines of Free-trade we must leave them to settle with their competent critic, Mr Harold Cox. If they have left imports untaxed they have violated every other idea dear to Cobden. He distrusted trade unions and abominated their tyranny. Our socialistic Ministry has conferred upon trade unions the right of committing legal wrongs without incurring therefor the ordinary legal liabilities. The Trade Disputes Act, 1906, has, for the first time in the modern

history of England, created a privileged class freed from the legal obligations of ordinary citizens. A Government expected to recommence the era of financial retrenchment has plunged into outrageous expenditure. It has deemed the time when the Treasury was menaced with a deficit appropriate for incurring unlimited and limitless liabilities by a grant of old-age pensions, which to Adam Smith, to Mill, or to Cobden, would have appeared a calamitous extension of outdoor relief. In words endorsed and applauded by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Act could be described as 'completely undermining the present Poor-Law system.' A strong Commission was actually enquiring into the amendments required by the existing Poor Law, but, with incredible recklessness, our Ministers would not wait to hear the Report of the Commission. They knew they were entering upon a path which was full of danger, yet they refused to take the most ordinary precautions to guard against its perils. No question could be more important than the enquiry whether pensions bestowed by the State upon the aged poor ought not, for the sake of the recipients even more than of the taxpayers, to be made dependent on contributions from the men who were to receive an immense boon at the expense of their neighbours. The Chancellor himself indeed appears now to admit that old-age pensions must ultimately be based upon some contributory system. He has even enquired into the subject, but his enquiries, we gather, are the fruit of a recent journey to Germany. We admire his readiness to correct his ignorance by personal investigation, but it is allowable to wish that an instructive mastery of the German system had preceded rather than, as seems to have been the case, followed the passing of the Old-age Pensions Act, 1908. Under any view of the circumstances, the neglect of our Ministers to wait for the Report of the Poor-Law Commission remains an act of unpardonable rashness. It argues an intellectual and moral flurry produced by unseemly haste. No doubt the haste may have been prompted by excessive sympathy for the poor. But the candour and calmness of future historians is likely to attribute it to the intelligible desire to avert at all costs declining popularity. The pledge or understanding which forbade the introduction of a Home Rule Bill

the Opposition is bound to ensure that a vast state socialism shall not be made at all until it is sanctioned by the nation, and that it shall be in combination with the most careful respect for the rights and lawful rights of individuals—yes, even the rights of the most notorious criminals so notorious as landowners and dealers in land.

IV. *The object of Unionist policy is to expel or, at worst, to deprive of power a Government of universal distrust.*

The reasons for this distrust can be accurately stated in plain terms.

The Cabinet gained office under false promises. The victory of 1906 was due to the support of Free-traders, many of whom were followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Free-traders, as rigid economists, as disciples of Cobden. They relied on the cant of the day that 'the dead' had been buried. Not a hint was dropped that they favoured socialism. Pledges were given that they would not make any change in the making for Home Rule. The Prime Minister and his disciples were supposed to be free of all revolutionary character. All the promises which won vote after vote for the simplicity of Unionists have been broken. The disciples of Cobden have been replaced by followers of Henry George or of the more virulent Mr Lloyd George. The policy of economy and reduced taxation has been replaced by an extravagant scheme of financial expansion, and has raised the income tax, the great resource of the nation, to a rate nearly as high as the rate of interest on warfare. Whether as regards the Irish or, in general, as regards the world, they have adhered to the true doctrine of non-interference. They have left them to settle with their own hands. Harold Cox. If they have not, they have violated every one of the principles of the distrusted trade union. Our socialistic Ministry has taken away the right of committing the management thereof the ordinary business of the Act, 1906, has,

gained many votes. Even if kept to the letter, it was soon violated in spirit. The Irish Councils Bill was in its essence a Home Rule Bill; it virtually, though not in name, established an Irish Parliament. It was a Bill which every Unionist throughout the United Kingdom would in 1886 or 1893 have rejected with scorn. It introduced Home Rule in the form which promised least benefit to Ireland and inflicted the greatest possible damage on Great Britain. It could not satisfy any *bonâ fide* Nationalist. It was not the conclusion but the opening of a new and embittered controversy. It held out no hope of even that temporary peace which is the most urgent need of a country ruined by agitation and lawlessness. The Bill gave, on the other hand, to Great Britain no compensation whatever for the admittedly dangerous experiment of creating an Irish Parliament, misnamed a Council. Not a single member from Ireland would, under the Bill, had it passed into law, have ceased to sit in the Parliament at Westminster. This calamitous measure was, it is true, withdrawn. But England in this matter owes nothing either to the wisdom or to the patriotism of the Cabinet. In plain truth, Irish Nationalists and the ministerial allies were prepared to defy the British electorate, but yielded servile obedience to the veto of the Irish priesthood. The attempt to pass a Home Rule Bill under the false pretence that it was a mere extension of local self-government broke down. This failure was, however, followed or accompanied by a far more insidious and far less defensible attack on the union between Great Britain and Ireland. The English Cabinet, containing as it did, some ardent Home-rulers, took care that the administration of Irish affairs should be carried on in accordance with the wishes of Irish Nationalists. Law-breakers were to go, or have gone, unpunished as long as their breaches of the law, or, in plain words, crimes, were applauded or condoned. On one maxim, at least, Ministers have been, and we suppose still are, absolutely agreed. In no circumstances whatever will they consent to use powers conferred upon the Executive by the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act, 1887, for the maintenance of law and order. This statute is as much a law of the land as any law you can name; it deserves as much respect as any other enactment in the

Statute-book. In the hands of a just administrator, such as Mr Balfour, it has proved singularly effective for the suppression of crime.

This law is, at the command of Nationalists who do not even profess loyalty to England, tabooed by the English Executive. Do Englishmen realise what this means? It means that the rights of Irishmen, the elementary rights of every citizen to the possession of his property and the safety of his life are not protected as they ought to be in every civilised country by the whole power of the State. Now a right which is not enforced by the State is in reality no right at all. The rights possessed by loyalists in Ireland are made, under the system pursued by the present Ministry, to vary according to the fluctuation of English party conflicts. If Unionists are in power the rights of loyal citizens are protected and kept in full force; if a Home Rule Ministry comes into office these rights are not protected, and for all practical purposes cease to exist. The statesmen who profess to be the advocates of democracy, and even try to pose for the nonce as protectors of the constitution, exercise, in fact, a dispensing power. This detestable system leads to a result on which it behoves not only every Unionist, but every elector throughout the United Kingdom to reflect.

No man of spirit, no citizen of a civilised state, and therefore no Irishman, will bear, or ought to bear, a state of things under which his rights to life and property vary in accordance with the changes of English political parties. Such a condition of affairs is, in the strictest sense, intolerable. Let it, through the existence of the present Government, endure for some five or six years longer, and Irish loyalists will be turned into separatists. Injustice supported by the power of the United Kingdom will supply an argument in favour, if not of Home Rule, yet of separation, to which the most zealous of Unionists will with difficulty find an answer.

The Government again cannot be trusted to make adequate provision for national defence. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, we may be pretty sure, does not believe that expense in this direction is necessary. Note the way in which he describes, not in his excited speeches, but in what we must presume to be his calmer contribu-

tion to the 'Nation,' the misapplication, as he deems it, of the revenue raised by the Finance Act of 1894. 'What was left,' he says, 'after the landlords had enjoyed the first cut, *was frittered away over futile expenditure on armaments.*'* Of the venom contained in the first words of this sentence we say nothing. We call attention to the expression which we have printed in italics. The certainty, however, that he and many of his colleagues will deem every penny spent on the army or the navy to be money frittered away depends on deeper causes than the excitability of an embittered and sentimental demagogue. Not only the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but his colleagues are, to judge by their conduct, bent on raising a constantly increasing revenue, that is, on imposing heavier and heavier taxes, for the trial of socialistic experiments. But socialism means disbelief in the benefit of individual freedom and boundless faith in the action of the State, and in the good to be derived from vast public expenditure. Hitherto Englishmen and foreigners alike have supposed that, in case of actual or threatened war, England can rely on unlimited pecuniary resources. But to-day there clearly enough exists a risk that we are approaching the limit of bearable taxation. The heaviness of national taxation is, though men constantly forget it, vastly increased, if not doubled, by the weight of local rates, which are, of course, taxation in another form. The time draws near when the electors will feel that further taxation is intolerable. An overtaxed country may be almost as defenceless as an unarmed country. Does the present Government consist of men who can be trusted to curtail grants of public money, at the moment popular because they help some impoverished class, for the sake of guarding against possible invasion? Precautions, a wise man has said, are always unpopular; whenever they are effectual they are thought to have been unnecessary. Is our excitable Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the reckless head of the Board of Trade, the kind of man who would sacrifice the applause and the votes of his supporters in order to increase the strength of our navy?

The worst offence with which the Government is

* 'The Nation,' October 30, 1909, p. 181.

most chargeable is that it has lowered the whole tone of public life. There is no need to enumerate the inaccuracies or the misrepresentations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Limehouse speech, the speech at Newcastle, the apocryphal anecdotes of Cardiff, are in every one's memory. Even were it the case, which it assuredly is not, that every telling anecdote and every piece of personal invective with which he has adorned his harangues had turned out capable of explanation or apology, the one broad fact would remain, which admits not of denial, that the leading and conspicuous demagogues on whose oratory the Ministry mainly rely, such as Mr Lloyd George, Mr Winston Churchill, and Mr Ure, are men of a type hitherto unknown to the public life of England. They are politicians in the American sense of that term, they are men who have entirely forgotten, if they had ever learned, the old and salutary tradition of English statesmanship, that every man, be he Tory, Whig, or Radical, who was a servant of the Crown became by that very fact the servant of the nation, and that, however ardent a politician, he must, whilst holding office, keep before his mind, and show by the decency and the dignity of his language, that he owed a duty not only to the party which had placed him in power, but also, and above all, to the country which he had the honour to serve. This assuredly was the conviction of Peel, of Wellington, of Russell, of Palmerston, and of Gladstone. To all these great men and scores of others whose names are now forgotten, language such as that used, and personal attacks such as those made, by our Chancellor of the Exchequer were strictly speaking impossible. The Premier, the Lord Chancellor of England, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs retain, as regards language at least, the traditions of past and better times. But Mr Asquith is bound to remember that a Premier rightly held responsible for the public utterances of his colleagues supposed, it may be erroneously, to be under his control. For every vote he wins by harangues which he himself would never dream of delivering, he pays by the loss of public respect. For inaccuracies he has not ensured, or for misrepresentations he has not contradicted, he will bear the responsibility. Not two years have passed since it was impossible to elicit from Mr

Asquith whether he did or did not approve of Mr Churchill's pronouncement at Manchester in favour of Home Rule. There are many who will ask whether the electors of Manchester and the nation had not a right to know, what we all know to-day, that the Prime Minister was ready to surrender the Union in return for the votes of Irish Nationalists. Nor is this the most serious of the matters in which the whole Government is bound by the action of the most prominent among its speakers. Can any one deny that the whole campaign in favour of the Budget, as carried on by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been a deliberate and possibly successful attempt to set class against class, Nonconformists against Churchmen, Welshmen against Englishmen, the poor against the rich? And this attempt to excite social animosity is made at a time when any man who has the least knowledge either of the past history or the present life of England must know that Englishmen of all classes are moved, as never before, with sympathy for the wants and pity for the sufferings of every class of the community, and especially of the poor. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer will not listen to the protests of opponents, he may surely give heed to the noble and wise language of Lord Morley.* A few specimens of our demagogue's reckless malignity may suffice to prove our point. He insinuates in his deliberately published 'People's Budget' that the offer of old-age pensions was, on the part of the Tory party—it was by the way mainly pressed forward by Mr Chamberlain, who is not a Tory at all—a piece of deliberate political hypocrisy.† He has the audacity to hint to the crowds at Limehouse that in some way or other mine-owners are to be held morally responsible for, but are callously indifferent to, the risks to which miners are exposed. When asked—we quote his very words—'Won't you give something towards keeping [aged miners] out of the workhouse? They scowl at you; and we say, "Only a ha'penny—just a copper." They say, "You thieves." And they turn their dogs on to us.' Is this, we ask, language which, in the remotest degree, represents the feeling of rich Englishmen towards

* See p. 295, *ante*.

† 'People's Budget,' Preface, pp. viii, ix, and 3, 4.

their poorer neighbours, is it language which comes with decency from a highly-paid servant of the nation, is it language which would have been tolerated by Gladstone, is it language which ought to receive the tacit toleration of the Premier?

Our Ministers have done much to set class against class; they have committed, if not a more hateful, yet a more dangerous offence. They have adopted a policy which imperils that success of popular government which, in the present condition of the world, affords the best hope for the progress of mankind. They are teaching the democracy of England the too easily learnt lesson that a class which has obtained predominant authority has a right to use the resources of the State so as to gain for its own members the maximum of material comfort. It is impossible on this matter to say that one party alone is to blame. A variety of causes good and bad work together to infect politicians with the desire to please, which constantly means to corrupt, English wage-earners. But the Cabinet has gone farther along an evil path than any of its predecessors. The Budget, the Development, etc., Act., 1909, the promises by which the Budget is accompanied, are all full of bribery to the poor. Now the vice of modern democracy is the corruption of classes. It is well known to the French Republic, it is a disease spreading among many of our self-governing colonies, it is a malady deplored but hardly resisted by the citizens of the American Commonwealth; it fosters the tyranny of the Machine, it supports the baneful power of the Boss, it has hitherto been more or less curbed in England, it is becoming to-day an ominous and pressing peril. The very expressions, the 'People's Budget,' or the 'Poor Man's Budget,' smack of corruption. A Budget ought to be the Budget neither of the rich nor of the poor, but of the nation. Every Englishman worthy of the name has hitherto accepted this principle. Gladstone, indeed, proffered to the middle class, which thirty-six years ago held predominant power, the repeal of the income tax. The offer, made on the very eve of a general election, looked uncommonly like a bribe. The morality of the public was shocked; the electors of England declined to accept an insidious benefit. Will the democracy of 1910 show as high public spirit as the ten-pound house-

holders of 1874? On the answer to this question turns the fate, not of England only, but of popular government throughout the civilised world. The Cabinet, guided by the passion of partisanship, are the corrupters of the democracy. One thing is certain. A corrupt democracy will disappoint the hopes of every patriot.

All the charges, and they are many, which can justly be brought against Mr Asquith and his colleagues, resolve themselves into one accusation. A singular consistency of spirit runs through a whole body of apparently incongruous political ideas. It links together men utterly differing in character and in talents, who might at first sight appear all but incapable of common action. Lord Loreburn and Lord Morley, Mr Lloyd George and Mr Churchill, the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey, all agree in one leading idea; this is their profound faith in the sacredness of party government. Adoration of party is the leading—we had almost said the only—article of their political creed. Herein lies their strength. Any one who studies that most remarkable book, Lowell's 'Government of England,' will find almost demonstrative proof that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, our system of party government has gained year by year increasing force. The people of England are growing heartily sick of it, and seek far and wide for a substitute which they have not yet found. This state of opinion is the very thing to which our parliamentary leaders are blind. This is the source of their weakness. They do not recognise a revolution visible enough to any man who stands outside Parliament and with open eyes can look plain facts in the face. Hence the very best of our parliamentarians, such, for example, as was Mr Gladstone and is Lord Morley, find themselves bound by an allegiance to party which at any moment may turn into disloyalty to the nation. The Unionists of 1886, whatever their errors, exhibited the great virtue of resolution to break through the tyranny of party. They dissolved the great Liberal party; they swept away the traditional and unmeaning differences which divided patriotic Conservatives from patriotic Whigs. The Unionists of to-day, under less favourable circumstances, and deprived by death or disease of their noblest leaders, such as Lord Salisbury, the Duke of

Devonshire, John Bright, Lord Goschen, Joseph Chamberlain, and others, whose names will ever be cherished by English patriotism, must fight the old battle over again. They have begun a campaign which will not end with the results of this general election. Unionists, like their opponents, are united by one idea; their fundamental faith is the necessity and the duty of insisting that the rules and the action of party government, the very privileges of the House of Commons, which were originally acquired for the defence of the country against the threatening tyranny of the Crown, shall be made subordinate to the authority of the nation.

How is victory in an arduous and possibly long conflict to be won?

The answer is easy to make, even though it be hard at moments to obey.

For the achievement of objects dear to every Unionist, and especially the maintenance of the United Kingdom, Tories and Radicals, Free-traders and Tariff-reformers, must treat their differences as nothing compared with the faith they hold in common. The advice of Lord Cromer,* who, better than any man living, represents the Unionism of 1886, is the counsel of common-sense as well as of patriotism. It is, in substance, that a Unionist Free-trader may, and in his lordship's judgment ought, in every case to vote for a Unionist, even though he be a Tariff-reformer. This involves no treason to a man's own Free-trade convictions. 'It will merely imply,' to use his lordship's words,

'that the Unionist Free-trader is prepared to proclaim a truce, and will lay aside his special ideas in order to subserve other and, as I consider, even more important, ends. And what are those ends? The first and most important of all is to ensure the continued existence of an effective Second Chamber. The second is to maintain the union with Ireland and thus prevent the disruption of the Empire. The two issues, that of the Second Chamber and the maintenance of the Empire, are intimately connected. This has been fully recognised by the leaders of the Irish Nationalist party.†

This principle of self-sacrifice enunciated by Lord Cromer

* Re-echoed and reinforced just as these pages are going to press by Lord Rosebery.

† *Times Lords' Debate*, p. 51.

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applies fully also to Tariff-reformers. A Unionist who believes in Tariff Reform must always prefer a Free-trade Unionist to a Home-ruler, or, in other words, to a Ministerialist or a separatist.

No pains again must be spared to dissipate all the errors, delusions, or misrepresentations not too scrupulously circulated by the reckless inaccuracy, to use no stronger term, of Mr Lloyd George, his imitators or his dupes. When bad coin is current no honest man should miss an opportunity of nailing it to the counter. Thus, to give one example of our meaning, no opportunity should be lost—it would be well that our most prominent leaders should bear this point in mind—of proclaiming in the clearest terms that Unionists as a party are not only willing but eager to take in hand the improvement of the House of Lords, to remove every peculiarity which may make it appear a representative merely of the Conservative party, and to turn it into what every Second Chamber should be—such a representative of the conservatism of the country as may render impossible that a party should usurp the authority and withstand the permanent wish of the nation.

Prophecy as to the immediate result of the election is at the present moment the idlest of employments. The contest in which we are engaged may be a long one, but omens of ultimate victory are provided by the commission, on the part of Ministerialists, of two errors, which, when once realised, are certain to divert the support of the English people.

Our Ministers are, in the first place, pursuing a path already trodden by men who deemed themselves Whigs or Liberals, a path which inevitably leads to placing the power of the House of Commons in opposition to the sovereignty of the nation. There occurs in Lord Morley's fine speech the singular expression 'a penal dissolution.' Do our readers know whence he obtained it? It belongs to Burke, and to the celebrated conflict of 1783, linked inseparably with the ominous name of the Coalition. The House of Lords had thrown out an India Bill brought in by the Government of North and of Fox. The Ministry commanded a vast majority of the House of Commons. Parliament had not run out the septennial period for which it was elected. Burke, with his usual passion, and

even more than his usual indiscretion, maintained that the House could not constitutionally be dissolved, and that if the king exerted his authority to dissolve Parliament he would violate constitutional precedent and bring about the enormity of a penal dissolution. Burke's doctrine had some plausibility. He could rely upon custom extending over seventy years (1714-1784). 'No Prince of the Hanoverian line' (writes Macaulay) 'had ventured to appeal from the representative body to the constituent body.' There were circumstances, further, of intrigue connected with the fall of the Coalition which all Whigs, and many moderate men who were not Whigs, condemned. But the king dared a dissolution. He appealed from a parliamentary majority to the sovereignty of the nation. The country responded to the call. Englishmen denied the supremacy of the House of Commons and practically affirmed the sovereignty of the people, and banished from power the Whigs of 1784 for well-nigh fifty years. Burke detested an appeal to the electors as much as Lord Morley, we regret to say, detests the Referendum. Burke denounced the dissolution with an imprudence of which Lord Morley could never be guilty, as a sort of *coup d'état* by which a 'Parliament had been sentenced, condemned, and executed.' The curiosity of the thing is that the most philosophical Radical of to-day falls back into the attitude of the Old Whig of 1783, and by his reference to a penal dissolution recalls, inadvertently, the two pregnant facts that, on the one great occasion when the House of Lords defied a majority of the House of Commons, the Peers were victorious, and that they gained their triumph because the people of England would not acknowledge the sovereignty of a parliamentary majority which defied the will of the nation. We do not, however, wish to lay too much stress on constitutional precedents however encouraging they may be by way of omens.

The second error of the Cabinet is of far more importance. Ministers have overlooked the fact, patent on every page of constitutional history, that the people of England are intensely influenced by moral considerations. The party which adheres, or even seems to adhere, to the plain maxims of public morals has always in the long run been victorious. Now the most notorious repre-

representatives of the Cabinet are those eminent demagogues the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade. The lack of self-control, the violence, the passion, and the gross misrepresentations of the one, and the tergiversations of the other, are not to the taste of the English people. Nor does the plausibility, the suppleness, and the weakness of the Prime Minister please the country, which wants a leader, and looks with suspicion on an advocate. We are well assured that the moral feeling of an untold number of moderate men has been offended. Unionists suffer much and may suffer more by their honest division of opinion as to economic doctrines, but if they keep their heads cool, and keep clear of all discreditable political alliances, they will find a source of unbounded and ever-increasing strength in their respect for the authority of the nation, and in their adherence to the plain dictates of political morality and honesty. Let them with Burke proclaim that the principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged; let them so act as to be able with him to assert that 'the principles which guide us, as they are not of our devising, but moulded into the nature and essence of things, will endure with the sun and moon long, and very long, after the name of Whig and Tory'—or, we may surely add, of Unionist and Home-ruler, of Free-trader and Tariff-reformer—'and all such miserable bubbles and playthings of the hour, are vanished from existence and from memory.'

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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Art. 1.—SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1. *The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland*, 1813–1870. London: Murray, 1909.
2. *Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino*, 1831–1835. London: Heinemann, 1909.
3. *Memories of Fifty Years*. By Lady St Helier. London: Arnold, 1909.

IF we examine the connexion between politics and Society in the nineteenth century, and consider how far the course of public events and the careers of public men were influenced by the life of country houses and drawing-rooms, we shall see at once that a great change had come over the spirit of the age since the days of the Stuarts and the first of the Hanoverian kings. Not so easy will it be to ascribe to these social influences their exact measure and right value. One shrinks from so obvious a platitude as the observation that the destinies of men and races have been affected by women for evil or for good since the days of Cleopatra; indeed since Eve walked in the Garden of Eden. George II, in one of his boastful moods, declared that Charles II had been governed by his mistresses, James II by his priests, William III by his ministers, Anne by her women. 'Who do they say governs now?' he asked; and the meek Queen, who ruled him, and through him ruled England, without his knowing it, encouraged his delusion. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was shrewd enough to appreciate his mother's ability in spite of their mutual hatred. 'He would never

make the ridiculous figure his father had done,' said he, 'in letting his wife govern him or meddle with business which no woman was fit for.' He did not live long enough to put this resolution to the proof. His wife was not without political aptitude, but she was forced to yield authority to her son. George IV was at the mercy of many women, but it may be premised that when the nineteenth century began, that system was extinct under which all men alike, courtiers, soldiers, and statesmen, were dependent for advancement and security upon the women who enjoyed the sovereign's favour. It must be admitted that this power was never more extensively exercised than when it was a woman that occupied the throne. George II spoke truly of Queen Anne, but his mistresses only lacked authority because the Queen herself wielded it, not openly, but none the less surely. More than one ambitious man, Chesterfield amongst them, made the mistake of courting the mistress instead of the wife. Walpole detected the reality, and through the Queen's confidence kept his own power firm. Caroline died in 1737, and power no doubt passed into the hands of Lady Yarmouth (Walden). Even the austere Pitt succumbed. Horace Walpole records that, on October 21, 1756,

'the palace had its solitude alarmed. The Pages of the Backstairs were seen hurrying about and crying, "Mr Pitt wants my Lady Yarmouth." That great stranger made her an abrupt visit—said he had come to explain himself, lest it should be thought he had not been sufficiently explicit.'

But the days of the mistresses were passing. Their sway had been great and undisguised. It was not through the unavowed persuasions or exertions of private life that they had governed; they were the recognised dispensers of patronage and agents for parties. They had to be courted assiduously, but with nothing of the delicacy of private life. Their reign, however, was now over; and it is noteworthy that no other kind of feminine influence immediately succeeded it. If one would observe how little the counsel of women was allowed to weigh in the management of their husbands' affairs, it may be taken as a sign that until the early years of the nineteenth century, bachelor parties were general. The men dined

and drank and hunted and plotted together; they had no need of women to urge them, and encourage, and advise. There is a striking contrast between the habits of Ministers a century apart. In 1720 Secretary Craggs wrote to Lord Stanhope:

There dined yesterday at Lord Sunderland's the dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle, Lord Carlisle, Lord Townshend, Lord Lumley, the Speaker, Walpole and I, and we got, some very drunk, and others very merry. Lord Falmouth, whom the publick nicknamed Lord Foulmouth . . .

On November 13, 1834, Greville recorded that Lord Sefton told him

'that Mrs Lane Fox's house was become the great rendezvous of a considerable part of the Cabinet. The Chancellor, Melbourne, Duncannon, and Mulgrave are there every day and all day; they all dine with her, or meet her (the only woman) at each other's houses, as often as they can.'

We may say then that the new century brought with it a new condition in the relations between politics and Society; henceforward the part to be played by women was to be of a very different character. The position of the King's mistress had been fully recognised and was almost official. The women of Society were not expected and did not aspire to meddle with public affairs. 'Passive obedience is a doctrine which should always be received amongst wives and daughters,' wrote the sprightly Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and the women of her day were usually content to restrict their energies to domestic duties and recreations.

'You'll wonder, perhaps, to hear that Lord Gower is a topping courtier' (she wrote to Lady Mar); 'there is something extremely risible in these affairs, but not so proper to be communicated by letter; and so I will in an humble way return to my domestics.'

It is true that this rule had its exceptions. Long after her days at Court were numbered, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, occupied herself eagerly with State affairs. It must be borne in mind that she was no ordinary woman; she had governed Queen Anne, and ruled a greater than she, the Duke himself. Power to her was indispensable; if not power, then to be defying power.

For the sake of annoying George II, whom she hated, she set a lure for his son by offering her granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, for his bride, with a dowry of 100,000*l.*, a scheme only frustrated by the vigilance of Walpole. She consoled herself by bequeathing a considerable legacy to Pitt, because he was a resolute assailant of the King's Government. But Duchess Sarah is the exception to all rules; she was a rare woman, and leaves the mass of her contemporaries insignificant by contrast. Here and there a woman has secured perpetual notoriety by activity not of a domestic kind, but this has usually been for the sake of and in connexion with some one man: an obvious instance is Lady Hamilton. Here again allowance must be made for temperament; at all times and in all places there have been brave and capable women, ready to share in public dangers or devote themselves to individual interests. In later times the wife of Sir Harry Smith will serve as an illustration. But this is a different thing from bringing politics into the drawing-room and inclining the ear of a statesman to the counsels of a boudoir. In this direction the fashion of the times began to turn. Before the century had begun Holland House had become a meeting-place for the leaders of the Whig party. The journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland, describes at length the plots and counter-plots that were hatched there, and particularly relates the circumstances of the futile secession of the Whigs from the House of Commons in 1798. They intended it as a protest against Pitt's war policy, calculated to destroy his credit: it only damaged their own. It was not strictly observed, and Tierney boldly seized the opportunity of conducting the Opposition in person. Holland House had been the conspiring ground, and here the failure was admitted. 'Secession, did I say, madam?' cried Sir Philip Francis to his hostess; 'dispersion I mean.' What Holland House came to be in later years we know Macaulay and Greville, in their respective ways, have told us all about it.

In the first years of the nineteenth century the influence of women was not greatly felt in public life. The King was insane and his Court was closed. The Regent's life was, indeed, fully occupied with women: he was at war with his royal wife, and his secret marriag

had not been fortunate. If he was cruel to Caroline, he could at least plead provocation. To the other lady he had allied himself solely by his own desire. He had risked his succession to the throne, as some held, by marriage with a Roman Catholic, despite its invalidity under the Royal Marriages Act. He had descended to every species of subterfuge and prevarication; and after all, an estrangement came between them. She was no doubt the most admirable of his various loves. But neither she nor her successors made any serious pretence of interfering with government. Personal rivalry, the satisfying of family needs, or mere indulgence of vanity, engrossed their attention. And it is worth noting that the three most conspicuous men in the country were, in effect, bachelors: the Regent presented no wife to the public; Pitt was unmarried; Fox avowed his marriage in 1802, but his previous connexion with the lady prevented her from taking her place in Society.

With William IV the new era began; the political atmosphere broadened, and women were permitted to live in it. According to the Duchesse de Dino, the King believed himself irresistible in the presence of a woman. The ubiquity of his FitzClarence progeny gave considerable offence; but we are not accustomed to associate scandal with his name after he succeeded to the throne. Queen Adelaide had no desire to take a prominent part: she was convinced that we were on the verge of an upheaval like that of France in 1789, and her only ambition was to accept the fate of Marie Antoinette with dignity.

The transition was gradual and scarcely perceptible. The right of women to venture upon the territory of man would no doubt have been vigorously disputed by many, not necessarily by all. Byron and John Cam Hobhouse were intimate friends. In Byron's opinion women ought to study only piety and cookery;* Hobhouse, on the other hand, spent his mornings in paying calls, because he found it 'a great disadvantage to lose touch with Society.'†

This leads us to consider how Society was composed; whether it was jealously exclusive or easily entered. The

* Moore's 'Life of Byron.'

† 'Recollections of a Long Life.'

range of Society's influence must have depended at all times upon its self-imposed restrictions. We are in the habit of saying that social barriers have been broken, and that the exclusiveness of former generations has yielded in our time to the encroachment of affluence and impudence. This is an accepted faith; but it is not beyond doubt. It may be argued on ample evidence that in no age has the successful financier found access to the great world insuperably barred. Perhaps more successful, because less scrupulous, has been the financial impostor. The desire of riches has compelled men and women throughout the ages to a complaisant temper in the presence of wealth and in the prospect of gain. So long ago as in the days of the South-Sea Bubble we read that

stockjobbers and their wives, Hebrew and Gentile, were suddenly admitted to the most exclusive circles, and aped the manners and the vices of the aristocracy, who courted them for what they could get.*

This spirit we may rely upon finding in nearly all civilised communities. Not so obvious, and of slower growth, was the willingness to recognise the claim of intellect. The Duchess of Devonshire was liberal minded, besides being a Liberal in politics, yet here is an account of her first meeting with Sheridan at Bath in 1775: 'It was here that the Duchess of Devonshire first met Sheridan; and, as I have been told, long hesitated as to the propriety of inviting to her house two persons of such equivocal rank in Society as he and his wife were at that time considered. Her Grace was reminded of these scruples some years after, when "*the player's son*" had become the admiration of the proudest and fairest; and when a house, provided for the Duchess herself at Bath, was left two months unoccupied, in consequence of the social attractions of Sheridan, which prevented a party then assembled at Chatsworth from separating.†

* 'Caroline the Illustrious,' by W. H. Wilkins.

† Moore's 'Life of Sheridan,' i, 148. He says further: 'Talents in literature and science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality. . . . By him who has not been born among them, this can only be achieved by Politics . . . at once all these barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes by right a station at their side, which a Shakespeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy' (ii, 73).

After half a century Disraeli was able to say :

The aristocracy of England absorbs all aristocracies, and receives every man in every order and every class who defers to the principle of our society, which is to aspire and to excel.*

It may be that Holland House is not an ordinary instance. For various reasons it has always been free from a strict and narrow exclusiveness. The democratic principles and loose practices of Fox may have exercised a levelling influence there at a very early period of social history, whilst other great houses were still inaccessible to plebeians. The fact remains that O'Brien, the actor, turned its hospitality to such good account that he succeeded in marrying Lord Ilchester's daughter.

Upon the whole, however, we may be sure that Society was more jealously limited before Queen Victoria's reign than it was at its close. Talent and notoriety were not sufficient warrants for admission. Attention was not diffused upon divers interests, and until the area was extended there was a tendency to concentrate the mind on the inevitable topic of politics. The transformation which came over the scene during that interval may be traced in the volumes which we are about to notice ; but we must first point out that it by no means follows that every woman in England considered herself a politician.

The ladies of the nineteenth century who have either published memoirs, or been made the subject of memoirs, certainly do not convey the impression that politics constituted their invariable study and occupation, nor that they aspired to affect the destinies of the nation. The fortunes of the husbands, sons, and brothers were admittedly their concern ; but they only aided and encouraged them in politics as they would have done in any other career. An example of this is afforded by the letters of the Hon. Emily Eden to the lady who became Lady de Ros, written during the Reform crisis of 1830. Miss Eden belonged to a political family ; her brother had lately been made Secretary to the Treasury ; she was herself a woman of spirit ; yet this is the detached tone in which she speaks :

* 'Life of Lord George Bentinck.'

"I trusted to the papers to tell you of George's appointment. Of course we were being very much pleased with it, and are as still, I believe; and yet I rather begin to wonder where the joke is, seeing that I have seen him but for five minutes the last three days. . . . I do not think that amusing at all; however, he likes business, and it is all right I daresay."

In another letter she gives an account of the foolish round games which for the moment were the delight of elderly people in Society, and she goes on with this strange statement:

"These parties end in mulled claret for the gentlemen and cigars for the ladies. When we have settled that little frivolous point of Reform in Parliament, we must try something more serious about Reform in Society."

Lady de Ros herself had taken part in great events. She was the heroine of the Waterloo ball; she lived to be ninety-five; and she knew personally seventeen Prime Ministers, beginning with Pitt and ending with Lord Salisbury; yet there is nothing in the little volume which her daughter, Mrs Swinton, published in 1893, to indicate that she ever considered politics any part of her business. Her husband was a soldier, and it was the intentions of the Horse Guards rather than those of Parliament that concerned her. Perhaps she was satisfied with the degree of political understanding claimed by a lady when Napoleon told her that he detested 'les femmes d'esprit': 'Pourtant, puisqu'on leur fait l'honneur de leur couper la tête, il faut bien qu'elles aient assez d'esprit pour savoir pourquoi!'

To go farther back, Lady Charlotte Bury enjoyed living in the world, and wrote about it copiously, yet she gives very much more attention to social and personal affairs than to anything else. Attached as she was to the unhappy Princess Caroline, she was to some extent placed in a political situation, and she does relate the manner in which Society adjusted their treatment of the wife when the husband became Regent; but it is Caroline's private life, her eccentricities, and her indiscretions that she sets out to describe. Incidentally she tells an amusing story which suggests that if women in Society took any part in politics it was rather to hinder public affairs than to help in their administration.

In the midst of all these political speculations' (she writes in 1810), 'Lord Grey has . . . gone back to Northumberland. . . I asked Lord Lauderdale if Lord Grey's friends did not find fault with his being out of the way at such a moment. By no means," answered he with great gravity, "Lady Grey is to be confined very soon, and he sacrifices everything to the consideration of his wife. He was quite in the right. I always do the same thing."

Lord Eldon lived to a great age and spent all his life in politics. He was devoted to his wife, but it is evident that she took no more part in his public work than he took in the management of her kitchen. He wrote constantly to one of his daughters and his letters are full of state affairs; but he was inclined to write about himself, and this was his principal personal interest. Assistance and advice from her he never thought of soliciting. Mrs Charles Bagot's recollections* go back to the time of Lord Eldon's death. She saw a great deal of the world and knew a great many people. The book is interesting and agreeable; it is the work of a high-bred, cultivated woman of the best type; but it has nothing to do with politics. Society, travel, folk-lore, art, places and people all came into the scope of her observation; but the play of parties and the aspirations of individuals she left to others. Lady Dorothy Nevill has had much to do with the politicians of her time; but her interest is rather in persons than in politics. Mrs Pickering, on the other hand, confines herself entirely to the politics of Holkham. Mr Hare certainly did not intend his 'Story of Two Noble Lives' to be a political book.

Princess Lieven is not a fair example. She was not an Englishwoman, and she was a politician by profession as well as by temperament. It is true that she flung herself into the stream of political life in this country with an energy which was nowhere excelled. She probably credited everybody with her own enthusiasm, and scented political intrigue wherever she went. 'I divide my time in London between the Ministerial and Opposition salons,' she writes to her brother in 1820. 'Lady Jersey holds her club in the latter; it is most amusing for a neutral'—which she certainly was not.

* 'Links with the Past.'

She says that her particular friends are 'Lady Jersey Lady Cowper,' etc. She stayed much in country house where the atmosphere was bound to be political, and beyond question many of her hostesses were interested in the fate of parties; but it is remarkable that she never gives an instance of one of them doing or saying anything that led to any definite consequence. She even relates the varying fortunes of the favourite ladies of George IV; but these appear to be matters of purely domestic interest and it seems not unreasonable to believe that, with all her boasted neutrality, she took a more active part in politics during her residence in London than all the other ladies in Society put together.

A very political lady, who lived until 1826, was Lady Sarah Lennox; but she was then eighty-one, and her career belongs rather to the preceding century. George III was in love with her; she married twice and led an eventful life. She belonged to the Holland House world and was reared upon politics. In 1762 she wrote to Lady Susan O'Brien: 'As to politicks, I have renounced them and their vanities, for 'tis only wishing for what one can't have and expecting what one don't get.' This resolve was the result of disappointment; she was unhappy because her husband, Mr Bunbury, was not to be made Chief Secretary for Ireland. After he had become Sir Charles, and she had run away from him, her zest returned, and her letters until the end of her life show a deep interest in public affairs. In her old age she offered some observations upon the changes she had witnessed. They are worth noting for two reasons: they show that in spite of a rather stormy existence she had preserved a kind heart; also that she had detected symptoms which we are apt to think peculiar to our generation.

'I do not perceive any alterations in the ways of London since almost our younger days' (she writes in 1815), 'except . . . in the sanction given to unmarried women to take lead even in their parents' houses . . . the same objects in Society seem going on. In the political circle it is consequence, in the fine one it is superiority . . . upon the whole I don't believe the present generation are worse than the last, except that the excess of dissipation leads more to blind their natural good

feelings . . . their comforts are so entirely guided by their situations.'

Lady Susan was more severe. Society was no longer select, she complained in 1818; entertainments were too numerous and too crowded. Parliament was no longer what it had been. In old days long speeches were rare, even with the great orators; now they were 'the daily practice on every topic and by everybody.' All are orators, she complains, and the consequence is that all social engagements are postponed until late hours, which involves a great expense in candle-light and is hurtful to the health of young persons. The manners in her society have become slovenly and unduly familiar. In the lower ranks the spirit of the French Revolution has made every ale-house a political centre, full of dangerous Radicals who criticise the King, grumble at rank and riches, call themselves gentlemen, and ape their superiors.

After all there can be no better source of information upon our subject than Greville, who spent his life in political society. If we would have the conclusion of the whole matter from him, we cannot do better than take his account of Lady Jersey's quarrel with Lord Durham in 1831. She had attacked him at a Drawing-room and demanded a public withdrawal of certain charges he had made against her. He was supposed to have said that Lady Durham must request an audience of the Queen in order to contradict the things Lady Jersey had said of her and other Whig ladies. Lady Jersey denied having said anything to the Queen, but she admitted to Greville that she had been indiscreet. 'All this comes of talking,' says Greville, and in this perilous delight we seem to see the principal share taken by ladies in political life. He makes an exception in the case of Mrs Arbuthnot, in whom the Duke of Wellington placed much confidence, and who, he says, was 'very prudent and silent.' Another lady who was undoubtedly trusted by the Duke was Lady Bathurst.

One incident indeed there was which gives the impression that the Drawing-rooms were supposed to play an important part in politics. Sir Robert Peel refused to take office in 1839 if all the Whig ladies at Court were to retain their places. Melbourne, says Greville, 'ought

to have taken care that the female part of [the Queen's] household should not have a political complexion.' And in 1841 the Duke of Bedford 'sent in the Duchess's resignation, as he found that Peel meant to require the retirement of three Ladies of the Household connected with the Government—Sutherland, Bedford, and Normanby.' But throughout his long and candid journal there are very few records of any woman having taken an active part or exercised direct influence: secret machinations he either failed to detect or scrupled to chronicle. In 1834 Lady Holland told him that she had been the channel of communication by which the arrangement of giving the Chief Baronship to Lyndhurst had been carried on. In 1860 Lady Palmerston created a sensation by openly denouncing Gladstone's Paper Duties Bill, and the Prime Minister was perhaps unfortunate in his attempt to smooth matters, when he offered the stern Chancellor of the Exchequer this consolation: 'Of course you are mortified and disappointed, but your disappointment is nothing to mine, who had a horse with whom I hoped to win the Derby, and he went amiss at the last moment. Finally, one lady was the innocent cause of putting a Prime Minister in an unfortunate predicament when Mr. Norton brought his unsuccessful action for divorce and made Lord Melbourne co-respondent.*

We now turn to the three books named at the head of this article. Lady Westmorland is already known to us through a former volume, which contained her correspondence with the Duke of Wellington when she was Lady Burghersh. She was born in 1793. Her father was Wellesley Pole, son of the first Earl of Mornington and brother of the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. He was created Lord Maryborough, and eventually succeeded his eldest brother, Lord Wellesley in the father's earldom. Priscilla Wellesley Pole was therefore the Duke's niece; she became his most intimate and cherished companion and friend. Her husband was A.D.C. to the Duke during the Peninsular War. In 1841 he succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Westmorland

* It may be worth noting that the careers of two Irish leaders were affected by women. O'Connell at the end of his life was 'passionately in love with a young girl' (see Walpole's 'History of England'). Of greater consequence was the Parnell divorce case.

Between the years 1814 and 1856 he represented Great Britain at the Courts of Florence, Berlin, and Vienna; he died in 1859.

Placed in these circumstances, it was impossible for Lady Westmorland to avoid immediate acquaintance and, indeed, some personal concern with the public events of the time. Her letters do not suggest what is generally described as a clever woman; there is no attempt at fine writing; no pretence of wit; they are quite free from pose and affectation. Yet she can never have been dull or unsympathetic. Amongst her friends were Metternich, Talleyrand, and Madame de Staël. Those who became her friends remained her friends until death, and their letters show that they loved and admired her personally without thought of her rank and station. Pozzo di Borgo was devoted to her; so were men who had nothing to do with governments and embassies. Humboldt, the naturalist, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Rauch the sculptor, all came under her spell. She evidently had brains enough to appreciate them all in their several spheres; but it was not her habit to seek out or encourage talent in the professions. She was sincerely fond of music and she was attached to Jenny Lind. She went to the theatre, but knew no actors; if she did, she never mentions them. Her strictures on some sightseers in Berlin reveal some knowledge of art; yet we never hear of her entertaining a painter; * possibly because in her opinion we had had nothing but 'daubers' since Lawrence. Authors do not appear to have interested her, and we may be sure that she numbered no journalist amongst her acquaintance. The members of the royal family who came to her house met none but statesmen, diplomatists, and perhaps a soldier, such as her brother-in-law, Lord Raglan. She was a great lady after the old manner.

One cannot fail to notice that with such a character physical courage is a natural instinct. She was in Berlin during the street fighting of 1848: 'We were in the midst of the battle,' she writes complacently. But perhaps a better proof of her power of self-control is provided by her account of her conduct at Cambridge

* In later years her daughter met Mr Weigall in Society, and married him.

when her son Julian was presented with the Chancellor's medal for English verse.

'Mr Hood says that "my lady behaved beautifully," which means' (she writes) 'that I did not show any emotion whatever, though my heart beat in my throat; but I had promised July that I would be as unmoved as a stone.'

Yet she was not a placid woman. 'For God's sake don't give it the odious name of Coalition, but call it Reconciliation,' she cried impatiently when Lord Ellenborough spoke of a coalition of the scattered sections of the Conservative party after 1846. And she would have no compromise with dissimulation.

'I had a great deal of conversation with Lord Malmesbury' (she wrote some years later), 'and the impression left on my mind was that cowardice rules the day . . . fear of prejudices . . . dread of unpopularity. . . . I really think Sir R. Peel was the only statesman besides the Duke who never would and never did go the least one side of truth.' . . . 'You will remember' (she wrote on another occasion), 'what I have often said of my own experience in *modifications* which honest men allow themselves in that atmosphere [House of Lords], which elsewhere they would spurn.'

She disliked violence. Thus she describes a dinner at Lord Brougham's in 1846:

'I sat between him and Lord Ellenborough. I was astounded at the foolish and absurd talk of the latter. . . . Brougham himself was violently excited . . . and between the two I might as well have been in a room at Bedlam.'

What she thought of Brougham afterwards does not appear; but he remained one of her most constant correspondents, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself. Her friends must needs be his friends: Metternich becomes 'dear Prince Metternich,' and the Duke 'the dear Beau,' which Lady Westmorland probably resented as impertinence.

King Leopold wrote to her regularly for many years, and one other correspondent must be named, because her share in the volume under review is conspicuous. Comtesse Pauline Néale had been Maid of Honour to the excellent and unhappy Queen Louise of Prussia, whom she had accompanied in her flight before Napoleon in

1806. She commenced a friendship with Lady Westmorland in Berlin which grew in strength until the death of the Comtesse in 1869. She knew all that passed in Berlin, and her letters afford a valuable commentary on the birth of the German Empire. This is outside the scope of our observations, but we must pause to make two notes. When Parliament was convened at Frankfort after the Revolution of 1848, one of the members returned for Breslau was a beggar 'who lived on the parish there, and a number of the citizens agreed to elect him, as he will get three dollars a day while the Assembly sits . . . on the understanding that he will never trouble the parish again.' 'See if these people are fit to be trusted with popular representation,' is Lady Westmorland's comment upon this. Again, she repeats a conversation which she has had with Queen Victoria :

'She cannot conceive that the plan of a United German Empire . . . can ever succeed. . . . [She] never can conceive that it is necessary or possible to *mediatize* the Sovereigns . . . or that the different armies can be amalgamated.'

Her Majesty was probably influenced by Baron Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, for Lady Westmorland writes :

'Frederick Lamb told me he had a conversation with Prince Albert upon German affairs. . . . He talked of Bunsen as an oracle. F. gave him his opinions openly and said . . . "if Bunsen's principles are monarchical, all his actions and words are those of a fool; if he is a Republican, then he is a traitor!" F. says he appeared nettled.'

Of Lady Westmorland's intimacy with the Duke enough evidence is forthcoming. If more were needed, it could be found in the testimony of Metternich, who wrote after the Duke's death :

'It was from himself that I learnt the affection he bore for you, which was a proof to me that my trust in you was the result of a direct inspiration.'

And before we part with Prince Metternich it is worth remarking that his death was attributed to the bad news from the war in Italy in 1859. The exhausted body succumbed under the added anguish of mind, as Pitt was killed by the news of Austerlitz.

That Lady Westmorland's place in the Duke's affections was supplemented by trust in her discretion must have been well known. In 1840 she received a letter from Lord Melbourne one day, marked 'Immediate,' appealing to her to conduct negotiations with the Duke for avoiding a grave situation in Parliament in connexion with the question of the precedence to be accorded to the Prince Consort. 'The Duke paid me a long visit yesterday,' is a common phrase; '... he told me a conversation he had had lately with the King' (1835). Through her we learn a good deal that is interesting about Sir Robert Peel and about his relations with the Duke. Every one remembers the Duke's lament that 'I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners.' Once to Lady Westmorland he deplored Peel's 'woeful want of spirit.' One would like to know Peel's candid opinion of the Duke. In 1836 Lord Hardinge consulted Lady Westmorland upon the propriety of Peel inviting the Duke to Drayton—'but this of course is not to be breathed to a soul (least of all to the Duke), as all the grace of the thing would be lost if not supposed to be spontaneous.' Peel no doubt regarded the Duke with the veneration due to his character and position, but he never humbled himself. After 1846 relations were naturally strained. Peel had been bitterly attacked for his eulogy on Cobden in the House of Commons:

'Our friends say he is mad' (wrote Lady Westmorland), 'and consider the line he has taken very insulting to those who have eaten dirt for him. The Protectionists, of course, are more furious than ever.'

The Duke showed his disposition to mend the breach.

'He told me he had met Peel riding in the Park. He stopped him and then joined him, though he said he evidently saw Peel had no wish to do any such thing. He opened at once on the state of things ... in short he did everything to show and to provoke confidence. He never responded a word, made no remark, and when they reached the House of Lords he said something about being happy to see the Duke in such health, and then rode off, evidently glad to get rid of him.'

Ten years before the Duke had written that he 'found him very cordial, very anxious to pull with him, and that he really believed their opinions now agreed in every

particular.' Now the strain had been too severe, and the Duke's urbanity, which perhaps came as a surprise, could not penetrate the frigid pride of Sir Robert. Yet Lady Westmorland had no prejudice. She had lately dined at his house. 'I own,' she says, 'I thought him extremely agreeable. He talked a great deal about the Queen with a great deal of feeling and attachment.' We have seen how much she admired his truthfulness. The Queen herself had outgrown her original distrust of Peel. After his death she said to Lady Westmorland that

'the loss to her was irreparable. He was her best, her kindest, her most devoted friend. . . . She said she did not envy the feelings of those who had so maligned and misjudged him; and added, "though his noble heart was so much above all the spite shown him, I know that he often suffered much for the bitterness of those who should have been his friends."'

The shy, proud nature of Peel was sorely wounded. He had done what he conceived to be his duty. He knew that his old colleagues and followers were reviling him, and he could not dissociate the Duke from 'those who should have been his friends.'

On the opposite side of politics Lady Westmorland had her friends. After the fall of the Government in 1846 Lord Palmerston wrote to her at once to ask whether her husband would be willing to remain at Berlin now that he had himself become Foreign Secretary; she took the responsibility of accepting the offer and gave Lord Palmerston due credit for his conduct. 'Lady Palmerston,' she writes, 'is extremely cordial to me, and I hear is much pleased at my telling everybody that Lord Palmerston's conduct has been so handsome and gentlemanlike.' In later years she was much in the confidence of the Whigs through the Duke of Bedford, who became one of her most punctual correspondents.

'What I now tell you, although no great secret, must not go beyond the four walls of your own little room at Apethorpe—at least, not on my authority.'

he writes in 1858, and he gives an amusing account of another political lady in full activity:

'Lady Molesworth made an attempt to bring Lord Palmerston and John together (politically) at a dinner she gave for

them two days ago, but it flashed in the pan. The former did not go till the evening, and John sent by telegraph that he was snowed up at Richmond Park. It was Lady Molesworth who brought Lord Palmerston and Mr Delane together and made them friends. Hence the change of the tone in the "Times" that I suppose encouraged her to make a second attempt.'

Lady Westmorland was not without her dark hours. The Crimean War filled her with horror. She disapproved of the policy which led us into it; she believed what Metternich told her he had heard from Nesselrode—that the Emperor had never meant to fight; that he had never dreamt of going to Constantinople; and that he had only been dragged into war by the unwarranted faith he had placed in England's sincerity. 'England is struggling on the edge of a social revolution,' said Metternich, and she agreed with him. The Conservative party had been compromised by their union with the Democrats and were powerless to save the situation. 'All connected with the war,' she says, 'is repugnant to all the principles in which I have lived since childhood.' Finally, 'I am so humiliated . . . to see the nation come down from that elevation, which no one formerly contested, . . . that I blush for England.' But it must not be forgotten that she had cause for personal anxiety and sorrow. Lord Raglan was her brother-in-law; she was fondly attached to him; and her son, Lord Burghersh, was serving as his A.D.C.

She had not always been a safe political guide. She once wrote that Lord Palmerston was to go at once to the House of Lords. In 1864 she told her son Julian that General Peel was now the recognised leader of the Conservative party; he would be the head of the next Government, not Lord Derby, nor Disraeli. But if she was not a good prophet she was sufficiently in the movement to have collected impressions and memorials that are well worth our reading now. In fact her life was so much occupied with politics that she has little time for social news; but she gives us an occasional glimpse of her contemporaries. Sarah, Lady Jersey, was her husband's sister, and of her we have these indications. Her daughter had recently died, and when Lady Westmorland went to see her she seems to have found her more cheerful than was to be expected, for Comtesse Néale writes

that this was no doubt due to courageous resolve to show a good front before others; 'and then' (she goes on) 'her smart dress seems strange; it is force of habit, no doubt.' At the age of seventy-nine she is described as 'still brilliant, talkative, gay, always beautifully dressed in the latest fashion, in sky-blue or rose colour, with flowers in her (own) hair, which is not grey—décolleté with short sleeves. . . . She has kept her sight, hearing, and memory without any change.' Later still Lady Westmorland writes:

'Lady Jersey told me that Lord Clarendon had called on her, and reported his conversation with the Emperor Napoleon. Lady Jersey is always, I think, very correct in her reports.'

Another social observation is remarkable. Lady Westmorland had always felt a great antipathy for Napoleon; to her he was a clever 'scoundrel.' In 1863 her son was his guest at Compiègne, and there he became seriously ill. She went over to bring him home, and not only did she acknowledge the Emperor's kindness, she was won by his personal charm and recognised, as Queen Victoria had already done,* the evidence of his high-bred instinct: 'He tries to put others at their ease, and he is always himself a perfect gentleman.'

Lady Westmorland held a very high position in society and in diplomacy. She was on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Duke of Wellington. She had the power of extracting confidence and admiration. She sought no political power and had no end in view. Consequently she was liked and trusted by political opponents, and her relations with the men at the head of both parties were so sympathetic that she undoubtedly became something more than a mere spectator. If she was not quite an actor, she probably discharged some useful offices behind the scenes. It only remains to say that Lady Rose Weigall has done her work with discretion, and supplied all the necessary elucidation clearly and concisely.

The Duchesse de Dino was Talleyrand's niece; she was separated from her husband, and acted as hostess for her uncle whilst he was ambassador in London. She was frankly political; she could not be otherwise. She does

* 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' vol. iii.

not exhibit the same love of action as Princess Lieven, but she took a keen interest in what she saw passing before her eyes, and there is nothing to indicate that she devoted herself to politics at the sacrifice of more congenial occupations. She was apt to complain that the Cabinet were grudging of confidence, and that she had to rely to a great extent upon rumour. A country house, where politics were not talked, bored her. She stayed at Warwick Castle in 1834 and found it intolerably dull; during dinner the talk was all of county balls, Leamington Spa, and local gossip; the men lingered unduly in the dining room; when they came upstairs there was tea; at ten a 'sort of supper; at eleven there was a general move to bed, which seemed to be a relief to every one.'

She liked Englishmen; they were cold, reserved, and unimaginative, but underneath the stiff outside there was a surprising fund of good sense, goodness, learning, and cleverness; but they must never affect an unnatural manner:

'They should be judged only on their own ground. An Englishman on the Continent is so much out of his element that he runs the risk of being taken either for an idiot or a coxcomb.'

She disliked Palmerston, who, she says, cut her uncle and herself in private life, and was officially hostile; and she makes frequent allusions to his bad temper and bad manners. Brougham she detested and despised; he was dirty, vulgar, greedy, cynical, and 'drunk with wine and words.' In fact she hated and feared all Radicals, except Lord John Russell, whom she found it impossible to dislike personally. Brougham told her that the Reform Bill had effected 'a *complete* revolution without bloodshed.' For her part she saw in the state of England an exact reproduction of the opening scenes of the French Revolution. She liked Queen Adelaide for her kind nature, but she spoke ill of most women. Yet she was not a bitter woman. She might well have been jealous of Princess Lieven, but she always writes of her with admiration, and admits that her departure was 'a very serious matter for London Society.' She hated Lady Jersey, and evidently thought nothing of her political influence. Here is her opinion:

'She has neither restraint, nor ability, nor generosity, nor kindness, nor honesty, nor dignity. She is either mocked or hated. Her heart is bad, her head empty, her society tedious.'

Most of the ladies of Society she contrives to make ridiculous. Lady Londonderry, before her confinement, was so confident of having a son that she ordered a uniform of her husband's regiment of hussars for a child of six days old. The tailor suggested six years. 'No, six days; it is for his baptism.' Lady Salisbury, the mother of the Prime Minister (she who brought the Gascoigne name into the family), is represented as so stupid and ignorant that when she heard in the course of a sermon that Adam had excused himself on the ground that the woman had tempted him, she was carried away by the novelty of the idea, and shouted out 'Shabby fellow, indeed.' Lady Tankerville is introduced only for the sake of her 'naïve silliness.' Lady Holland, we perceive, was neither liked nor respected, although she is credited with zeal in public matters. On one occasion she hastened to Lord Brougham to insist that Lord Lansdowne should not be allowed to resign. Her embassy was coldly received, and in her anger she asked whether the Chancellor realised all that Lord Lansdowne represented. 'Oh yes, all the old women in England' was his answer. The Duchesse de Dino says that Brougham owed his start in life to the Hollands, and that he had repaid them with studied incivility. Certainly this story goes some way to confirm the accusation. She also gives Lady Holland credit for endeavouring, with Lady Cowper, to smooth matters between Lord Palmerston and Talleyrand when the ambassador was about to leave England. But she would not admit that the possession of Holland House was any justification for eccentric habits and a tyrannical temper. She carefully notes that Lord Conyngham is to be made Postmaster-General on social, not political grounds; but she does not explain how this is connected with the fact that his mother was one of the late King's favourites. She makes William IV appear ridiculous enough with his capricious temper and crazy speeches; indeed she says that at times he was on the verge of insanity if not actually insane. The Duke of Cumberland had publicly announced that the King was as mad as their father,

which, says the Duchess, was not a brotherly or filial speech.

It has been said that the Duchess had strong conservative instincts. She took the gloomiest view of English politics and was no doubt a sympathetic listener when she met a 'Conservative Peer, a clever and honourable man,' who, she says, moved her greatly:

'With tears in his eyes he lamented the degradation of his country, the ruin of this great and venerable fabric. He foresaw a terrible struggle . . . between the two Houses: the Radical spirit must control the present Ministry.'

And when Lady Cowper lamented 'the unrest of every one, their distrust of the present, their gloomy forebodings for the future,' we need not be surprised at such private reflections as this:

'It is impossible not to think with terror of the future of this great country, which was still so brilliant and so proud four years ago.'

Perhaps the Englishman she liked and admired most was the Duke of Wellington, and his views of course matched her own. Here is his summary of the situation:

'To stop and, above all, to return is impossible. Robespierre was at least honest as regards money; his power was founded on disinterestedness; but those who intend to govern us and are going to be our rulers will not be guided by the same considerations—at least I fear not.'

Politics were, in fact, the daily food and sole diet of the Duchesse de Dino, not so much from choice as of necessity. Society was an adjunct to her political position, not politics the complement of her social obligations.

These two books belong to the same time and type. They show us English Society, aristocratic, dignified, moving slowly and intent upon serious matters. It was an age of sedateness and comparative repose. The minds of the generation were disturbed, it is true, by what they considered revolutionary symptoms; but the spirit of the times was purely conservative, and the habits of Society tranquil and unenterprising in comparison with the restless existence indicated by the crowded pages of Lady St Helier's book.

Contrast, rather than comparison, is the obvious

pose which this volume serves. The Duchesse de was a foreigner; so we will content ourselves with y Westmorland. Her active years were spent in the k of politics and diplomacy: she could not avoid lic life. Lady St Helier is a politician by choice, not ernity. Lady Westmorland took things as she found n and had little desire to gaze beyond: Lady St Helier an early to find things out for herself and her ardent it has never rested. Her zest of living is insatiable; interest in her fellow creatures unlimited. Lady tmorland's book it is true covers a period of nearly y years, but it proceeds with tranquil gravity. Lady Helier, in her 'Memories of Fifty Years,' takes us at a pace that we finish out of breath. There have very few people of note during that period with m she has not conversed; but the reader who takes er book in the hope of finding great revelations will isappointed. Discretion and good taste have doubtless her hand: State secrets we have none. In fact, her t is rather a catalogue than a history. It tells too h and too little. It is crowded with names, but many mentioned only to be dismissed. Her stage is overfull; essions march on and march off again without speak- Of so interesting a person as Lord Kitchener, we learn that he danced for the first time in Harley Street only character of whom we take away new impres- is Lord Randolph Churchill; the sketch of him is emely well done. Lady St Helier has long been well wn even outside her vast acquaintance. Her constant comprehensive hospitality whilst she lived in Harley et was a matter of common knowledge. It was rstood that one evening she would entertain Cabinet isters, past, present, and future, with an ambassador wo, and perhaps a field-marshal; next day an actor, rtist, a novelist, an editor, an explorer, a budding onaire, and a couple of political candidates of opposite ions; on the next there would be a dinner and dance he young ladies and gentlemen who formed the inner e of fashion for the moment; and at the end of the t there would be a dinner composed of all these ents happily blended—wives of course included on ccasions. Her spare evenings would be devoted to ical meetings or philanthropic work. Nobody has

seen more of Society than Lady St Helier or done more to bring together its component parts. Her taste is catholic, her sympathy profuse. She has known well all the leading politicians of her day. She has been unwearied in well-doing towards innumerable young aspirants, and those from both parties, although her own predilections are strongly pronounced. She has spoken to Palmerston, entertained Disraeli, and been visited by Parnell. In connexion with the last episode, she was unlucky: Mr Forster was her friend, and she took the precaution of saying that in case he called he must be told she was not at home. He did call, in time to see his political enemy admitted and to find himself turned away.

Early in the book we come upon celebrities. Lady St Helier was brought up in austere simplicity, bordering on hardship; but her mother apparently had no mind to practise what she preached. Her husband, Mackenzie of Seaforth, was ordered with his regiment to Ireland. She, disliking the prospect of inconvenience and discomfort, wrote to ask the Duke of Wellington to procure some other appointment, and received a stern reply, pointing out that she had no occasion to shrink from a fate which was not too hard for Lady Charles Wellesley. Lady St Helier first married Colonel Stanley, a guardsman, who had served in the Crimea, been on Lord Canning's staff in India, and done ambulance work in Paris during the Commune. He unsuccessfully contested Maidstone as a Conservative, and this was her only personal connexion with political life. Her second husband was Mr Jeune, one of the most amiable and popular men of his generation, who became a judge and Lord St Helier.

Birth and marriage gave opportunities to Lady St Helier which her remarkable talent for Society and her indomitable energy turned to the best possible account, and one cannot help wishing that she had devoted more space to her chapters on 'London in the Sixties.' She was the guest in those days of Lady Cowper, Lady Stanhope, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Molesworth, all the great political ladies of the day; but she tells us little more than the fact that they were political hostesses, of which we were already aware. Of the company she met there, we hear nothing. Julian Fane was 'attractive and delightful'; Henry Cowper was 'witty and delightful.'

Cowper is known to have been one of the most amusing men in England, and one wants to hear more of him. This kind of record reminds one of the gentleman who, in his memoirs, described one dinner as so delightful that he must needs draw a diagram of the table; the plain enumeration of the guests would not suffice; but of the conversation he related not one word. It would not be just to say that the book is as tantalising as this throughout. We get an idea of Lady Palmerston's zeal, bent upon enlisting and encouraging her husband's forces, aided by Mr Abraham Hayward and a staff of assistants. We learn that Frances, Countess Waldegrave, was very liberal in her ideas, and first opened her doors to the Irish members. In her house Lady St Helier saw Mr Butt and began her friendship with Mr Justin McCarthy. Of Lady Molesworth we are told that 'perhaps she prided herself on her society being more select; but then her house was small, and she had no political obligations'; which is rather unexpected. The widow of the 'philosophic Radical' ought not to have been exclusive, and her delight in political people ought to have opened wide her doors, if not her heart. We should have been sincerely grateful for a full account of these two ladies. Neither of them had any advantage in the circumstances of birth. Lady Waldegrave married four times, always profitably; two of her husbands were peers, and she became rich. But it must have been force of character in both cases that earned for them a recognised position in political society, and even secured for them the compliment of a nickname. 'Frank' and 'Moley' are traditions now; but to the rising generation they are little more, and we should have welcomed some amplification of the scanty records of their habits and manners which have been published.

Having said so much, we desire to make it clear that our complaint is of the omissions, not the commissions, of the book. For the reasons given, it is foolish to pretend, as some critics have done, that it will rank for all time as the standard memorial of the period. That it cannot do; but it is an admirable illustration of the social conditions of a generation, and it gives an agreeable picture of a cultivated, generous woman, who finds the times have moved and who

moves nimbly with them. It is easy and pleasant to read, and nobody can find fault with the tone and temper. There are some small inaccuracies which should have been corrected; one story, but only one, which perhaps it were better to omit. It is possibly injudicious to say that a prominent Liberal could not be unselfishly attached to his party because he was a rich man; and we would respectfully submit that the epithet *brutal* is an excessive accentuation of the *bluff* and *rough* already applied to Sir Redvers Buller. But trifling condemnation is praise; and at all events this kind of book must always be welcome as a contrast to the crapulous and malicious publications that are occasionally compiled by people who have dwelt on the borders of politics and Society without gaining admission into either.

Incidentally Lady St Helier tells two stories which serve very well to contrast the characters of Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. One night, she says, she met Mr Gladstone dining with Lady Tweedmouth:

'Someone who was there . . . repeated a rather cynical opinion of Lord Beaconsfield's. Mr Gladstone listened patiently until the end of the story and then, with flashing eye, striking the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed, "I call that hellish!"'

We are bound to observe that Mr G. W. E. Russell * says that the some one was Mr Browning, that the expletive was *devilish*, and that he had the story from Mr Browning himself. It would be interesting to know whether Lady St Helier accepts this version; but in any case the point of the story remains good, and displays the uncompromising earnestness of the one Prime Minister. The other Prime Minister appears also as a patient listener, but in the spirit of perfect courtesy and irrepressible humour, which made him the most delightful of mankind. He had undergone a long siege from a tiresome woman. 'I hope you had an agreeable evening,' said Lady St Helier, when he had escaped. 'I have had a highly educational one,' was Lord Salisbury's gentle answer.

Posterity, reading these memoirs, may not gather that the ladies of the period exercised control over

* 'Collections and Recollections.'

political events, but they cannot fail to perceive that they were admitted very freely into the exciting atmosphere of political life, and that nobody breathed it with greater freedom and enjoyment than Lady St Helier.

None of these volumes can be wholly satisfactory from the point of view of this article. We need a modern Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a Lady Charlotte Bury, even a Lady Sarah Lennox, to illuminate the middle period of the century. Biographies of statesmen abound; the political women are little more than shadows to the new generation. Nevertheless certain conditions and principles are clearly outlined, and a number of characters are distinctly revealed. Politicians were still to a large extent a privileged caste. Even Gladstone confessed a social diffidence. Disraeli never hid that; but we know very well what view Society took of him. The great Whig families were closely related by inter-marriage. Poor Lord Grey, for example, was sorely distressed; the savage temper of his son-in-law, Lord Durham, was an equal trial to himself and his daughter. When Lord John Russell was Prime Minister it was alleged that his entire Cabinet claimed a common great-grandmother. In these circumstances it was not unnatural that public careers should occupy a great deal of attention in family gatherings. As a rule opponents kept away from one another and lived with their political friends. But they were on easy terms when they met. One day, when Lord Derby was Prime Minister, a stupid servant denied him the *entrée* at a Court ceremony. He chose to pour out his grievance to Lord John Russell: 'He tried to turn me out,' he cried. 'Thou canst not say I did it,' answered the leader of the Opposition. And when the opposition to the Reform Bill led to very violent talk, the Duke of Wellington pleasantly remarked, 'I tell Johnny Bedford that if we have anarchy I'll have Woburn.' But there does not appear to have been habitual intimacy.

The value of attention to political supporters was well understood. Lady Palmerston stands out as unquestionably the great political hostess. Her Saturdays are spoken of to-day. She lived for her husband and his career; there can be no doubt that she was an important asset to his popularity. She was not a mere stair-head hostess;

she used infinite tact. The 'Morning Post' was Palmerston's friend in the press, and Lady Palmerston used to take great pains in editing her lists. The rank and file must not be made jealous by reading of those, no better than themselves, who had been asked to dine. Those who had dined must not be disappointed by finding their names unadvertised. These delicate degrees must be adjusted with the nicest discrimination. When she had an awkward case to deal with, her habit was to post her invitation rather late, and if possible to a wrong address, so that it should arrive after the party was over. She must certainly be regarded as the greatest of Prime Ministers' wives. Lord Derby's wife left no mark upon her time; nor did either of Lord John Russell's. Mrs Gladstone will be remembered rather for her notorious domestic devotion than for any political activity. Of Disraeli's wife more may be said. Readers of his novels will remember that many of his heroes owe their success in large measure to their wives. Coningsby did, and Egremont; Endymion owed everything to Lord Montfort's widow, whom he ultimately married. These books are indeed a blend throughout of politics and Society; and the writer's own feeling is confessed in his dedication of Sybil to his 'perfect wife.'

Nobody understood better than Disraeli the importance of social influence in the House of Commons. If a member became restive or lazy, the Whip was told to ascertain whether the wife and daughters were short of invitations. The domestic affairs of his obscurest supporters were to him matters of personal concern. Once, when he thought the situation called for a grand entertainment, he requested the Whip to 'prepare a catalogue' of people to be invited, but, with the instinct of genius, he directed that there should be not 'too many quizzes—else the distinction would be neutralised.'

Of the late Lady Salisbury it is needless to speak. Of her ability, her force of character, and her political sagacity, nobody who ever came near her can entertain a doubt. She was a power from above, and represents the contrast to such professional politicians as Lady Waldegrave and Lady Molesworth. These ladies, rising from obscurity, were enabled by marriage to indulge an aspiration for excitement and adventure. They liked to live

in the thick of the movement, and to flatter themselves that they were in part responsible for it. To the extent of bringing together people who were busily employed in various ways, and on divers grounds notorious, they doubtless stimulated the body politic; but it must not be supposed that they ever occupied the political positions that belonged by right to Lady Palmerston, Lady Cowper, Lady Stanhope, or that other Lady Salisbury who was the second wife of the second Marquis, and afterwards married the fifteenth Earl of Derby. Lady Jersey, as we know, dabbled in politics, but she was before all things the leader of fashion and arbitress in questions of social pretension; her great aspiration was to be what Lady Sarah Lennox called 'superior in fine society.' To her, perhaps, may be most justly applied the criticism of Mr Hayward in his essay on Lady Derby: English women, he says, can never talk politics; their minds run only upon men, not measures. Lady Stuart de Rothesay, writing to Lady Canning* in 1859, says:

'I heard this hot and hot, for I had gone to dine with the Jerseys. We had a quiet evening; but she was very anxious for House of Commons news, and several peers, Redesdale and others, came in, after listening to several speeches.'

But the report which caused so much agitation was merely the failure of Lord Stanley's speech through the interruption of a squealing baby, smuggled into the gallery, it was alleged, by a political opponent!

It would carry us far beyond our limits if we tried to analyse the temper which inspired political society in those more stately days, and ascertain whether there was more or less bitterness in the rivalry of parties. It may be assumed without much hesitation that there was less. For one thing, party distinctions were less definite: combinations and coalitions were the order of the day. The faster and more furious the struggle, the more violent must be the tone of the opposing sides and the greater the danger of personal animus. Political feeling no doubt ran high at the time of the Reform Bill and during the repeal of the Corn Laws; but for the next forty years there was little occasion for savage antagonism. Home Rule rekindled the flame, and since

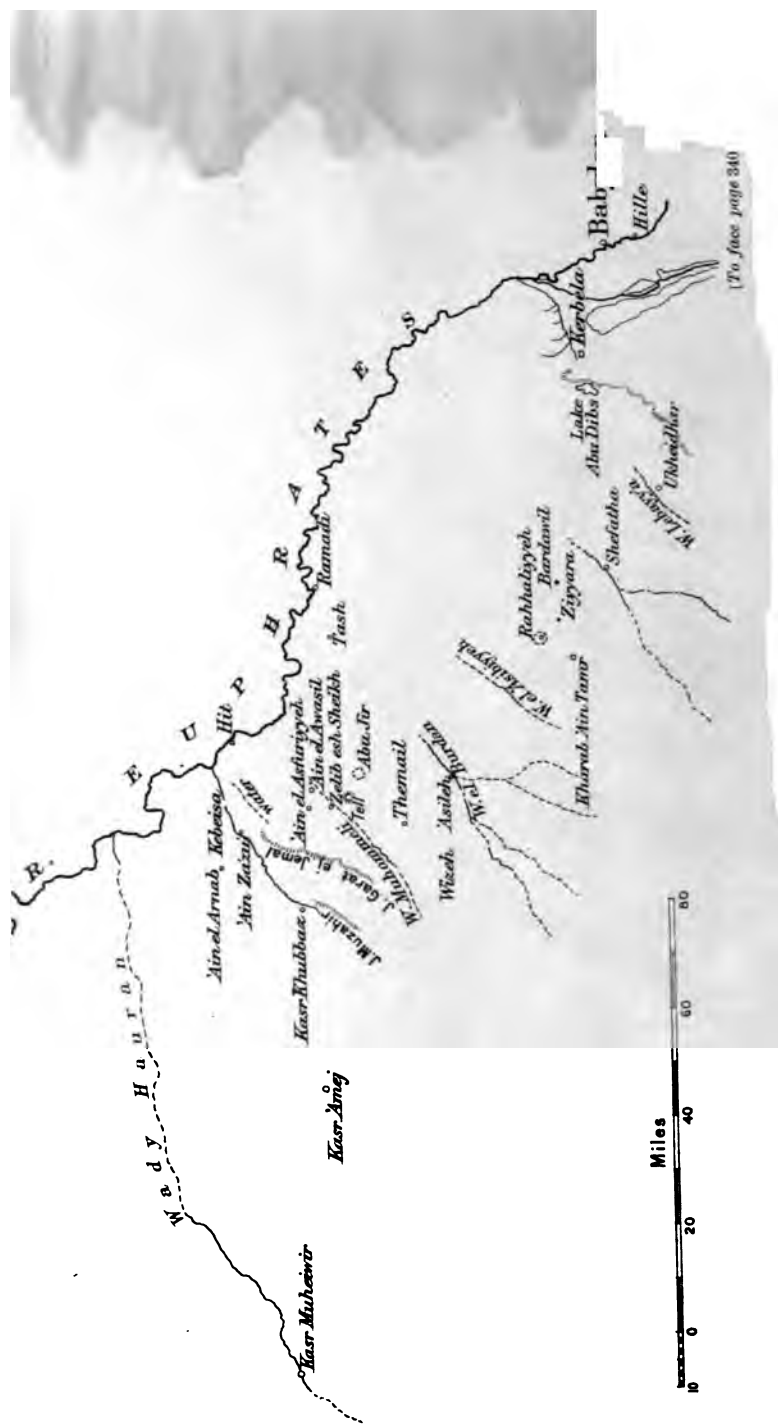
* 'Story of Two Noble Lives,' iii, 6.

then it may be feared that private friendships are more apt than they were to be disturbed by political prejudices. We have seen that the connexion between Society and Politics has undergone gradual change. The only women who took an active part in the politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the Court favourites, and their power was notorious. In the nineteenth they disappeared, and influence, if not power, passed into the hands of the wives and sisters of the politicians. How far their influence reached must remain, as we have seen, to some extent a matter of opinion. But there is every indication that, in the latest phase, the range of action claimed by women is growing wider. The unchallenged authority of the Court has been exchanged for the uncompromising struggles of a democratic community. Since the establishment and the amazing development of the Primrose League, women have been caught in the political vortex. They canvass and make speeches. Personal connexions and social position tempt them to activity. We have even lived to see some of the first and foremost members of the Primrose League exerting their influence on behalf of Radical relatives, and standing abashed before badges and orders which they themselves bestowed in their unregenerate days. Women workers are a force to be reckoned with at election time: their ardour, once aroused, is apt to make itself felt within the domestic circle and without. The desire for the vote has not originated in what is understood here by the term Society, but it cannot spread without affecting all spheres and classes. Some there are so militant as to avow a determination to attain to membership of Parliament. We shall see: for ourselves, we cannot look upon that prospect as one fraught either with happiness for the home life or with advantage to the public service. But, whatever be the fate of these feminine ambitions, they are not likely to affect the close relation which still exists between Society and Politics. In spite of much disparagement, Parliament retains its honourable estate, and to be in politics is still the highest possible recommendation in Society; nor is there any lack of young men who, ill content with an existence of amusement, find the satisfaction of their aspirations in the arduous and uncertain struggles of political life.

pt. 2.—A PALACE IN THE SYRIAN DESERT.

HISTORY in retrospect suffers an atmospheric distortion. We look upon a past civilisation and see it, not as it was, but charged with the significance of that through which we gaze, as down the centuries shadow overlies shadow, some dim, some luminous, and some so strongly coloured that all the age behind is tinged with a borrowed hue. So it is that the great revolutions, 'predestined to us and we predestined,' take on a double power; not only do they turn the current of human action, but the later comer they seem to modify that which was revocably fixed and past. We lend to the dwellers of an earlier day something of our own knowledge; we watch them labouring towards the ineluctable hour, and credit them with a prescience of change not given to man. At no time does this sense of inevitable doom hang more darkly than over the years that preceded the rise of Islam; yet no generation had less data for prophecy than the generation of Muhammad. The Greek and the Persian disputed the possession of western Asia in profitless and exhausting warfare, both harassed from time to time by the predatory expeditions of the nomads on their frontiers, both content to enter into alliance with this tribe or with that, and to set up an Arab trap over the desert marshes. Thus it happened that the Beni Ghassan served the emperor of the Byzantines, and the Beni Lakhmid fought in the ranks of the Sasanian armies. But neither to Justin II nor to Chosroes the Great came the news that in Mecca a child was born of the Qureish who was to found a military state as formidable as any that the world had seen, and nothing could have exceeded the fantastic improbability of such intelligence.

I had set out from England determined to journey back behind this great dividing line, to search through regions now desolate for evidences of a past that has left little historic record, calling upon the shades to take form again upon the very ground whereon, substantial, they had played their part. Not far from the eastern bank of the Euphrates there lies a stretch of desert through which few travellers have passed. The



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track of Chesney's journey of 1837 skirts it to the west; Thielmann crossed it nearly forty years later, a little farther to the east; Huber, following the Damascus post-road, touched its northern edge. So said Kiepert; and with this meagre information as a base, I questioned the Arabs of the Euphrates concerning the north-west corner of the Sassanian empire. Many an evening by the camp fire of some sheikh of the Weldeh or the Afadleh, I tried to piece together the miscellaneous information that was offered. The sum total seemed to be that water was scarce and raids frequent, but that there were certainly castles, especially in the country of the great sheikh of the Amarat, Fahd ibn Huththāl. There lay Kheidhar, a name unknown to me or to Kiepert. One morning as we rode by the edge of the river my mare shied out of the path, and there swung up alongside of us a jovial personage mounted on a blood camel with his serving-man clinging behind him. He proved to be a brother of Fahd Bey, and with the cheerful optimism of one who will not be called upon to carry out his own advice, he bade us go forward to 'Ana, where any man would take us across the desert to Kheidhar.* So we crossed the river to 'Ana and there they assured us that at Haditha, two marches ahead, we should undoubtedly find a guide. And at Haditha, sure enough, we met an ancient corporal who expressed his willingness to take us to any point we liked to name; and for water we should have every evening a pool of winter rain.

'But this year there has been no rain,' I objected, 'and all the Arabs are coming down to the river because of the great drought. Where shall we find the water-pools?'

'God knows!' said he piously, and with that I put an end to the negotiations and rode on two stages farther to Hit.

Hit lies upon a very ancient mound washed by the Euphrates. Among the palm trees on the river's edge rise columns of inky smoke from the primitive furnaces of the asphalt burners, for the place is surrounded by pitch-wells, famous since the days when Babylon was

* The proper transliteration of the consonant in the middle of the word is the dotted *ḡ*, but for reasons connected with convenience in printing I have here transliterated it *dh*.



city. Heaps of waste and rubbish strew the marshes to the west of the town, and a blinding storm was stirring up the whole Devil's cauldron as we arrived. We took refuge in the upper room of the khan, where I sat drinking glasses of Persian tea and devising plans. Finally I summoned Fattuh, companion of many journeys, and presented an ultimatum. 'Never we must strike westward into the desert; under no circumstances would I take a caravan, if there were no other way. I have loved him to gather together the bare necessities for a light days' expedition and to find a guide.

'On my head,' said Fattuh blandly. 'Three guides shall accompany your Excellency.'

'Praise God!' said I. 'Make them enter.'

'It would be well to see each separately,' observed Fattuh. 'for they do not love one another.'

I interviewed them one by one, with an elaborate show of secrecy, and each in turn spent his time in trying to bring us against the other two. Upon these negative results we had to come to a decision, and I made my choice, feeling that I might as logically have tossed a coin. It fell on a man of the Deleim, a tribe as evil a reputation as any in the desert, but in the country through which we proposed to pass, mainly occupied by their tents, it seemed wiser to choose one who claimed cousinship with the sheikhs.

I was to bring us to Kheidhar and find an escort of armed men in return for a handsome reward, but we should have to engage our own baggage camels. It was a poor bargain. Fattuh shook his head over it, but we were not much disappointed when our friend broke it next day and broke it.

For ordinary risks money was sufficient, he admitted, but Kheidhar lay in the land of his blood enemies, the Beni Hassan, and he would not go. Meantime we had gained a more exact knowledge of what lay before us, and we resolved to ask the Mudir of Hit for a zaptieh to take us to the oasis of Baisa, four hours away, and there see what chance might offer us. The Mudir was a man who combined sense with amiability; no sooner had he read my letters and permits (of which I kept a varied store) than he declared that it was clearly his duty to do all that was asked; a zaptieh should accompany me, not only to

'The maidens of Kebeisa are fair but wilful. There is one among them, her name is Shemsa—wallah, a picture! picture she is!—she has had seven husbands.'

'And the maidens of Hit?' I asked. 'How are they?'

'Not so fair, but they are the better wives. That is why I choose to remain in Hit,' explained Hussein. 'The Ambashi would have sent me to Baghdad, but I said "No, let me stay here. The maidens of Hit do not expect much." Your Excellency may laugh, but a poor man must think of these things.'

We rode on through the aromatic scrub until the black masses of the Kebeisa palm groves resolved into all trunks and feathery fronds. The sun stood high as we passed under the village gate and down the dusty street that led to the Mudir's compound. We tied our nares to some mangers in his courtyard and were ourselves ushered into his reception room, there to drink coffee and set forth our purpose. The leading citizens of Kebeisa dropped in one by one, and the talk was of the desert and of the dwellers therein. The men of Kebeisa are not 'Arab' Bedouin; they hold their mud-walled village and their 50,000 palm trees against the ribs, but they know the laws of the desert as well as the nomads themselves, and carry on an uneasy commerce with them in dates and other commodities, with which even the wilderness cannot dispense, the accredited methods of the merchant alternating with those of the raider and the avenger of raids. There was no lack of guides to take me to Khubbaz, for the ruin is the first stage upon the post road to Damascus, and half the male population was acquainted with that perilous way.

'It is the road of death,' said Hussein Onbashi, stuffing tobacco into the cup of his narghileh.

'Eh billah!' said one who laid the glowing charcoal atop. 'Eight days' ride, and the Government, look you, pays no more than fifteen mejidehs from Hit and back again.'

An old man, wrapped in a brown cloak edged with gold, took up the tale.

'The Government reckons fifteen mejidehs to be the price of a man's life. Wallah! If the water-skins leak between water and water, or if the camel fall lame, the rider perishes.'

'By the truth, it is the road of death,' repeated Hussein. 'Twice last year the Deleim robbed the mail and killed the bearer of it.'

I had by this time spread out Kiepert.

'Inform me,' said I, 'concerning the water.'

'Oh, lady,' said the old man, 'I rode with the mail for twenty years. An hour and a half from Kebeisa there is water at 'Ain Za'zu', and in four hours more there is water in the tank of Khubbaz after the winter, but this year there is none by reason of the lack of rain. Twelve hours from Khubbaz you shall reach Kasr 'Amej, which is another fortress like Khubbaz, but more ruined; and there is no water there. But eighteen hours farther you find water in the Wady Hauran, at Muheiwir.'

'Is there not a castle there?' I asked. Kiepert calls it the Castle of 'Aiwir.

'There is nought but rijm,' said he. Now rijm are the heaps of stones which the Arabs pile together for landmarks. 'And after nine hours more there is water at Ga'ra, and then no more till Dumeir, nine hours from Damascus.'

If this account is exact, there must be four days of waterless desert on the road of death.

The springs in Kebeisa are strongly charged with sulphur, but half-way between the town and the shrine of Sheikh Khudhr that lifts a conical spire out of the wilderness, there is a well less bitter, to which come the fair and wilful maidens night and morning, bearing on their heads jars of plaited willow, pitched without and within. We did not fill our water-skins there when we set out next day for Kasr Khubbaz, but rode on to 'Ain Za'zu' where the water is drinkable, though far from sweet. There are two other sulphurous springs, one a little to the north, and one to the south, round each of which, as at 'Ain Za'zu', the inhabitants of Kebeisa sow clover, the sole fodder of the oasis in rainless years like the winter of 1909. So said Fawwaz, the owner of the two camels on which we had placed our small packs. Fawwaz rode one of them and his nephew, Sfaga, the other, and they hung the dripping water-skins under the loads. We followed the course of a shallow valley westwards, and before we left it sighted a train of donkeys making to the north with an escort on foot—Arabs of the

Deleim, Fattuh, Hussein, and I gazed on her with found approval, in spite of the irregular course of her indeed tarry. But I felt that to return his rifle to a fearing t was not part of my varied occupations, too busy c whether Shemsa's grace, backed by matters. she could scrape together, did not end lifting itself. Those of Hussein and the Mudir, 'the which the A led terms we spoke of them? first of these s of some diplomacy we induced —was called the gagement, but the Mudir took its summit we saw intentions, and threatened our the plain. It is four they led us into the heart of angles and breaking t was only intended to relieve arched doorway looking in shrugged his shoulders, chambers set round the int we rode an hour in the in the centre. To the north tates, and then changed wady, a shallow depression like a ou Jir, an oasis where are traces of a large tank that can set off next morning winter springs and held their water projects seem endam. The tank is now half full of e quarters of an leaks, so that as soon as the rains have ce our marsh at the store vanishes. It had left behind it a he south-west grass and flowers, which seemed luxuriant to e called the season, and we turned the mares and camels to the west of Fattuh called enthusiastically the rabi'a, the y mound spring, and pitched my light tent in the valley but just where my men could find shelter among the a few against the chills of night. I left all these arrangements h to to Fattuh, and with Hussein and Fawwaz to hold us metre tape, measured and photographed the fort till n sun touched the western horizon. I do not doubt that is of Arab workmanship, a relic of the great days of the khalifate, when the shortest road from Baghdad to Damascus was guarded by little companies of soldiers, holding the plains from Khubbaz and 'Amej, as the zaptiehs hold the Euphrates road to-day.

At the pleasant hour of dusk I sat among the flowering weeds by my tent door while Fattuh cooked our dinner in his kitchen among the rocks, Sfaga gathered a fuel of desert scrub, Fawwaz stirred the rice pot, and the bubbling of Hussein's narghileh gave a note of comfort to our bivouac. My table was a big stone, the mares cropping the ragged grass round the tent were my

dinner-party; one by one the stars shone out in a moonless heaven and our tiny encampment was wrapped in the immense silences of the desert, the vast and peaceful night. Next morning, as we rode back to Kebeisa, Fattuh and I, between intervals devoted to riding after gazelle, laid siege on our companions and persuaded them to accompany us in our further journey. Fawwaz avowed that he was satisfied with us and would come where we wished (and as for Sfaga he would do as he was told) as long as Hussein would give a semi-official sanction to the enterprise by his presence. It was more difficult to win over Hussein, who had received from the Mudir no permission to absent himself so long from Hit; but Fattuh pointed out that, when you have three wives, with the prospect of a fourth, to say nothing of six daughters of whom but two married, you cannot afford to throw away the prospect of an extra bakhshish. This reasoning was conclusive; and before we reached 'Ain Za'zu' we had settled everything, down to the quantity of coffee beans we would buy at Kebeisa for the trip. But when we got to Kebeisa we were greeted by news that went near to overturning our combinations. There had been alarums and excursions in our absence; the Deleim had attacked a party of fuel-gatherers two hours from Kebeisa in the very plain we were to cross, and had made off with eight donkeys. One of the donkeys belonged to Fawwaz; he shook his head over the baleful activity of the tribe and murmured that we were a small party in the face of such perils. Moreover, in the Mudir's courtyard there stood a half-starved mare which had been recaptured in a counter-raid from the seventh husband of the famous Shemsa. He too was of the Deleim. We gave the mare a feed of corn—her gentle, hungry eyes were turned appealingly on our full mangers; but to Shemsa I was harder hearted, though her eyes were more beautiful than those of the mare. She came suppliant as I sat dining on the Mudir's roof at nightfall and begged me to recover her husband's rifle, which lay below in the hands of the Government. Her straight brows were pencilled together with indigo and a short blue line marked the roundness of her white chin; a cloak slipped backwards from her head, showing the rows of scarlet beads about her throat, and as she drew it together with

slender fingers, Fattuh, Hussein, and I gazed on her with unmixed approval, in spite of the irregular course of her domestic history. But I felt that to return his rifle to a Deleimi robber was not part of my varied occupations, though who knows whether Shemsa's grace, backed by what few mejidehs she could scrape together, did not end by softening the purpose of Hussein and the Mudir, 'the Government,' as in veiled terms we spoke of them?

With the exercise of some diplomacy we induced Fawwaz to hold to his engagement, but the Mudir took fright when he heard of our intentions, and threatened our guides with dire retribution if they led us into the heart of the desert. I think the threat was only intended to relieve him of responsibility, for Hussein shrugged his shoulders, and said it would be enough if we rode an hour in the direction of Ramadi, on the Euphrates, and then changed our course and made straight for Abu Jir, an oasis where we expected to find Arab tents. We set off next morning in the clear sunlight that makes all projects seem entirely reasonable, and dropped, after three quarters of an hour, into a little depression with a sulphur marsh at the bottom. Here we altered our direction to the south-west and rode almost parallel to a long low ridge called the Ga'rat ej Jemal, which lay about three miles to the west of us. Four hours from Kebeisa we reached a tiny mound out of which rose a spring of water, sulphurous but just drinkable. The top of the mound was lifted only a few feet above the surrounding level, but that was enough to give us a wide view, and, since in all the world before us there was no shade or shelter from the sun, we sat down and lunched where we could be sure that a horseman could not approach us unawares. And as we rested, some one far away opened a bottle into which Solomon, Prophet of God, had sealed one of the jinn. Up sprang a gigantic column of smoke that fanned outwards in the still air and hung menacingly over the naked, empty plain. I waited spell-bound to see the great shoulders and huge horned head disengage themselves from the smoke wreaths that rolled higher and—

'Ain el 'Awasil burns,' said Fawwaz. 'A shepherd has set it alight.'

There was a small pitch-well an hour away to the south-east, and if springs that burn when the tinder

touches them are more logical than spirits that issue from a bottle when the seal is broken, then the explanation of Fawwaz may be accepted. But at that moment I could not stay to think the problem out, for if it was hot riding, sitting still was intolerable, and we were not anxious to linger when every half-hour's march meant half an hour of dangerous country behind us. From noon to sunset the desert is stripped of beauty. Hour after hour we journeyed on, while the bare forbidding hills drew away from us on the right, and the plain rolled out illimitable ahead. We saw no living creature, man or beast, but an hour from 'Ain el Asfuriyyeh, where we had lunched, we came upon a deep still pool in an outcrop of rock, the water sufficiently sweet to drink. This spot is called Zelib esh Sheikh; it contains several such pools, said Fawwaz, and added that the water had appeared there of a sudden two years before, but that now it never diminished, nor rose higher in the rocky clefts. Just beyond the pool we crossed the Wady Muhammadi, which stretched westwards to the receding ridges of the Gar'at ej Jemal and east to the Euphrates; it was dry and blotched with an evil-looking crust of sulphur. Fawwaz turned his camel's head a little to the east of south and began to look anxiously for landmarks. We hoped to find at Abu Jir an encampment of the Deleim, and, eagerly as we wished to avoid the scattered horsemen of the tribe by day, it was essential that we should pass the night near their tents. The desert is governed by old and well-defined laws, and the first of these is the law of hospitality. If we slept within the circuit of a sheikh's encampment he would be 'malzüm 'aleina'—responsible for us—and not one of his people would touch us; but if we lay out in the open we should court the attack of raiders and of thieves. Two hours from the Wady Muhammadi we reached a little tell, from the top of which we sighted the alama (the landmarks) of Abu Jir, a couple of high-piled mounds of stones. An hour later they lay to the east of us, and we saw still farther to the south-east the black line of tamarisk bushes that indicated the oasis. But it was another hour before we got up to it, and the sun was very low in the sky when we set foot on the hard black surface that gives the place its name. There was no time to lose, and

embarked recklessly on the 'Father of Asphalt,' only to be caught in the fresh pitch that had been spread out on the wilderness by streams of clear sulphurous matter. We dismounted and led our animals over the baking expanse, coasting round the head-waters of the springs—there are I believe eight of them—and experimenting in our own persons on half-congealed lakes of pitch before we allowed the camels to venture across them. The light faded while we were thus engaged, and finding that too much caution might well be our undoing, I shouted to Fattuh to follow, and struck out boldly eastwards. Fattuh was half inclined to look upon our case as a result of premeditated treachery on the part of the Arab, but I had noted unmistakable signs of fear and timidity in the bearing of the latter, and at all hazards I was resolved not to sleep in a pool of tar. We rode for a line of tamarisk bushes behind which lay a dense haze of smoke, and as we broke through the brushwood we beheld a black tent crouching in the hollow. I rode straight up to the door and gave the salaam.

'And upon you peace,' returned the astonished owner. 'What Arabs are you, and where is your sheikh's tent?' said I in an abrupt European manner.

He was taken aback at being asked so many questions and answered reluctantly, 'We are the Deleim, and the tent of Muhammad el 'Abdullah lies yonder.'

We turned away, and I whispered to Fattuh not to follow, and above all to approach the sheikh's tent from the front lest we should be mistaken for such as come on an evil errand. He fell behind me, and with as much dignity as a tired and dusty traveller can muster, I drew rein by the tent ropes and gave the salaam ceremoniously, with a hand lifted to breast and lip and brow. A group of men sitting by the hearth leapt to their feet and one came forward.

'Peace and kinship and welcome,' said he, laying his hand on my bridle.

I looked into his frank and merry face and knew that all was well.

'Are you Muhammad el 'Abdullah, for whom we look?' said he.

'Wallah, how is my name known to you?' said he. 'I am pleased to enter.'

Hussein Onbashi, when he appeared with the camels a quarter of an hour later, found a large company round the coffee-pots, listening in breathless wonder (I no less amazed than the rest) while the sheikh related the exploits of—a motor!

‘And then, oh lady, they wound a handle in front of the carriage, and lo, it moved without horses, eh billah! And it sped across the plain, we sitting on the cushions. And from behind there went forth semok.’ He brought out the English word triumphantly.

‘Allah, Allah!’ we murmured.

Hussein took from his lips the narghileh tube which was already between them and explained the mystery.

‘It was the automobile of Mister X. He journeyed from Aleppo to Baghdad in four days, and the last day Muhammad el ‘Abdullah went with him, for the road was through the country of the Deleim.’

‘I saw them start,’ said Fattuh the Aleppine. ‘But the automobile lies now broken in Baghdad.’

Muhammad paid no heed to this slur upon the reputation of the carriage.

‘White!’ he said. ‘It was all painted white. Wallah, the Arabs wondered as it fled past. And I was seated within upon the cushions.’

That night Fattuh and I held a short council. We had won successfully through a hazardous day, but it seemed less than wisdom to go farther without an Arab guide, and I proposed to add Muhammad el ‘Abdullah to our party, if he would come.

‘He will come,’ said Fattuh. ‘This sheikh is a man. And your Excellency is of the English.’

Muhammad neither demurred nor bargained. I think he would have accompanied me even if I had not belonged to the race that owned the carriage. Our adventure pleased him; he was one of those whose blood runs quicker than that of his fellows, whose fancy burns brighter, ‘whom thou, Melpomene, at birth . . .’: the muse spreads her clear light round many an unknown cradle.

‘But if we were to meet the raiders of the Beni Hassan?’ I asked, mindful of the unsuccessful parleying at Hit.

‘God is great!’ replied Muhammad, ‘and we are four men with rifles.’

There was once a town at Abu Jir, guarded by a little square fort with bastioned angles like Kasr Khubbaz, though I doubt whether it is as ancient. All round the fort lay the foundations of houses, walls of large stones and crumbling mounds of sun-dried brick; there are similar ruins near a sulphur spring a mile or two to the west of Hit, and my impression is that both places mark the site of a medieval Arab settlement, a discovery sufficiently surprising at Abu Jir which now lies far beyond the limits of fixed habitation. The Deleim still turn the abundant water of the oasis to some profit, planting a few patches of corn and clover in the low ground below the ruins, but the insecurity of the desert forbids all permanent occupation. We had not gone far on our way next morning before Muhammad stopped short in the ode he was singing and bent down from his saddle to examine some hoof-prints in the sandy ground. Two horsemen had travelled that way, riding in the same direction that we were taking.

'Those are the mares of our enemies,' he observed.

'How do you know?' I asked.

'I heard that they had passed Abu Jir in the night,' he answered and resumed his song. When he had brought it to an end, he called out:

'Oh, lady, I will sing the ode that I composed about the carriage.'

At this the camel riders and Hussein drew near and Muhammad began the first qasidah that has been written to a motor.

'I tell a marvel the like of which no man has known,
A glory of artifice born of English wit.'

'True, true!' ejaculated Fawwaz ecstatically.

'Eh billah!' exclaimed Hussein.

'Her food and her drink are the breath from a smoke
cloud blown,
If her radiance fade bright fire shall reburnish it.'

'Allah, Allah!' cried the enraptured Fawwaz.

'On the desert levels she darts like a bird of prey,
Her race puts to shame a mare of the purest breed;
As a hawk in the dusk that hovers and swoops to slay,
She swoops and turns with wondrous strength and
speed.'

'Wallah, the truth!' Hussein's enthusiasm was uncontrollable.

'Eh wallah!' echoed Fawwaz and Sfaga.

'He who mounts and rides her sits on the throne of a king.'

'A king in very truth!' cried Fawwaz.

'If the goal be far, to her the remote is near.'

'Near indeed!' burst from the audience.

'More stealthy than stallions, more swift than the jinn
awing,

She turns the gazelle that hides from her blast in
fear.'

'Allah!' Fawwaz punctuated the stanza.

'Not from idle lips was gathered the wisdom I sing.'

'God forbid!' exclaimed Fawwaz, leaning forward eagerly.

'In the whole wide plain she has not met with her peer.'

'Mashallah! it is so! it is the truth, oh lady!' said Hussein.

'I did not quite understand it all,' said I humbly, feeling rather like Alice in Wonderland when Humpty Dumpty recited his verses to her. 'Perhaps you will help me to write it down this evening.'

So that night, with the assistance of Fawwaz, who had a bowing acquaintance with letters, we committed it to paper, and I now know how the masterpieces of the great singers were received at the fair of 'Ukaz in the Days of Ignorance:

'The truth! it is the truth!' shouted the tribes between each couplet. 'Eh by Al Lāt and by Al 'Uzza!'

Three hours from Abu Jir we cantered down to the Wady Themail and saw some black tents pitched by a tell on the farther side. Flocks of goats were scattered over the plain; the shepherds, when they perceived our party, drew them together and began to drive them towards the tents. At this Muhammad pulled up, rose in his stirrups, and waved a long white cotton sleeve over his head—a flag of truce.

'They take us for raiders,' said he laughing. 'Wallah, in a moment we should have had their rifles upon us.'

The mound of Themail is crowned by a square fort built of mud and unshaped stones, rough Bedouin work, which I suspect has taken the place of older defences. A copious sulphur spring rises below it and flows into the corn-fields of the Deleim. With a supply of water so plentiful Themail must always have been a place worth holding. We stayed for an hour to lunch, Muhammad's kinsmen supplementing our fare with a bowl of sour curds. Fawwaz was all for spending the night here, for there would be no tents at 'Asileh where we meant to camp, and the noonday stillness was broken by a loud altercation between him and the indignant Fattuh. I paid no attention until the case was brought to me for decision—the final court of appeal should always be silent up to the moment when an opinion is requested—and then said that we should undoubtedly sleep at El 'Asileh.

'God guide us, God guard us, God protect us!' muttered Muhammad as he settled himself into the saddle. He never took the road without this pious ejaculation.

Four hours of weary desert lie between Themail and Asileh, but Muhammad diversified the way by pointing out the places where he had attacked and slain his enemies. These historic sites were numerous. The Deleim have no friends except the great tribe of the 'Anazeh, represented in these regions by the Amarat under Ibn Huththāl. To the 'Anazeh he always alluded as the Bedu, giving me their names for the different varieties of scanty desert scrub as well as the common titles. Even the place-names are not the same on the lips of the Bedu; for example El 'Asileh is known to them as Er Radaf.

'Are not the Deleim also Bedu?' I asked.

'Eh wah,' he assented. 'They intermarry with us. But we would not take a girl of the Afadleh; they are Agedat—base born.'

The friendship between the Amarat and the Deleim is intermittent at best, like all desert alliances. As we neared the Wady Burdan, Muhammad called our attention to some tamarisk bushes where he and his raiding party had lain one night in ambush, and at dawn killed four men of the Amarat and taken their mares.

'Eh billah!' said he with a sigh of satisfaction.

The very rifle he carried had been taken in a raid from Ibn er Rashid's people. He showed me with pride that the name of 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn er Rashid, lately Lord of Nejd, was scratched upon it in large clear letters.

'I did not take it from them,' he explained. 'I found it in the hands of one of the Beni Hassan.' I fell to wondering how many midnight attacks it had seen, and how many masters it had served since Ibn er Rashid's agents brought it up from the Persian Gulf.

The Wady Burdan is one of three valleys that are reputed to stretch across the Syrian desert from the Jebel Hauran to the Euphrates. The northernmost is the Wady Hauran, which joins the river above Hit, and the southernmost the Wady Lebay'a on which stands Kheidhar. When the snow melts on the Hauran mountains water flows down all three, so I have heard, but later in the year there is no water in the Wady Burdan, except at 'Asileh, though Kiepert marks it 'quellenreich.' Muhammad declared that there was no permanent water west of 'Asileh save at Wizeh, a spring which has often been described to me. It rises underground, and you approach it by a long passage through the rock, taking with you a lantern, my informants are careful to add. At the end of the passage you come to a shallow pool where the mud predominates, though it is always possible to quench your thirst at it. 'Asileh is an autumn camping ground of the 'Anazeh. The deep fine sand of the valley is bordered by a fringe of tamarisk bushes covered, when we were there, with feathery white flower. The roots strike down into the water, which rises into cup-shaped holes scooped out in the sand, and the deeper you dig the clearer and the colder it is. For four days we had found no water that was sweet, and the pools under the tamarisk bushes tasted like nectar. It was a delightful solitary camp. The setting sun threw a magic cloak of colour and soft shadows over the sandhills of the Wady Burdan, and under the starlight my companions lingered round the camp fire, smoking a narghileh and telling each other wondrous tales. When I joined them Fattuh was holding forth upon the evil eye, a favourite topic with him. I knew by heart the tragedy of his three horses who died in one day because an acquaintance had looked at them in their stable.

'And if your Excellency doubts,' said Fattah, 'I can tell you that there is a man well known in Aleppo who has one good eye and one evil. And this he keeps bound under a kerchief. And one day when he was sitting in the house of friends they said to him, "Why do you bind up the left eye." He said, "It is an evil eye." Then they said, "If you were to take off the kerchief and look at the lamp hanging from the roof, would it fall?" Without doubt," said he; and with that he unbound the kerchief and looked, and the lamp fell to the ground.'

'Allah!' said Fawwaz, 'There is a man at Kebeisa who has never dared to look at his own son.'

'At 'Ana,' observed Hussein, letting the narghileh slapse into silence for a moment, 'there is a sheikh who wears a charm against bullets.'

But Muhammed knew as much as most men about the ways of bullets, and he thought nothing of this expedient.

'Whether the bullet hits or misses,' he remarked, 'it all from God.' He poured me out a cup of coffee: 'A noble health, oh lady,' said he.

The sun had not risen when we left 'Asileh, but it fell upon us as we climbed the sandhills, and gave to every little thorny plant a long trail of shadow.

'God guide us, God guard us, God protect us!' murmured Muhammad.

The desert was unbearably monotonous that morning. The ground rose gradually, level above level in an almost imperceptible slope which was just enough to prevent us from seeing more than a quarter of an hour ahead. A dozen times I marked a bush on the top of the rise and promised myself that when we reached it we should have a wider prospect; a dozen times the summit melted away into another slope as featureless as the last. We were journeying in a south-easterly direction, straight into the sun, and as I rode, with eyes downcast to avoid the glare, I noticed that the ground was strewn with yellow gourds larger than an orange.

'It is hanzal,' said Muhammad. 'It grows only here the plain is very dry, and best in rainless years. Wallah, so bitter is the fruit that, if you hold dates in your hand and crush the hanzal with your foot, they

say you cannot eat the dates for the flavour of the hanzal. God knows.'

His words set loose a host of memories, for though I had never before seen the bitter colocynth gourds, the great singers of the desert have drawn many an image from them, and I drifted back through their world of heroic loves and wars to where Imr ul Qais stood weeping, as though he had rubbed his eyelids with the acrid juice.

Five hours from 'Asileh we dipped into the Wady ul 'Asibiyyeh where the marshy bottom still bore footprints of horses and camels that had come down to drink before the pools had vanished. A steep bank on the south side gave us a rim of shadow in which we stretched ourselves and lunched, and from the top of the bank we sighted the palm trees of Rahhaliyyeh, an hour and a half to the south; we had seen them three hours earlier from the summit of a little mound and then lost them again. The oasis is surrounded by stagnant pools that lie rotting in the sun; at the end of the summer the evil vapours marry with the fresh dates, with which the inhabitants are surfeited, and breed a horrible fever that will kill a strong man in a few hours. The air was heavy with the rank smell of the marsh, and I warned my people to drink no water but that which we had brought with us from the clear pools of 'Asileh. There are sixteen thousand palm trees at Rahhaliyyeh and, buried in their midst, a village governed by a Mudir, to whom I hastened to pay my respects. He gave me glasses of tea while my tent was being pitched—may God reward him! We camped that night in a palm garden, where we were entertained by a troop of musicians playing on drums and a double flute, to which music one of them danced between the sun and shade of the palm fronds. Their faces were those of negroes, though they had the clear yellow skin of the Arab, and I noticed that most of the population of Rahhaliyyeh was of this type. 'They have always been here,' said Hussein contemptuously, 'they and the frogs.' In spite of the flickering shade of the palm trees it was stifling hot, and I looked with regret over the broken mud wall of our garden into the clean stretches of the open desert. But the splendours of the sunset glowed between the palm trunks; in matchless beauty a crescent moon hung among the dark fronds,

and we lay down to sleep with the contentment of those who have come safely out of perilous ways.

The Mudir had given me useful information concerning some ruins that lie between Rahhaliyyeh and Shefatha. Next day I sent Fattuh and the camels direct to the second oasis and, taking with me Hussein and Muhammad, with a boy for guide, set out to explore the site of an ancient city. Fawwaz objected loudly to this arrangement; and on reflection I am inclined to think that we overrated the security of the road, though no harm came of it. About an hour to the south of Rahhaliyyeh, on the northern edge of low-lying marshy ground, rich in springs, stands the shrine of Sayyed Ahmed ibn Hashim, and near it to the north and west are vestiges of what must have been a large town. We followed for at least a quarter of a mile the foundations of a fine masonry wall, 150 centimetres thick. Between this wall and the low ground the surface of the plain is broken by innumerable mounds and heaps of stone; here, said the boy, after rain, the women of the two oases find gold ornaments and pictured stones. I saw and bought some of the pictured stones at Shefatha; they are Assyrian cylindrical seals; but without knowing in what quantities and with what other objects they appear it would be rash to decide that the site is as old. There was undoubtedly a medieval Arab city there; all the ground was strewn with fragments of Arab coloured pottery, and at the western limit of the ruin field there are remains of the usual four-square fort; Murrat is its present name. It is built of uncut stone and unburnt brick; the doorway in the north wall is covered with a flattened pointed arch that suggests the thirteenth century or thereabouts. My own belief is that the town to which this castle belonged stood on the site of an older city, and I place here 'Ain et Tamr, an oasis that was famous in the days of the Persian kings. Yakut describes it as having lain near Shefatha, and observes that Khalid ibn al Walid took and sacked it in the year 12 A.H., but he says nothing about a later town on the same spot, to which the evidence of the ruins points. Perhaps it was absorbed in Shefatha.

The interest of these speculations had caused me to forget that we were still in the desert. Our guide caught

us up at Murrat, whither we had galloped recklessly, and explained that he had had some difficulty in allaying the fears of a small encampment of the Amarat half hidden in the valley. The men, seeing us hurrying past, had taken us for robbers and were preparing to shoot at us. At a soberer pace we turned back along the valley. It was marshy in places, intersected by little streams from the springs, and covered with a white crust of salts—sabkha the Arabs call such regions—on which nothing grew but a malignant looking thorny shrub, the thelleth, useless to man and beast. The water of the springs was 'heavy,' Muhammad told me, like the water of Rahhaliyyeh. Half an hour's ride down the valley we crossed the Rahhaliyyeh-Shefatha road at a point where there were traces of good masonry. Another half-hour ahead stood the mound of Bardawil, our objective. Being in good spirits we devoted the interval to song. Muhammad gave us his ode to the motor, and I obliged with 'God save the King,' translated into indifferent Arabic for the benefit of the audience.

'The words are good,' said Muhammad politely, 'but I do not care about the air.'

So we came to Bardawil, a striking tell with an oval fortress standing upon it. There had been at least three storeys of vaulted rooms lifting the strange tower-like structure high above the level of the desert. It suggests a watch-tower guarding the eastern approaches to the city, but that the present edifice is earlier than the Mohammedan period, I do not believe. Having photographed and planned it, we dismissed our guide, whose services we no longer needed, and set out over broken sabkha in the direction of Shefatha. We were jogging along between hummocks of thorn and scrub, Muhammad as usual singing, when suddenly he broke off at the end of a couplet and said :

'I see a horseman riding in haste.'

I looked up and saw a man galloping towards us along the top of a ridge; he was followed closely by another and yet another, and all three disappeared as they dipped down from the high ground. In the desert every newcomer is an enemy till you know him to be a friend. Muhammad slipped a cartridge into his rifle, Hussein extracted his riding-stick from the barrel, where it com-

only travelled, and I took a revolver out of the holster. This done, Muhammad galloped forward to the top of a mound, I followed, and we watched together the advance of the three who were rapidly diminishing the space that lay between us. Muhammad jumped to the ground and threw me his bridle.

'Dismount,' said he, 'and hold my mare.'

I took the two mares in one hand and the revolver in the other. Hussein had lined up beside me, and we two stood perfectly still while Muhammad advanced, rifle in hand, his body bent forward in an attitude of strained watchfulness. He walked slowly, alert and cautious, like a prowling animal. The three were armed. If, when they reached the top of the ridge in front of us, they lifted their rifles, Hussein and I would have time to shoot first while they steadied their mares. Our thoughts had run out towards the possibility of an encounter with the Beni Hassan, blood enemies of our companion. The three riders topped the ridge, and as soon as we could see their faces Muhammad gave the salaam; they returned it, and with one accord we all stood at ease. For if men give and take the salaam when they are near enough to see each other's faces, there cannot, according to the custom of the desert, be any danger of attack. The authors of this picturesque episode turned out to be three men from Rahhaliyyeh. One of them had lent a rifle to the boy who had guided us and, repenting of his confidence, had come after him to make sure that he did not make off with it. We pointed out the direction in which he had gone and turned our horses' heads once more in the direction of Shefatha.

'Lady,' said Muhammad reflectively, 'in the day of raids I do not trust my mare to the son of my uncle and not to my own brother, lest they should see the foe and fear, and ride away. But to you I gave her because I know that the heart of the English is strong. They do not flee.'

'Wallah,' said I, 'are we not also lords of raid?'

The incident led to some curious talk concerning the rules that govern desert wars. You do not invariably raid to kill; on the contrary, you desire, as far as possible, to avoid bloodshed, with all its tiresome and dangerous consequences of feud.



PALACE FROM WITHOUT.

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'Many a day,' explained Muhammad, 'we are out only to rob. Then if we meet a few horsemen who try to escape from us, we pursue, crying, "Your mount, lad!" And if they surrender and deliver to us their mares, their lives are safe, even if they should prove to be blood enemies.'

It is usual to make light of the courage called forth by Arab warfare, and I do not think that the mortality is, as a rule, high; but I have on one or two occasions found myself with an Arab guide under conditions that might have proved awkward, and I have never yet seen him give signs of fear. It is only to town-dwellers like Fawwaz that the wilderness is beset with terrors.

Shefatha is an oasis of 160,000 palms. The number is rapidly diminishing, and on every side there are groups of headless trunks from which the water has been turned off. This is owing to the iniquitous exactions of the tax-gatherers, who levy three and four times in the year the moneys due from each tree, so that the profits on the fruit vanish, and even turn to loss. The springs are sulphurous, but very abundant. The palm trees rise from a bed of corn and clover; willows and pomegranates edge the irrigation streams, and birds nest and sing in the thickets. To us, who had dropped out of the deserts of the Euphrates, it seemed a paradise. The glimmering weirs, the sheen of up-turned willow leaves, the crinkled beauty of opening pomegranate buds were so many marvels embraced in the recurring miracle of spring that grows in wonder year by year.

Through these enchanted groves we rode from our camp to the Castle of Sham'un, the citadel of the oasis. Its great walls, battered and very ancient, tower above the palm trees, and within their circuit nestles a whole village of mud-built houses. There is an arched gateway to the north, but the largest fragment of masonry lies to the east, a massive shapeless wall of stone and unburnt bricks, seamed from top to bottom by a deep fissure, which the khalif, 'Ali Abu Talib, said my guide, made with a single sword cut. Among the houses there are many vestiges of old foundations, and a few vaulted chambers, now considerably below the level of the soil. It was impossible to plan the place in its present state; I can only be sure that it was square with bastioned

PALACE FROM WITHOUT.

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corners. My impression is that it is pre-Mohammedan, repaired by the conquerors, and local tradition, to which, however, it would be unwise to attach much value, bears out this view. Possibly Sham'un was the main fortress of 'Ain et Tamr.

At Shefatha I parted from Hussein, Muhammad, and the camel riders. Kheidhar was reported to be four hours away, a little to the south of the Kerbela road. The Qaimmaqam could supply me with two zaptiehs, and Fattuh had hired a couple of mules to carry our diminished packs. The four men intended to travel back together, making a long day from Rahhaliyyeh to Themail so as to avoid a night in the open desert. They started next morning in good heart, fortified by presents of quinine, a much prized gift, and other more substantial rewards. Muhammad would gladly have come with us to Kerbela, but we remembered the Beni Hassan and decided that it would be wiser for him to turn back, though before he left we had laid plans for a longer and a more adventurous journey to be undertaken another year, please God! We had not gone more than an hour from Shefatha before we met a company of the Beni Hassan coming in to the oasis for dates, a troop of lean and ragged men driving donkeys. They asked us anxiously whether we had seen any of the Deleim at Shefatha.

'No, wallah!' said Fattuh with perfect assurance, and I laughed, knowing that Muhammad was well on his way to Rahhaliyyeh.

We had ridden to the south-east for about three hours, through a most uncompromising wilderness, when, in the glare ahead, we caught sight of a great mass which I took for a natural feature in the landscape. But as we approached its shape became more and more definite, and I asked one of the zaptiehs what it was.

'It is Kheidhar,' said he.

'Yallah, Fattuh, bring on the mules,' I shouted, and galloped forward.

Of all the wonderful experiences that have fallen my way, the first sight of Kheidhar is the most memorable. It reared its mighty walls out of the sand, almost untouched by time, breaking the long lines of the waste with its huge towers, steadfast and massive, as though it

were, as I had at first thought it, the work of nature, not of man. We approached it from the north, on which side a long low building runs out towards the sandy depression of the Wady Lebay'a. A *zaptieh* caught me up as I reached the first of the vaulted rooms, and out of the northern gateway a man in long robes of white and black came trailing down towards us through the hot silence.

'Peace be upon you,' said he.

'And upon you peace, Sheikh 'Ali,' returned the *zaptieh*. 'This lady is of the English.'

'Welcome, my lady khan,' said the sheikh; 'be pleased to enter and to rest.'

He led me through a short passage and under a tiny dome. I was aware of immense corridors opening on either hand, but we passed on into a great vaulted hall where the Arabs sat round the ashes of a fire.

'My lady khan,' said Sheikh 'Ali, 'this is the Castle of Nu'man ibn Munthir.'

I intend to publish a detailed study of the Castle of Kheidhar—the name is the colloquial abbreviation of Ukheidhar, which means nothing more than a small green place, i.e. an oasis; but I may here take occasion to say that I doubt whether local tradition is right in ascribing it to the Lakhmid princes.* There is no question but that it is the work of Persian builders; the affinities between it and some of the Sassanian palaces, notably Kasr-i-Shirin, are conclusive on that point; but it is more difficult to determine whether it was constructed before or after the Mohammedan invasion. In

* When I returned to England I found that Kheidhar had been visited the preceding year by M. Louis Massignon, and that a ground plan, not very accurate in detail, had been published by him during my absence. ('Gazette des Beaux Arts,' April 1909, and 'Bulletin de l'Acad. des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres,' March 1909, p. 202.) His survey did not include the annex to the north (probably stables and cattle sheds), nor has he given plans of the two upper storeys of the palace. My thanks are due to Mr. Watts, a member of Sir William Willcock's irrigation survey; he spent a few hours at Kheidhar while I was there, and was so kind as to take the big outer measurements of the enclosing walls and the interior court. When I had finished the plotting of the whole, I found that I had come within 30 centimetres of his calculations, so that the errors in the plan cannot be great. The plans will appear in an article on the vaulting system of the castle, which will be published in the next number of the 'Journal of the Hellenic Society.'



PALACE FROM WITHIN.

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he first case its original owner would have been one of the Lakhmid princes allied to the Sassanian kings, or else the Persian satrap who took the place of the house of Nu'man ibn Munthir during the years that immediately preceded the downfall of the lords of Ctesiphon; but if the second alternative be correct, Kheidhar must have been built by Persian artificers for one of the early khalifs. I incline to this opinion. There is a growing body of evidence to prove that the Umayyad khalifs were addicted to such resorts, where they could shake off, remote from prying eyes, the strict yoke of Islam. On the west side of the Syrian desert they employed Syrian workmen to build and decorate these hunting palaces; on the east side they could naturally have recourse to Persians, for it must be remembered that the invaders brought no arts with them except the art of verse. Certain structural features of Kheidhar are hard to reconcile with a date in the Sassanian period. The chief of these are the groined vaults in the passages and over the central chamber in the east annex within the court. They point to a certain amount of Syrian influence which is more easily explicable under the khalifs than under the hosroes. It is of great significance that the architect did not venture to set a dome on columns. The two-columned chambers in the central block of the palace, where a dome might be expected, are covered with three parallel barrel vaults. Skilful as were the builders in the construction of vaults—the span of the great hall is ten metres, and the vault is of brick, laid on the same principle as the famous Ctesiphon vault that spans 25·80 metres—they were very cautious in the matter of domes. The sole example is the dome within the north door, which covers a space of 2·80 × 3·20 metres and is set on corbels. It is instructive to compare these meagre dimensions with those of the Sassanian domes of Firuzabad and Sarvestan, both covering a chamber some 16 metres square, which are set on squinch arches. All the walls are plastered with stucco within and without, and in some places there are remains of stucco ornament. The part of the building that adjoins the north wall has two upper storeys, the uppermost of which is considerably ruined. On a level with it is the *chemin de ronde* running along the top of the outer walls; it is completely

preserved on the east side and interrupted only by short ruined spaces on the other three sides. The stairs in the corner towers leading up on to it are all destroyed, but we climbed up over the ruins of the gates. To the north-east of the castle there is a small detached building which the Arabs call the bath; they assured me that brackish water can be got by digging in the sand close to it. There is a mound here which may mark the site of some other structure now fallen, otherwise there are no traces of ruins round the castle except some vestiges of a wall or water channel connecting the main building with the Wady Lebay'a. Excellent sweet water is always to be got by digging in the valley, and in winter a stream runs down it. I saw no appliances for storing water within the castle, though in all probability they exist; there is a brackish well, scarcely drinkable, in the court. Under some portions of the palace are vaulted substructures now much ruined, but the need of underground chambers in which to shelter during the summer heats is not felt at Kheidhar, the roofs and walls being so massive that the rooms are always cool. There are curious devices in the vaulting for protection against the heat. The annex in the east part of the court is a later addition, and so, in all probability, are the outhouses to the north, but both belong to the same architectural period as the rest of the building.

A very short survey made it clear that Kheidhar could not be planned in a day. We had exhausted our small stock of provisions, and the materials necessary for carrying out so large a piece of work were at Kerbela with the caravan. Fattuh disposed of the difficulties at once by declaring that he intended to ride into Kerbela that night and bring out the caravan next day. Fattuh yearned for the sight of the baggage horses, and for my part I longed for a bed and for a table more than I could have thought it possible. I was weary of sleeping on the stony face of the desert, of sitting in the dust and eating my meals with a sauce of sand—so infirm is feminine endurance. An Arab called Ghanim, clean-limbed and spare, like all his half-fed tribe, offered himself as guide, and 'Ali assured us that he knew every inch of the way. But when the zaptiehs heard that one of them was to accompany the expedition they turned white with fear.



COLUMNED CHAMBER.

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To ride through the desert at night, they declared, was a venture from which no man was likely to come out alive. I hesitated—it requires much courage to face risks for others—but Fattuh stood firm, 'Ali laughed, and the thought of the bed carried the day. They started at eight in the evening, and I watched them disappear across the sands with some sinking of heart. All next day I was too well occupied to give them much thought, but when six o'clock came and 'Ali set watchers upon the castle walls, I began to feel anxious. Half an hour later Ma'ashi, the sheikh's brother, and my particular friend, came running down to my tent.

'Praise God! my lady khan, they are here.'

The Arabs gathered round to offer their congratulations, and Fattuh rode in, grey with fatigue and dust, the caravan at his heels. He had reached Kerbela at five in the morning, found the muleteers, bought provisions, loaded the animals, and set off again about ten.

'And the oranges are good in Kerbela,' he ended triumphantly. 'I have brought your Excellency a whole bag of them.'

It was a fine performance.

The Arabs who inhabited Kheidhar had come there two years before from Jof in Nejd: 'Because we were vexed with the government of Ibn er Rashid,' explained 'Ali, and I readily understood that his could not be a soothing rule. The wooden howdahs in which the women had travelled blocked one of the long corridors, and some twenty families lodged upon the ground in the vaulted chambers of princes. They lived and starved and died in this most splendid memorial of their own civilisation, and even in decay Kheidhar offered a shelter more than sufficient for their needs to the race at whose command it had been reared. Their presence was an essential part of its proud decline. The sheikh and his brothers passed like ghosts along the passages, they trailed their white robes down the stairways that led to the high chambers where they lived with their women, and at night they gathered round the hearth in the great hall, where their forefathers had beguiled the hours with tale and song in the same rolling tongue of Nejd. Then they would pile up the desert scrub till the embers glowed under the coffee-pots, while Ma'ashi handed round the delicious



DETAIL OF OUTER WALLS.



DETAIL OF SOUTH FAÇADE OF PALACE.

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stood still listening. Far out in the desert the red flash of rifles cut through the white moonlight; again the quick flare and then again silence. At last through the night drifted the sound of a wild song, faint and far away, rhythmic, elemental as the night and the desert. I waited in complete uncertainty as to what was approaching, and it was not until they were close upon us that we recognised our own Arabs and Fattuh in their midst. They came on, still singing, with their rifles over their shoulders; their white garments gleamed under the moon; they wore no kerchiefs upon their heads, and their black hair fell in curls about their faces.

'Ma'ashi,' I cried, 'what happened?'

Ma'ashi shook his hair out of his eyes.

'There is nothing, my lady khan. 'Ali saw some men lurking in the desert at the 'asr [the hour of afternoon prayer] and we watched after dark from the walls.'

'They were raiders of the Beni Dhafi'a,' said Ghanim, mentioning a particular lawless tribe.

'Fattuh,' said I, 'did you shoot?'

'We shot,' replied Fattuh—'did not your Excellency hear?—and one man is wounded.'

A wild-looking boy held out his hand, on which I detected a tiny scratch.

'There is no harm,' said I. 'Praise God!'

'Praise God!' they repeated, and I left them laughing and talking eagerly, and went to bed and to sleep.

Next morning I questioned Fattuh as to the events of the night, but he was exceptionally non-committal.

'My lady,' said he, 'God knows. 'Ali says that they were men of the Beni Dhafi'a.' Then with a burst of confidence he added, 'But I saw no one.'

'At whom did you shoot?' said I in bewilderment.

'At the Beni Dhafi'a,' answered Fattuh, surprised at the stupidity of the question.

I gave it up, neither do I know to this hour whether we were or were not raided in the night.

Two days later my plan was finished. I had turned one of the vaulted rooms of the stable into a workshop, and spreading a couple of waterproof sheets on the sand for table, had drawn it out to scale lying on the ground. Sometimes an Arab came in silently and stood watching my pencil, until the superior attractions of

the next chamber, in which sat the muleteers and the zaptiehs, drew him away. As I added up metres and centimetres I could hear them spinning long yarns of city and desert. Occasionally Ma'ashi brought me coffee.

'God give you the reward,' said I.

'And your reward,' he answered. 'Only the daughter of kings could write such a picture.'

The day we left Kheidhar, the desert was wrapped in the stifling dust of a west wind. I have no notion what the country is like through which we rode for seven hours to Kerbela, and no memory, save that of the castle walls fading like a dream into the haze, of a bare ridge of hill to our right hand and the bitter waves of a salt lake to our left, and of deep sand through which we were driven by a wind that was the very breath of the Pit. Then out of the mist loomed the golden dome of the shrine of Hussein, upon whom be peace, and few pious pilgrims were gladder than I when we stopped to drink a glass of tea at the first Persian tea-shop of the holy city.

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

Art. 3.—EARLY WELSH POETRY.

1. *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards, translated into English, etc.* By Evan Evans. London: R. and J. Dodsley, 1764.
2. *The Four Ancient Books of Wales.* By W. F. Skene. Two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1868.
3. *The Literature of the Kymry.* By Thomas Stephens. Second edition. London: Longmans, 1876.
4. *The Black Book of Carmarthen.* Reproduced and edited by J. Gwenogvryn Evans, M.A., D.Litt. Printed at the Editor's Private Press, 1907.

THE early singers of no other race, perhaps, enjoy a renown so tantalisingly disproportionate to what is known of their actual work and personal history as the ancient bards of the Kymry. Taliesin, Aneirin, Llywarch the Old, Merlin, and the rest, are, to the average English reader of poetry, but so many fantastic and fabulous names. Even to the mass of their own countrymen in Wales, one fears, they are not much more. The most famous of them by name, 'the sage enchanter Merlin,' who cuts so brave a figure in the medieval literature of wizardry, is the most difficult among them all to identify and accredit as a poet. To the modern world Merlin is all but a creature of pure myth—an alleged bard of the sixth century, who, transformed into a prophet and a magician, comes to be imported into the Arthurian legends to lend the necessary touch of weird mystery to the story of Arthur's birth. The 'great Taliesin,' again, whom Gray invokes to hear, 'out of the grave,' strains that 'breathe a soul to animate his clay,' has left behind him few, if any, songs in which we can be sure that we hear his own authentic strains. Aneirin has fared somewhat better at the hand of time, and of the critics; a celebrated elegiac poem is, with some confidence, ascribed to him. Yet, scanty and insecure though the evidence is which enables us to regard these men as bards of the sixth century at all, the traditions of 'the bardic order' in Wales extend further back even than their era. For the group of bards of which Taliesin

is the fabled head are alleged to have inherited their poetic art and craft from the nameless Druids of pre-Roman Britain. Whatever the truth about the poetry of the Druids may be, their right to a place in the temple of Fame is certainly indefeasible, for Roman historians of the first repute bear testimony to their prestige and power among the ancient Celts. So well established, indeed, is their renown that they have been admitted even to the Comtist Calendar, where, with Ossian—another spirit called out of the vasty deeps of Celtic tradition—they figure among the primitive heroes of 'theocratic civilisation.'

The religious culture of the Druids has been the subject of much ingenious, and not unfruitful, speculation. Their alleged proficiency in the art of poetry has been no less eagerly, though, perhaps, not quite so dispassionately and profitably debated. A persistent tradition, dating back to a very early time, includes poetical inspiration among the gifts of the Druids. When Milton, in 'Lycidas,' reproaches the Muses for having deserted their playground

'on the steep

Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,'

he is echoing a traditional association which is at least as old as Lucan.* Milton, indeed, has much to answer for on the score of this familiar line. It contributed as much as, if not more than, anything else to the use, in the eighteenth century, of the term 'druid' as a synonym for poet or bard. The mid-eighteenth century poets, especially those who deliberately imitated Milton, discovered in 'druid' a word full of a vague romantic charm. Hence even James Thomson, who had so unromantic a conceit of his outward appearance, at least, as to describe himself as 'more fat than bard beseems,' is dignified by Collins with this name in the well-known elegy beginning

'In yonder grave a Druid lies.'

Mason, in his dramatic poem 'Caractacus' (1759), makes a

* The passage in the 'Pharsalia' (book i, 447 *seq.*), in which the Bards and the Druids are linked together, is well known.

Druid the choragus of a band of British bards; while Cowper, in his 'Table Talk,' desiring to emphasise how

'A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart,'

tells us unhesitatingly that not only

'in a Roman mouth the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same,'

but that

'British poets, too, the priesthood shared,
And every hallowed Druid was a bard.'

Poetic usage dies hard; and, in modern times, so unconventional a singer as Browning cannot help making the Druid both bard and priest, as when, in 'The Two Poets of Croisic,' he says:

'boys from door to door
Sing unintelligible words to tunes
As obsolete; "scraps of Druidic lore,"
Sigh scholars, as each pale man importunes
Vainly the mumbling to speak plain once more.'

When all is told, however, modern scholarship will have it that no single 'scrap of Druidic lore' in poetry has come down to us, and that we possess no authentic evidence whatever of the bardic culture of the Druids. 'There is no proof,' say the authors of 'The Welsh People,'* 'of any formal connexion between the Druidic priesthood and the bardic system as it appears in Wales in the twelfth century.' And it is to the twelfth century that those MSS. belong which furnish us with our first considerable body of authentic remains of the early poetry of the Kymry.

'In the twelfth century,' wrote Matthew Arnold long ago,† 'there began for Wales, along with another burst of national life, another burst of poetry; and this burst *literary* in the stricter sense of the word—a burst which left, for the first time, written records. It wrote the records of its predecessors, as well as of itself.' These records, he continues, 'touch that primitive world of which they profess to be the voice,' and the true critic is not he

* By Sir John Rhys and Sir D. Brynmor-Jones (first ed., p. 255).

† 'On the Study of Celtic Literature' (1867).

he goes beyond the limits of all poetic license in his use of traditional names. None of the three British worthies here celebrated is known to have had any repute as a poet. Gray, probably, was confused by the data furnished to him by his Welsh informant or informants, and not only mistook Modred, the villain of the Arthurian romances, for Myrddin, or Merlin, but made bards of two Welsh princes who only had bards in their service. For Evan Evans, to whom Gray was largely indebted for the scanty traditional matter upon which he based his famous Ode,* mentions, in his '*Dissertatio de Bardis*,' 'Tristfardd, the bard of Urien Reged,' and 'Avan Verddig, the bard of Cadwallon ap Cadvan,' among the poets who flourished about the same time as Taliesin, Aneirin, and Llywarch Hên.

No account, however brief, of the early poetry of Wales would be complete without a word of tribute to the work in which Evan Evans—'the Long Bard' (*Y Prydydd Hir*), as he styled himself, and is still called in the Principality—sought, first of all Welshmen, to direct the attention of English readers to the buried treasures of Kymric poetry. Evans deserves a place—humble it may be, but not altogether unimportant—among those who contributed something to that new interest in remote and archaic forms of literature which was so marked a feature of the early Romantic revival in the eighteenth century. That movement drew much both from 'Gothic,' or Scandinavian, and from Celtic sources, and 'the frugal note of Gray' echoes snatches of song caught from both these distant shores of old romance. Evan Evans was not only known to Gray, but was also a correspondent of Bishop Percy. Above all, he was ambitious to give the world more authentic examples of the primitive Celtic genius than Macpherson had just done in his so-called Ossianic poems. He had, however, little chance against the astute Scotsman, who, gauging well the sentimental and melancholy mood of the age, dressed up his matter in a rhetorical style that took Europe by storm, and so dwarfed

* 'Although not published until 1764, the ms. of some work from Evans' hand 'was, we learn from a letter of Dr Wharton, in Gray's hands by July 1760, and may have reached him by 1757.' (Note in Palgrave's '*Golden Treasury*.')

altogether Evans' much more modest efforts. But there were not wanting shrewd critics who thought the Welshman had more genuine matter in hand, and among these was Bishop Percy. 'Amidst the general attention of ancient and foreign poetry,' we find Percy writing to Evans in 1761, 'it would be a pity to leave that of the ancient Britons forgotten and neglected'; and he urges Evans to 'collect and translate the valuable remains' which must exist in the Welsh tongue.

'I may modestly pretend' (he continues) 'to have some credit with the booksellers, and with Mr Dodsley in particular, who is my intimate friend. . . . I will also communicate your labours to several eminent *Literati* of my acquaintance, and, to mention one in particular, Mr Johnson, the author of the Dictionary, Rambler, etc., who will, I am sure, be glad to recommend your work, and to give you any advice for the most advantageous disposal of it.'

In subsequent letters Percy alludes to Macpherson's activity in 'furiously picking up subscriptions for his proposed translation of the ancient epic poem in the Erse language,' and thinks that 'a collection of such pieces' as Evans had in view 'would not fail to prove as acceptable to the public as the Erse fragments, and would be far more satisfactory, because you could remove all suspicions of their genuineness, which, I am afraid, Mr Macpherson is not able to do.'

It is not recorded whether Dr Johnson, or any other of the 'eminent *Literati*' to whom Percy alludes, gave Evans any substantial encouragement to proceed with his experiment. All that we know of Johnson's attitude towards such things scarcely justifies the assumption that the Welshman derived much assistance from him. It was due, mainly, to the good offices of Percy himself—unless Gray lent a helping hand—that Evans came to publish, through the brothers Dodsley, in 1764 his 'Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards, translated into English.' This title, however, covered only about a third of the contents of the entire volume. The translations are followed by a Latin essay, called 'De Bardis Dissertatio,' which professes to give a historical account of the oldest Welsh bards, and includes, among other poetical fragments, a Latin version of several

stanzas of Aneirin's 'Gododin.' The third section of the book, prefaced by a Welsh address 'To the Kymry,' contains the Welsh texts of the poems translated in the first part. Few more singular volumes have ever issued from the press than this composite quarto of English, Latin, and Welsh curiosities, and, although long since superseded by the researches of later scholars, it still remains a work from which the student of Welsh poetry will derive as much instruction as entertainment. The 'Specimens' are mostly taken from the poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—the second great bardic period. Of the poems of the alleged sixth-century bards, Evans gives us, apart from the Latin translations from the 'Gododin,' but one example—the 'Consolation of Elphin,' attributed to Taliesin.* Evans is only one of many Welsh scholars who have had to confess themselves beaten by the language of the oldest of the bards, which still contains, even as it did in his time, 'numerous obsolete words, not to be found in any dictionary or glossary, either in print or manuscript.'

This is not the place to tell the story of the progress of Welsh scholarship since Evans' time, or to follow the controversy over the claims of Celtic antiquity which attended, step by step, the gradual recovery and publication of ancient Welsh documents. That story is very fully and well told both in the introductory chapter to Dr Skene's edition of 'The Four Ancient Books of Wales,' and in Matthew Arnold's lectures on 'The Study of Celtic Literature.' The chief landmarks in the modern advance of Welsh studies are the publication, during the first decade of the last century, of the monumental 'Myvyrian Archæology of Wales,' through the joint efforts of Owen Jones, a London furrier, Edward Williams, better known in Wales under his bardic name of Iolo Morgannwg, and Dr William Owen Pughe; the appearance in 1848 of Thomas Stephen's 'Literature of the Kymry,' and in 1868 of Skene's 'Four Ancient Books';

* The 'Consolation of Elphin' should be well known to readers of Thomas Love Peacock, for Evans' modest prose version is expanded into a highly decorated lyric in chap. v. of 'The Misfortunes of Elphin.' Peacock's immediate source for this, and other Welsh poems 'transfused' by him, was Nash's 'Taliesin, or the Bards and Druids of Britain'; but Nash's translation of the 'Consolation' is a palpable recension of Evans'.

and, lastly, the publication from Oxford and elsewhere of a series of Welsh texts, to which Dr Gwenogvryn Evans' sumptuous edition of 'The Black Book of Carmarthen' is the most recent, and not the least notable addition.

'The Black Book' is the oldest considerable repertory of old Welsh poetry that we possess, and forms one of the group of MSS. which Skene called the 'four ancient' Welsh 'books.' There is no very great propriety in Skene's title apart from the fact that the best known, and the oldest, MS. collections of Welsh poetry are four in number and have each a distinctive and well-remembered name. These MSS. range in date from the end of the twelfth to the fourteenth century. The earliest is the 'Book of Carmarthen,' compiled during the latter part of the twelfth century, and it is known as 'The Black Book' because it was written at the priory of St John's, founded for Black Canons at Carmarthen in 1148. It contains poems partly historical and partly mythological in character, many of which palpably belong in substance to a much earlier period than the twelfth century. The next oldest MSS. are 'The Book of Aneirin,' which contains the 'Gododin' poems, and 'The Book of Taliesin'—both dating from the thirteenth century. Towards the close of the fourteenth century 'The Red Book of Hergest,' now preserved in the library of Jesus College, Oxford, was compiled. It was from the 'Red Book,' which includes both prose and poetry, that Lady Charlotte Guest made her well-known translation of the 'Mabinogion.'

Skene and other constructive critics of like adventurous temper find in many of the poems preserved in these documents what were originally contemporary records of men and events of the sixth and seventh centuries.

'In the "Red Book of Hergest"' (he writes),* 'in the historical poems attributed to Llywarch Hên, there occurs throughout a current of expressions which imply that the bard witnessed the events he alludes to, and must have lived during the period extending from the death of Vrien to that of Cadwallon in 659.'

* 'Four Ancient Books of Wales,' i, 235.

The latest editor of 'The Black Book of Carmarthen' advances no such confident opinion about any of the poems included in his volume, and strictly limits his historical comments to such poems as obviously refer to events and personages of the twelfth century itself. Skene was doubtless, as Dr Gwenogvryn Evans alleges, too apt to 'discover sixth-century incidents in twelfth-century historical facts.' But, even though we find in it historical poems of undoubted twelfth-century origin, and religious poems bearing the manifest impress of a late monastic culture, the 'Black Book,' like the other MSS., contains much that takes us back to a period so remote as to make it all but impossible to distinguish between history and pure myth. Take, for example, the very first poem in the 'Black Book.' It introduces us at once to two of the most elusive names of the primitive Kymric world, Myrddin (Merlin) and Taliesin. Yet, although it is cast in the form of a dialogue between these two bardic phantoms, it palpably deals with historical events of the sixth century. Its subject is the battle of Arvderydd, or Ardderyd, of which we have a brief record in the 'Annales Cambriæ' under the year 573. All the chronicler tells us is, '573 Annus, Bellum Armterid'; but the 'Black Book' poem gives us the names of the heroes who distinguished themselves on the field. We hear of Maelgwn and his host, of Errith and Gurrih, of Cynvelyn (Cymbeline), of the 'seven sons of Elifer,' and of 'seven score generous ones who went to the shades in the wood of Celyddon.' Here we have a typical example of the kind of matter one meets with again and again in these early Welsh poems. They are nearly all chants of 'arms and of men,' and celebrate the exploits, and especially the heroic deaths, of warriors whose resounding names suggest vistas of a rich and strange world of romance. But to map out that world, and to reconstruct its history upon the basis of these epic and elegiac fragments, is a task that seems likely to remain for ever beyond the wit of the most resourceful scholar.*

* 'In many instances the difficulty is rather that of matter than of form; the poems deal with obscure forgotten myths, and are not explained, as in the elder "Edda," with prose introductions and epilogues. Through many of these there is to be felt, along with the abrupt enigmatic phrase, a sense of real meaning in the story; the fault is in the later generations, to

em are Gwyddneu Garanhir and Gwyn ab Nudd—two names familiar enough to students of Welsh mythology and the dialogue at once suggests points of analogy with that most fantastic and archaic of Welsh prose tales, the story of 'Kulhwch and Olwen.' Gwyddneu seeks sanctuary under Gwyn's protection, and, having done this promised him, proceeds to ask Gwyn who he is.

(replies Gwyn) 'am called the *Enchanter*. I am Gwyn, the son of Nudd, the lover of Creuddilad, the daughter of Nudd. This, my horse, is Carngrwn, the terror of the field; he will not let me parley with you; when bridled he is restless; he is impatient to go to Drum, my home on the Tawë. Do not mean the Towy near by, but the Tawë some distance away. I am retiring to the border of the Severn sea. My old ring and my white saddle I cast off, because of my sorrow, for I have witnessed slaughter before Caer Vantwy. Yes, before Mantwy have I seen a host with their targets shattered and their spears broken. Aye, honourable men even did violence to the fair. Fair is my dog and brave' (he continues). 'The best of dogs is Dormarch; he was formerly with Maelgwn Gwynedd. Dormarch is ruddy-nosed when you look at him carefully, because, as you perceive, he is constantly wandering in the mist of the mountain. I too wander, I have visited the death-scenes of Gwendoleu, the mainstay of the arts, of Bran, of Llacheu the son of Arthur, whose life was wonderful, and of Meurig. I have not been to the grave of Gwallawg in the land of Lloegria, but I have stood by the graves of the warriors of Britain from the east to the north, and from the east to the south. I am alive; they are all in the grave, dead.'

We turn from this poem to the so-called 'Mabinogi' of 'Kulhwch and Olwen,' we find ourselves in just the same atmosphere and meet with the same characters. Gwyn and Gwyddneu figure in the prose tale; but Gwyn is given most prominence as regards Gwyn in 'Mabinogi' is his quarrel with Gwythyr—a name which stands in close proximity to that of Arthur in a famous triplet in the 'Stanzas of the Graves' in the 'Book'—for the possession of Creiddilad (the daughter of the poem), the daughter of Lludd, who, Evans reminds us, 'appears in English as Cordelia, the daughter of King Lear.' Creiddilad is described in 'Mabinogi' as 'the most majestic of the maids of

the island of Britain,' and the issue of the quarrel for her between Gwyn and Gwythyr is determined by the intervention of Arthur, who condemns the two to fight for her 'every first of May until the day of doom.' Gwyn is a conspicuous figure in the strange company gathered around Arthur in the tale of 'Kulhwch.' He takes part in the great boar hunt, after the *porcus Troit*, as Nennius calls him, or the 'Twrch Trwyth' of Welsh fable. 'It is not possible to hunt the boar Trwyth,' says Olwen's father to Kulhwch, 'without Gwyn the son of Nudd, whom God has endowed with the activity of all the devils of Annwn (Hades).'

Yet another dialogue in the 'Black Book' brings us into close touch with 'Kulhwch and Olwen,' and refers, apparently, to incidents which are told in greater detail in the prose romance. King Arthur appears before a castle guarded by one who bears the awe-inspiring name of Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr, or Glewlwyd of the Mighty Grasp. Arthur demands admission, but Glewlwyd refuses to admit him until he gives a full account of himself and his followers. Then ensues a recital by Arthur of the names and the deeds of his chief retainers. Here, again, we meet with characters familiar to readers of the 'Mabinogion'—Mabon, the son of Modron, Manawyddan, the son of Llyr, and, above all, Kei and Bedwyr (Kay and Bedivere), an inseparable pair among the Arthurian fellowship of early Welsh tradition. Bedwyr, as the poet tells, is a mighty warrior, 'men fell by the hundred before him'; but mightier still is Kei.

'Vain were it to boast against Kei in battle; when from a horn he drank, he drank as much as four men; when he came into battle, he slew as would an hundred; unless it were God's doing, Kei's death would be unachieved.'

It must indeed have been a difficult matter, if we are to believe what we are told in 'Kulhwch and Olwen,' to get the better of Kei. For 'very subtle was Kei,' the storyteller gravely informs us; 'when it pleased him, he could make himself as tall as the highest tree in the forest'; he had also 'this peculiarity, that his breath lasted nine nights and days under water, and he could exist nine nights and nine days without sleep.'

Even the bards who inhabit this Kymric wonderland

re superhuman. Merlin and Taliesin are, in their way, magicians no less than 'chiefs of song,' and, as time went on, all sorts of weird traditions gathered around their names. Thus, poems ascribed to Taliesin represent him as having been 'in Canaan when Absalom was slain,' as being 'chief overseer of the building of the tower of Nimrod,' as riding 'on the horse's crupper of Elias and Enoch,' and so on—grotesque fancies which have justly excited the derision of the destructive critics. But these same poems also tell us that the bard was 'in the hall of Gŵn before Gwydion was born,' that he 'drew his inspiration from the cauldron of Ceridwen,' that he was 'thrice resident in the castle of Arianrod'—statements that project us once more into the ghostly regions of early Celtic myth. In one of the dialogues of the 'Black Book' Taliesin is called 'the challenger in the conflict of song,' and we are at once reminded of Thomas Love Peacock's somewhat irreverent descriptions of Taliesin's bardic exploits in 'The Misfortunes of Elphin.' There is nothing, however, in the 'Black Book' or in any other authentic repository of Welsh poetry, either by Taliesin or by other bards, which contains the germ of the celebrated 'War-song of Dinas Vawr,' styled by Peacock 'the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were written.' The 'magnanimous heroes' who

'brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them,'

are the creatures merely of Peacock's own sportive imagination. War-songs, of course, there are in plenty, but they deal with sterner and more mournful themes than the pæan of the freebooters of Dinas Vawr. The 'Black Book,' however, is full of references to characters and incidents with which Peacock's fancy made play. Seitheny the Drunkard, for example, is one of the outstanding figures in 'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' and is here brought into dramatic encounter with Taliesin. The story of Seitheny's neglected stewardship, which led to the inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelod—the Kymric *Ynnesse* in Cardigan Bay—is the subject of the last poem but one in the 'Black Book.' At its close we are

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told—in a triplet which reappears among the 'Stanzas of the Graves'—to look for

'The grave of Seithenhin, the weak-minded,
Between Kaer Kenedir and the sea-shore
Here also lie Môr the great-hearted, and Kinran.'

The form of this Seithenyn poem, and of the 'Stanzas of the Graves,' serves as well as any to illustrate the structural peculiarities and the style of these primitive metrical experiments. Here we have authentic specimens of those 'riddling triplets of old time' which Tennyson has put with so much effect into the mouth of Merlin in 'The Coming of Arthur.' In spite of the frequent obscurity of their meaning, even the casual reader who spells his way through these verses cannot fail to be struck by their compact expression and symmetrical structure. No translation can do them justice, as it is impossible to reproduce in English the combined effect of their alliteration, assonance, and rhyme. Take, for example, the lines about Seithenyn's grave, of which a translation has just been given :

'Bet Seithenhin synhuir uann
Rug Kaer Kenedir a glann
Môr maurhidic a Kinran.'

The alliteration and the rhyme in these lines are at once obvious even to the reader who knows no Welsh, but it is only those who can speak the language and know how the accent falls, that can appreciate the full effect of their rhythmic movement. Not only the formal characteristics, but the general style and matter, of these triplets, ending, as they frequently do, with solemn gnomic tags, are well exemplified in the poem on Seithenyn's doom :

'The roar of the raging sea over the rampart!
To God-ward should man's thoughts turn.
After pride cometh lasting destruction.
The roar of the raging sea overpowers me this night,
And not easy is it to relieve me;
After pride cometh a fall.
The roar of the raging sea this night
Impels me away from my chamber;
After pride cometh far-reaching ruin.'

h lines—and there are many more like them—might
y well have served as models for Tennyson's *Merlin*
lets:

'Rain, rain and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

Rain, rain and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun and rain! and the free blossom blows;
Sun, rain and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.*

But, impossible though it is to represent in a trans-
on the formal peculiarities of this early poetry in
atever mould we find it, English versions which
ere to the order of the lines do in some degree manage
reflect its charm of style. And Matthew Arnold had
hing more than this to go upon when he singled out
le' as 'the most striking quality' of Celtic poetry.†

ltic poetry' (he continues) 'seems to make up to itself for
g unable to master the world and give an adequate inter-
tation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending
guage at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it
with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It
all through it a sort of intoxication of style—a "Pindar-
," to use a word formed from the name of the poet on
om, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have
reised an inspiring and intoxicating effect; and not in its
at poets only, in Taliesin, or Llywarch Hên, or Ossian, does
Celtic genius show this Pindarism, but in all its pro-
tions:

he grave of March is this, and this the grave of Gwythyr;
ere is the grave of Gwgawn Gled dyf-reidd (Ruddy-sword);
but unknown is the grave of Arthur."

ese lines, as Arnold points out, are by the unknown
hor of the 'Verses of the Graves,' and reflect the same

* Tennyson, as his son records in his annotated edition of his father's
ns (i, 386; Macmillan, 1907), was well acquainted with Skene's 'Four
ient Books of Wales,' and it is there that he must have found the
gestions, for they are many, for his 'riddling triplets.'

† 'The Study of Celtic Literature,' p. 121 (Popular edition). Smith,
er, 1891.

instinct for form and artistic effect as 'the famous Welsh Triads' do. 'We may put aside all the vexed questions as to their greater or less antiquity, and still what important witness they bear to the genius for literary style of the people who produced them!'

There is, however, something more than style, or, if we prefer so to call it, technique, in these early Welsh fragments. Their sentiment, and especially their feeling for nature, frequently arrest us. Pathos we should naturally expect to find in poems so many of which strike an elegiac note; but it is difficult to detect in this pathos, as Matthew Arnold does, a peculiar species of 'Celtic melancholy.' The tears that bedew the cheeks of those who mourn over the departed glories of the Hall of Kynddylan† are not shed at the bidding of any rarer anguish than that which finds expression in the early poetry of other races. Even 'the creeping Saxon'—as in the old English poems of 'The Seafarer' and 'The Wanderer'—weeps at the contemplation of desolate halls; while the Arabs of the seventh century wrote poems 'beginning always with what is called the *nash*, a melancholy reflection on deserted dwellings or camping grounds.'‡ There is, in truth, as little that is distinctly Celtic about these lamentations of Llywarch Hên—if they be really his—as there is in Macpherson's highly-coloured versions of Ossian's alleged jeremiads. All mankind shares these feelings and expresses them in much the same way. What, however, is more distinctive of the early Welsh poems is their observation of, and even feeling for, outward nature. Dr Gwenogvryn Evans, in his introduction to the 'Black Book,' duly notes this feature, and gives us translations of passages which show how the Welsh bards could, even thus early, attune their songs to the changing moods of nature. They love to wander 'where the white clover blows, where the dew pearls the fields, where nature's choristers are in

* 'The Study of Celtic Literature,' p. 121.

† The lament over the Hall of Kynddylan, ascribed to Llywarch Hên, is one of the best-known fragments of early Welsh poetry.

‡ Sir A. Lyall's 'Tennyson,' in 'English Men of Letters' series. 'Here' (Lyall continues) 'we have the opening prelude of "Locksley Hall."' The Arabic poems in question were called the *Moallakât*, or Suspended Poems, and were first translated into English by Sir William Jones. (See Lord Tennyson's notes to his father's poems, i, 341.)

stant harmony.' Each season has its appropriate
in.

Spring is the choicest time, with its chirring of birds
its green burgeons; the ploughs are in furrow, the oxen
oke; green is the sea, and decked in many colours are the
s, what time the cuckoos call from the gay branches of
trees.'

winter also has its music, sullen and tumultuous
ugh, but not without its harmony.

er is the breeze, and bare lies the hill; shelter is hard
nd—scarce out can man remain. The dust eddies, the
best waxes, the trees swing their arms wildly in the
ls, the ship scuds with bare poles over the sea, the gull
the surf, wave upon wave thunders upon the shore, and
hills echo the resounding roar. . . . The ford is troubled,
lake frozen, the cotton grass withers, snow mantles hill
dale, the stag hunches his back and seeks the glen,
riors quit the field and the shield lies idle.'

re is little or no fanciful imagery here—the bare,
phrases being flung at one as though to suggest the
d and relentless movements of the storm.

This poem is one of many associated with the cele-
ed name of Llywarch Hên, and if he be indeed their
or—although they come to us in a twelfth-century
—he is well entitled to all his bardic honours. The
alent note of most of the odes assigned to him is one
melancholy, but it is a melancholy that frequently
into a strain of sombre grandeur. We have in
a little of the wistful melancholy, the *Sehnsucht*
posed to be peculiar to the Celt, but rather what
threw Arnold more appropriately terms the Celtic
anism'—the 'passionate, turbulent, indomitable re-
on against the despotism of fact.' They breathe the
est of a sturdy and restive spirit, to whom youth and
th, fair weather and good fortune, are the supreme
gs, against the creeping hand of time and the in-
table decrees of fate.

old, old age!' (Llywarch cries in his elegy on his son
n)* 'which makes sport of me from the hair of my head to

From 'The Red Book of Hergest,' translated in Skene's 'Four Ancient
s,' i, 328. The version here given is the somewhat freer rendering
ed by M. Arnold in 'The Study of Celtic Literature,' § vi.

my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved. The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow. I am old, I am alone; shapeliness and warmth are gone from me; the couch of honour shall be no more mine. I am miserable; I am bent on my crutch. How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch the night he was brought forth! Sorrows without end, and no deliverance from his burden!’

Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
This threnody of Llywarch Hén's illustrates a class of poems in which Welsh literature is peculiarly rich, for the Welsh bards have, at all periods, been singularly successful in the elegy. The most considerable single achievement attributed to the sixth century bards is an elegy, or rather a series of elegies—the famous ‘Gododin.’ This work, ascribed to Aneirin, comprises over a hundred stanzas, of varying length and form, commemorating the warriors who ‘marched to Cattraeth with the dawn’ and fell in the seven days’ battle which was there fought. The problems involved in determining the date of the ‘Gododin,’ in ascertaining its correct text and meaning, and in identifying the persons, localities, and events recorded in it, are of extreme difficulty.* Aneirin speaks in his own name in a stanza in the middle of the poem, and one would gather from it that he was the friend, if not the disciple, of Taliesin, and, according to the tradition, disputed with him the title of ‘the king of the bards.’ Moreover, he was a warrior as well as a poet, and he sings of the battle of Cattraeth as an eye-witness of and a participator in the fray. The poem—if we are to take it as the work of a single author—was probably designed as an elegy of all the Kymric chieftains who perished at Cattraeth; even in its present fragmentary form some ninety heroes find a place in it. The following translation of two stanzas

* The text of the ‘Gododin’ is printed, and translated by Skene in his ‘Four Ancient Books’; he also discusses, in his introductory chapters, the critical questions connected with the poem. An edition of the poem, with an English translation, was published by I. Williams ab Ithel in 1852. The best critical edition, however, is that of the late Thomas Stephens, author of ‘The Literature of the Kymry,’ revised and enlarged by Prof. T. Powell, and printed for the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion in 1888. A free and not altogether uninspired translation of part of the ‘Gododin’ in rhyme will be found in the late Henry Morley’s ‘English Writers,’ vol. I.

aken at random, will sufficiently indicate its general style and matter.

'From the wine-feast and the mead-feast they fared
To the clash of mail-clad warriors;
I know of no slaughter so swift—
So utter was their destruction.
Before Cattræth free in their chatter were the hosts,
But of the retinue of Mynyddog—great is the pity—
Of three hundred men, there came back but one.

From the wine-feast and the mead-feast they hied,
Heroes well worthy the homage of generous hearts;
In bright array around the board they revelled
With wine and mirth and mead.
The retinue of Mynyddog was our undoing,
And robbed me of a ruler and a true friend;
Of three hundred noble ones who hied to Cattræth,
Alas! there came back but one.'

The fragment of the 'Gododin,' which Evan Evans put into Latin in his 'Dissertatio de Bardis,' appears among Gray's poems under the title of 'The Death of Hoel.'

'To Cattræth's vale in glitt'ring row
Thrice two hundred warriors go;

But none from Cattræth's vale return
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
Bursting through the bloody throng—
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.'

This is not Aneirin; but English imitations or translations of him are so rare that Welshmen derive some pleasure from reading even this indifferent exercise of Gray's.

One cannot turn away from the poetry of this earliest group of Welsh bards without a word of reference to one great name, apparently historical, that figures largely in their compositions, especially as the prominence given to that name is in such striking contrast to the reticence of the bards concerning the paramount British hero whose prowess, above that of all others, one would have expected to fire their imagination—King Arthur. In the poems ascribed to Llywarch Hên and Taliesin, no champion of the British race against the inroads of the

Saxon figures so triumphantly as the warrior-prince Urien, or Vrien Rheged. The pœans sung in his praise are glowing examples of a form of panegyric that remained for centuries one of the staple poetical exercises of the Welsh bards. 'Till I fall into old age and the fell clutch of death,' so runs the refrain of more than one song of Taliesin, 'may I never smile if I praise not Urien.' And Urien's praise, from all that his eulogists tell us, seems to have been argument worthy even of the peerless 'challenger in the conflict of song.'

'Doorkeeper, list!' (Taliesin sings). 'What tumult was that? Is it the earth that shakes, or is it the sea that swells? . . . Came it over the hill? It is Urien who makes men tremble! Or, was it above the valley? It is Urien who thrusts! Or, came it over the mountain? It is Urien on his conquering way!

Urien's bounty was no less signal than his martial prowess. He was generous of his gold and silver, of his mead and his meat—especially to bards. 'The bards of the world,' says Taliesin again, 'find favour before thee, and verily they ever sing unto thee after thy desire.' In the 'Red Book of Hergest' we have Urien's elegy, sung by Llywarch Hên. From that poem we gather that Llywarch was with Urien in his last battle, in which he was decapitated, and that it was he who carried the hero's head away from the field.

'A head I bear by my side—the head of Urien, the kingly leader of his host; on his white breast a black crow feeds. A head I bear under my doublet—the head of Urien, the gracious ruler of his court; on his white breast the ravens batten.'

The elegy concludes with a lament, much in the same strain as that upon the Hall of Kynddylan, over the desolation of the hearth which had so long witnessed the festive glee of Urien's household.

In marked contrast to their lavish praise of Urien stands the silence of these early bards about Arthur. Three poems in which he is mentioned—including the brief but suggestive allusion to his unknown grave in the 'Black Book'—have already been referred to. In only some two or three other poems in all the 'Four Books' do we find even a trace of his name. The most important

these is a poem in the 'Black Book' called 'Gomer, son of Erbin,'—a name which also appears as the name of one of the prose 'Mabinogion.' Here Arthur appears as the leader of a group of warriors, of whom Gereint is the chief, fighting at a place called Llongborth.

'At Llongborth saw I of Arthur's
Brave men hewing with steel
(Men of the) emperor, director of toil.

At Llongborth there fell of Gereint's
Brave men from the borders of Devon,
And, ere they were slain, they slew.'

This poem would seem to speak of a historical Arthur—*guledig*, or war leader, the *dux bellorum* whose twelve great battles are celebrated by Nennius. We have nothing else, however, to indicate that the earlier bards, any more than the story-teller in 'Kulhwch and Olwen,' saw any distinction between Arthur and the other mythical heroes of the Celtic fairy-land. Nor do we fare much better when we come to the bards who lived from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, during and after the great efflorescence of Arthurian romance which began with Geoffrey of Monmouth. While the 'Mabinogion' form a singularly fascinating Welsh contribution to Arthurian prose romance, the medieval Welsh bards added nothing of value to the poetical development of Arthurian story. Inheritors though they were of the best and richest demesne of European romance, they seem to have deliberately turned their backs upon itsuring prospects, to cultivate, for the most part, the barren soil of topical and complimentary poetry. Hence the productions of the second great period of bardic activity in Wales, consisting as they do mostly of elegies and elegies of nobles and high-born dames of the day, possess singularly little interest for the modern reader. It was not until the latter half of the fourteenth century that a poet—Dafydd ap Gwilym—appeared who, turning to Love and Nature for his themes, proved that adherence to technical bardic conventions was not incompatible with genuine lyric fervour.

And yet, despite the limitations and the unadventurous character of the bardic experiments of the period, the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries in Wales, as in the

rest of western Europe, witnessed a remarkable intellectual awakening which sought expression in many new forms of literary and artistic enterprise. The Welsh princes of this period were enlightened and liberal patrons of the arts, and the coming of the Normans gave an immense stimulus to literary activity in particular. We have records which indicate that, by the end of the twelfth century, it had become the fashion to encourage bards and musicians in their respective crafts by instituting competitions between them on lines which clearly foreshadow the subsequent development of the Eisteddfod. Even the Eisteddfodic ceremony of 'chairing' the successful bard seems to have existed in some rudimentary form, for in the Laws of Howel the Good—the codification of which is itself a signal monument of the intellectual activity of the period—we read :

'From the person who shall conquer where there is contention for a chair, he [the judge of the court] is to have a bugle-horn and a gold ring, and the pillow placed under him in his chair.'

As to the Eisteddfod itself, the first authentic record of the holding of a festival similar to the modern Welsh national gathering is found in one of the Welsh Bruts,* and tells us how the Lord Rhys ap Gruffydd gave, in 1176, a great banquet in his castle at Cardigan.

'Notices of it a year in advance had been published, we are told, not only in Wales, but also in England, Scotland, and Ireland. We observe a difference between it and the Eisteddfod of the present day in that not only the best poet was then awarded a chair, but also the best musician, whereas now the former alone gets a chair. In other respects the Cardigan banquet was like the modern Eisteddfod, namely, in that the men of South Wales, for example, excelled in music, and those of Gwynedd (the North) in poetry.'†

Under such patronage it is not surprising to find that 'warranted' bards flourished by the score. And not only were the Welsh princes prodigal of their bounty to bards and minstrels, several of them

'knew
Themselves to sing and build the lofty rhyme.'

* See 'Bruts from the Red Book of Hergest,' p. 334 (Rhys and Evans, Oxford, 1887).

† 'The Welsh People,' first ed., p. 516 (Rhys and Brynmer-Jones).

'High-born Hoel,'* the son of Owain Gwynedd, and Owain Kyveiliog, prince of Powys, who sang the celebrated elegy known as the song of the 'Hirlas Horn,' were among the best bards of the period, and remind us of those courts of Provence where the troubadour's art became the study and the pastime even of kings. Indeed, the position and the prerogatives of the Welsh bards during the period of the Princes appear to have been curiously similar to those of the Provençal troubadours. It was not until Dafydd ap Gwilym's time that the influence of Provençal poetry made itself appreciably felt in Wales, as it had already done in the rest of Europe; but from the moment Gruffydd ab Cynan, Rhys ap Tewdwr, and others, began to extend their patronage to them, the bards acquired in the courts of the Welsh chieftains a status and social privileges equal to those enjoyed by the troubadours in the south of France.

Nor is it alone on the strength of their common enjoyment of courtly patronage that the Welsh bards of the age of the Princes claim kinship with the troubadours. In Provence and in Wales alike the incontinent pursuit of ingenious metrical artifices ultimately all but extinguished the flame of poesy. The troubadours had early evolved among themselves a metrical 'code' much more elaborate and intricate than anything ever devised in Wales. Not until the fourteenth century did the law-givers of the Welsh bardic order prescribe the 'twenty-four measures' which were long held to be the necessary constituents of an ode worthy of the Eisteddfod chair, whereas a thirteenth-century treatise on the art of poetry, compiled at Toulouse, shows that the troubadours had even then thirty-four different ways of rhyming, and seventy-two different kinds of stanzas, bearing each its distinctive name. Yet it was a bard who derived much of his inspiration from the troubadours, and many of whose odes are imitations of conventional types of Provençal song, who strikes the first great note in Welsh lyric poetry and subdues a rigorous metrical system to the needs of an imperative poetic impulse. Historically, Dafydd ap Gwilym traces his line of poetical descent from Bernart of Ventadorn and Arnaut of

* Cf. Gray's 'Bard': 'high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llywellyn's lay.'

Maruehl, and from the German minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide. There is nothing, however, to suggest that the Welsh bard had any direct knowledge of the works of either the troubadours or the minnesingers, and, alike in his independence of native bardic convention, and in the freshness and the freedom of his outlook upon life, he is one of the most original singers of the Middle Ages. Dafydd ap Gwilym, though he had his share of learning, and was brought up to the bardic craft under courtly auspices, instinctively rebelled against the traditional culture of the cloister and the schools. He dared, open-eyed, to 'gaze on nature's naked loveliness,' and he found it good. He is, above everything, the poet of the joy of life; to him 'sunshine and health,' and—as he frankly adds—'woman' are the cardinal essentials of earthly happiness. To this creed of sensuous enjoyment he held manfully through a life-time's warfare against sour priests and envious friars.

'Black sinner though I be' (he protests in one of his odes), 'yet have I art enough to get me a grave under the green leaves; there shall the letters of my name be duly cut, and memorials of Summer be laid over my head, and on the tombstone an image of my mistress, to stir my love e'en though I lie so low!'

In his revolt against the corrupt religion of his time, and in his passionate delight in all the wonder and the wealth of the visible world, Dafydd ap Gwilym anticipates the intrepid spirits of the later Renaissance. But we have to come down much nearer to our own time to find a poet who lived in such close intimacy with Nature as he, and whose songs so quiver and throb with the joyous impulse of Nature's own music. His songs are the spontaneous outpourings of a heart that was as blithe as a bird's, responding instinctively to the seasons' influences, and knowing, away from the haunts of man, no enemy but winter and rough weather. It was with him at the close of the fourteenth century, and not with the crowd of bards who, some three or four generations earlier, thronged the courts of the Princes, that the Welsh Muse came to her own, and fulfilled the promise of her obscure and stormy prime.

W. LEWIS JONES.

at the moment,' the states of mind of his story became a story. This Art. 4.—THE ART of practised by the early French *The Novels and Tales of* authors of such masterpieces In twenty-four volumes, 'Le Comte de Montolphe,' or the 'Liaisons' 1909. It has been either confined

THE recent appearance of his letters, in different James's novels offers to his necessity had been in- would call 'a beautiful incense.' Stendhal, though view of his work.

Mr James's literary activity has their principal than twenty years, and during the obscured the language and manner, but the fundam- it in this rt, has been modified in a way so cur- need of a s to provoke continual discussion, and tion in the omewhat sharply into the champions of the con- is later styles. The publication of his 'com- r. The eems the opportune moment for summing positions nents on both sides, and trying to reach a way of lusion which shall more clearly interpret the way f his work; yet the reperusal of these volumes of he very zeal it excites by making the reader of ask himself, 'What need has Henry James of r interpreters?' Why, indeed, in such a case, he elbow of slow-fingering Time'? Mr James eed of such aid. He is bound to enter into his own; inal form is indestructible. But if words in recognition f his eminence can serve no end for him, they constitute n act which may have its uses for his public. They have he purifying grace of a confession. We know where he tands. We do ourselves a service in noting where we tand as well.

The opportunity of applying this test is abundantly ided by the prefaces to the new edition. In these pre- aces Mr James has shed a vivid light on the theory of is own work, and incidentally on the art of fiction in general. They represent, in fact, the first serious attempt ver made in English to call upon that bewildered art to a pause and give a conscious account of itself; to present ts credentials and justify its existence. In these remark- ble pages Mr James has again and again illustrated his general theory by taking to pieces before the reader the

complex machinery of his own fiction, and showing, with a beguiling candour, how and to what end its intricate parts were combined. The lesson is deeply instructive, though it may be questioned if it makes the process completely intelligible. The conjuror who shows his audience how a trick is done cannot impart the suppleness needed to execute it; he can display the successive gestures, not their moment of fusion. But Mr James's confidences have at least the inestimable value of showing how *he* can do the work, and why he does it.

The early James, the painter of the single consciousness, with its more or less loosely grouped surrounding incidents, won a large measure of popular success by the distinction of his intelligence, the precision of his vision, the admirable freshness and flexibility of his style. But he was a James who, save in the very early tales (so personal in their romance), was still evidently under the influence of French comedy, French art, and Russian art, of Flaubert, Maupassant, and Turgénieff. The James of the second period—extending, one might roughly say, from 'The Portrait of a Lady' to the great work of transition, 'What Maisie Knew,' and including such memorable volumes as 'The Princess Casamassima' and 'The Tragic Muse'—the artist of this period was simply disengaging and developing to the utmost the possibilities of expression latent in his first form of presentation. Taking up the hardly conscious theory of fiction where it had been left by Balzac—'the master of us all'—he had turned and twisted it about, and had shed on it at every angle the searching light of human experience. In the course of these experiments he had evolved, by a series of syntheses now clearly traceable in the collected edition, several principles tending to modify the whole theory of his art, and at last to break it down as the oak-roots, in Goethe's magnificent metaphor, burst the vase in which the acorn has been planted.

The most fruitful of these innovations was the principle that the action of each narrative should be recorded in the consciousness of one or more of the actors rather than in the vague impersonal register of an *ex machina* story-teller. Mr James had learned, in other words, that the only way of acquiring the objectivity necessary to artistic representation was to assume successively, and at

the exact 'psychological moment,' the states of mind of the actors *through whom his story became a story*. This method had been rigorously practised by the early French psychological novelists, the authors of such masterpieces as 'La Princesse de Clèves,' 'Adolphe,' or the 'Liaisons Dangereuses,' where the drama had been either confined to one consciousness, or else—as in the novel of Choderlos de Laclos—presented, by means of letters, in different sharply divided layers. The same necessity had been intermittently recognised by Balzac and Stendhal, though the enlargement of their field, and the introduction of a human background, an 'ambiance,' for their principal figures, had greatly complicated and often obscured the problem. It was left to Mr James to restate it in this infinitely more difficult form, to face the need of a definitive solution, and lastly to find that solution in the art of passing, at the inevitable moment, from the consciousness of one character to that of another. The increased sureness and dexterity of these transitions constitute the other notable characteristic of what has here been called his second manner, and point the way to the fundamental change distinguishing the novels of his latest period.

The James of the second manner (when he was producing things in their kind the peer of the most excellent of their kind), before he had come to himself, *saw himself coming*. It needed not the prefaces to tell us this; but they bring beautiful corroboration of his early sense of the possibilities within him. It was perhaps this sense of what his art still concealed from him, of the amazing answer he was yet to wring from it, that kept him so single-mindedly to his path. There is no nobler example of intellectual probity in the world of letters; and the rarity of such phenomena is not difficult to account for. The great danger that besets the artist is the peril of popularity, and the all-too seductive appeal to outdo himself, to abound still more in the same sense. It is at his risk that he leaves his admirers in the lurch. What? just as they have begun to understand and 'interpret' him he dares to perform a *volte-face* and show an aspect unknown to them? The secret of continued success is not to disturb the spectator's association of ideas. That is the lesson of any show-case of Tanagras. It is the

principle so delightfully, if deliberately, exploited by Renan in the last fifteen years of his life. It explains the abundance of the Henners, the Harpignies, even the Reynoldses, that stock the collections of our Adam Ververs. It requires courage to ignore this instant value of the trade-mark; for not only gratified vanity but uneasy self-criticism urges that the public may be right. Henry James had this high courage; and to it we owe the fact that he has become, throughout the English-speaking world of letters, one of those '*premiers parmi les plus grands*' with whom Hugo classed Balzac.

It is first of all on the ground of form that this may be affirmed of him; yet he himself has shown, in divers passages of self-analysis, how 'form' is in the last resort the outcome of the subject, as the subject is the outcome of the author's temperament. The arbitrary distinction between the two ought by this time to be classed among such metaphysical abstractions as the separateness of body and soul; and perhaps Mr James's statement of the indivisibility of form and content may help to kill a mischievous literary superstition.

No one has spoken more authoritatively on the vexed point of 'morality' of theme, on what Mr James calls 'the perfect dependence of the "moral" sense of a work of art on the *amount of felt life* concerned in producing it.' 'The question' (he goes on in the same passage) 'comes back thus obviously to the kind and degree of the artist's prime sensibility, which is the soil out of which the subject springs. The quality and capacity of that soil, its ability to "grow" with due freshness and straightness any vision of life, represents, strongly or weakly, the projected "morality."' One might sum up the subject by saying that, as there is no colour without vision, there is no 'subject,' good or bad, without contact with a given consciousness. In the domain of serious literature—the only one to be contemplated in such discussions—the so-called 'badness' of a subject lies in reality in the inadequacy of the mind transmitting it. The dull or discoloured mirror dims or disturbs the image it reflects.

The James of the third manner has surprised his most confident admirers by an evolution which even such a dispenser of æsthetic emotions as the creator of 'Daisy Miller' and 'Roderick Hudson,' of 'The Portrait of a

Lady' and 'The Tragic Muse,' could not lead them to foresee, an evolution lifting him so far above himself, and above the prevision of those who thought they knew all that could be known about him, that he has been left somewhat ignored, less immediately accessible, and, in this period of democratic neglect of all the superiorities, more austere aloof even than the best and most beautiful things have always been.

The charge oftenest brought against this new James is that of willingly cultivating a tantalising complexity of style. He is accused of seeing his own thoughts too long in advance, and, Hamlet-like, of pointing to the comet before it swims into our ken. He is said to be the prisoner of the whorl of the labyrinth, self-condemned to the arbitrary windings of a spiral ascent before reaching that luminous platform above the concentric hedges, whence there are restful vistas and wide horizons. Is it not rather that the mind of the modern reader, made myopic by the thin transcriptions of life which pass for fiction, has no perception of tone, depth, richness, and completeness of representation? All representation implies foreshortening; but that offered to the public by most of its favourites—who, as it were, pull their subject distortedly, absolutely to the surface, and flatten it out there so that it has nor form nor body—results in an outline as puerile as that of the figures in a pack of cards. It is as near an approach to 'life' as a child's attempt to copy a Rembrandt etching by tracing its heavier lines through tissue paper; and how can eyes accustomed to such rudimentary adjustments develop an elasticity of function enabling them, not to measure, but even to see, a work of demiurgic art in rounded representation?

Passing from Mr James's formula to the field in which he has illustrated it, one finds the same originality of choice, the same resolve to deal with the unattempted. It is chiefly on æsthetic grounds that this appreciation of his work has been based; yet, even if one adopts the habitual Anglo-Saxon way, and judges him by the matter of his work, the importance of his product will assuredly be admitted to be immense and very special. In the ninety-six separate stories, with their thousands of intensely individual figures, Mr James has been many other

things, no doubt, but he has first of all been the historiographer of that vast epic—the modern Iliad, when its peripatetic and romantic elements do not make it more like an Odyssey—the clash between two societies, the mutual call of two sundered worlds, with not one Helen but a thousand to create complications and to fire the chivalry of two continents. As a sociological phenomenon, no ‘Return of the Heracleidæ,’ mythic or real, is comparable to the invasion of Europe by American women, backed by their indispensable heads of commissariat, the silent, clean-shaven American men. The emigration required its Homer, and Mr James was there.

Nothing, assuredly, was ever better worth ‘doing,’ no finer, richer chance ever stared a great writer in the face. The very vastness of the subject has been his ‘beautiful incentive,’ and he has watched the shock of America with Europe on all its battle-fields, Venice, London, Paris, Rome, Geneva. Some of the episodes are more salient, some more engaging than others, but all are parts of the great poem of the new mingling of the races.

In such a general survey of Mr James’s theme it is impossible not to note the saliency, all along the line, of the feminine figure. From the outset he has devoted his most penetrating powers to the scrutiny of the inscrutable sex; and the women he has created, while certainly not less vividly real and really human than his men, are both more numerous and more varied. Few such galleries of great ladies are elsewhere to be found. He knows all the types, the most formidable and unfathomable as well as the safest and the most irresistible.

‘Lo, how these fair immaculate women walk
Behind their jocund maker . . .’

And since Stevenson filed his epithets for the slighted de Mauves, for Gressie the trivial sphinx, and Daisy and Barb and Chancellor, Mr James has created Maisie Farange and Nanda Brookenham, Charlotte Stant and Mrs Assingham and Maggie Verver.

‘By what process of logical accretion’ (he asks, speaking of Isabel Archer, in the preface to ‘The Portrait of a Lady’) ‘was this slight personality, the mere slim shade of an intelligent but presumptuous girl, to find itself endowed with the high attributes of a subject?’

And he gives his answer thus:

'Challenge any such problem with any intelligence, and you immediately see how full it is of substance; the wonder being, all the while, as we look at the world, how absolutely, how inordinately, the Isabel Archers, and even much smaller female fry, insist on mattering. George Eliot has admirably noted it: "In these frail vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection." In "Romeo and Juliet" Juliet has to be important, just as, in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" and "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," Hetty Sorrel and Maggie Tulliver and Rosamond Vincy and Gwendolen Harleth have to be; with that much of firm ground, that much of bracing air, at the disposal all the while of their feet and their lungs. . . . Now to see deep difficulty braved is at any time, for the really addicted artist, to feel almost even as a pang the beautiful incentive, and to feel it verily in such sort as to wish the danger intensified. The difficulty most worth tackling can only be for him, in these conditions, the greatest the case permits of. So I remember feeling here (in presence, always, that is, of the particular uncertainty of my ground), that there would be one way better than another—oh, ever so much better than any other!—of making it fight out its battle. The frail vessel, that charged with George Eliot's "treasure," and thereby of such importance to those who curiously approach it, has likewise possibilities of importance to itself, possibilities which permit of treatment and in fact peculiarly require it from the moment they are considered at all. There is always the escape from any close account of the weak agent of such spells by using as a bridge for evasion, for retreat and flight, the view of her relation to those surrounding her. . . . "Place the centre of the subject in the young woman's own consciousness," I said to myself, "and you get as interesting and as beautiful a difficulty as you could wish. Stick to *that*—for the centre; put the heaviest weight into *that* scale, which will be so largely the scale of her relation to herself. Make her only interested enough, at the same time, in the things that are not herself, and this relation needn't fear to be too limited. Place, meanwhile, in the other scale the lighter weight (which is usually the one that tips the balance of interest); press least hard, in short, on the consciousness of your heroine's satellites, especially the male; make it an interest contributive only to the greater one. See, at all events, what can be done in this way. What better field could there be for a due ingenuity? The girl hovers, unextinguishable, as a charming creature,

and the job will be to translate her into the highest terms of that formula, and as nearly as possible, moreover, into *all* of them."

It was thus, conjecturally, through his passionate interest in the presentation of the 'frail vessel,' and through the need of strengthening and fashioning it to contain the full measure of his theme, that Mr James first learned to reflect his narrative in a central consciousness, and to select that consciousness for the multiplicity of its contacts.

Such a consideration leads back to the fact that the documentary value of Mr James's work, unique as it is, is not his chief distinction. Far above it is his importance as an artist, as a creator of beautiful things. The primitive instinct of story-telling carries the novelist but a short way toward his goal. The art of fiction is other and more than the development of narrative; it is the most complete device invented for the representation of life. But there is representation and representation, and the way ultimately evolved and perfected, although not absolutely invented, by Henry James, is so unlike his earlier way that it constitutes the point of his lesson and the nature of his case. Only with Balzac may he be compared as to methods and to aims. Not that the methods of Balzac and Mr James are the only ways of representing life. Tolstoi, for instance, is an incomparable story-teller, but Tolstoi deals only with the surfaces, is merely a deeper, richer Maupassant; his pictures recall the extraordinarily interesting narratives told by the cinematograph. They are what we call 'life-like.' No one can surpass him in realism, and no one has kept such realism up for so long a time. But such hypnotisation of vision, one might add, is almost pathological, and sure to end eventually in pessimism, since it is a vision that has revealed no secluded refuges where the artist can repose, and has little to do with that active creative insight that lifts the veil from the external aspect of things. Yet lifting the veil is a preliminary operation for the novelist, since his problem is to show what there is behind it, taken in connexion with all the aspects of his foreground.

To dominate one's material, to melt together all its elements in a fresh synthesis, in which nothing is left out, that is the whole operation of art. It is cerebral

chemistry. Of the two highest activities of the human intelligence, art and science, the former alone puts in movement, agitates, the complete consciousness. And science itself is really fruitful and recompensing as an intellectual exercise only when, abandoning the *chemin de ronde* of the deductive method, it quits the syllogistic paths where the posters that indicate the way even to the most hurried of us spare us the pain of thinking, and pluckily allows itself to be lured towards new horizons by the will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination. Superior brains, like the brain of Henry James, alone achieve this higher synthesis, and thereby attain the steady serenity of their art, a serenity above individual preferences, which bestows the same care on each picture, each personage, each scene, because of the disinterested neutrality, the constant and perfect operation, of the registering organ.

But the great resemblance between the methods of Balzac and of Henry James must be qualified by an important difference. Balzac, the originator of 'atmosphere' in fiction, presented his single figures in the round, worked as a *plein-airiste* in detail, but failed to give his whole case plastically. The latter achievement has been Mr James's essential innovation. Before him the individual figure had had a back as well as a front, but the 'situation' in which it was involved had always been a frieze, not a group, a flat pattern, not a circumnavigable globe.

Perhaps only those who have practised the trade—however modestly—can detect (though so seldom skilled to follow) the elusive *procédés* that lead to the achievement of the fully plastic effect.

'These' (writes Mr James, again in the remarkable preface to 'The Portrait of a Lady'), 'these are the fascinations of the fabulist's art, these lurking forces of expansion, these necessities of upspringing in the seed, these beautiful determinations, on the part of the idea entertained, to grow as tall as possible, to push into the light and thickly flower there.'

In comparing the growth of the novel to that of a plant, Mr James has described the process by which his own stories grow, rather than that common to most works of fiction. For the plant, or the tree, branches out on all sides, and one must presuppose it, for its

welfare, to be enveloped on all sides by opportunities for light and air; whereas the only 'tree' which the average novel resembles is the flat diagram to which genealogists give that name. It is by seeing his situations thus more and more completely in the round, and by enabling his readers' intelligence to circulate freely about them, that Mr James, in his latest novels, has most sharply separated himself, not only from his predecessors, but from the other novelists of his day. Another important 'lesson of the master' is that of the fundamental necessity of self-saturation. Mr James has pointed out, in his lecture on Balzac, that the latter's consummate artistic probity lay in his respect for the *liberty of his subject*. But to set a subject free one must first have been its master. The average novelist absorbs so little of the stuff he deals in that the subsequent process of pressing it out produces but the thinnest of trickles; whereas with Balzac and Mr James the sometimes overwhelming flow of material proceeds from the opposite excess.

Balzac, in an admirable passage, notes that the artist's inevitable simplifying of what he sees results in the objects of his vision becoming larger than life. Thus he cannot avoid creating a type, and a type, being at once an enlargement and a simplification, has in it an inevitable element of caricature. But the artist is the last person to be the dupe of this fact, and if he be one of the great he tempers the crudity of the isolated representation by the device of slipping in an 'atmosphere,' creating a 'tone.' Balzac and James, by their elaborate treatment of all the circumstances surrounding their subjects, are toning down to the semblance of life figures which the method of David or of Ingres, of Daudet or of Goncourt, would have left as so many coloured silhouettes or grotesque accentuations. The amplitude of development necessary for the treatment *en relief* may result, for the mere story-seeker, in a maze of confusing detail; but the alerter eye sees in it life's own gradations of interwoven tone. A page of Mr James's later novels is like some vast, high-lifted park, exposing its densely-clad slopes to the rays of a late sun, embossed with the domes of verdure of a hundred shades of green, elms, oaks, and beeches contrasting with dusky pines and the slender silvery poplars of France

he whole slope drinking, absorbing the light, blending and fusing its myriad tones and shades. *Eidullia*, little pictures of an infinite grace, come, as in Dante, to enhance the distinguished charm of the composition. They are the colour notes of the canvas, contributing to the general impression of beauty, their presence *felt* by everyone of taste, but not necessarily perceived in and for themselves save by the 'restless analyst,' to whom, in 'The American Scene,' Mr James so abundantly refers. These are delicious devices of the art, these frequent enhancements of Mr James's. They make one wish for more space in which to dwell on the sense of the noble sweetness of his sentiment—that ivory *patine* on his product—which Dante shares with him, and which both share with certain painters of old Italy. The quality of feeling in question is one of the rarest in human nature; for if there are enough puling sentimentalists in literature to fill a large asylum, this high grace, which is that of the loveliest natural compositions—a vision, say, of a long summer twilight in the Cyclades, or of the Cornice Road of the 'Purgatorio'—has happened to bloom only at long intervals strangely sundered. Nowhere else indeed, unless it be in Dante, is there so much light, anything like the varied range of colour, *nuance*, tone.

It may be remarked in this connexion that if Mr James, like Balzac, has been less at his ease in the form of expression peculiar to the stage, it is doubtless partly because of the unwillingness of both to simplify to the verge of symbolism, as the dramatist must. Had these authors lived when the happy expedient of the Greek chorus still formed a part of dramatic expression, that subtle generator of atmosphere and tone might more often have induced them to give a dramatic form to their representations of life. In the case of Mr James, at any rate, the inference is justified by the fact that he has used the device admirably in the novel—for what else is the rôle of the Assingham couple in 'The Golden Bowl'?—and has defended it with ingenuity and eloquence in several passages of his prefaces.

If Shakespeare was rarely a writer of good plays, it was perhaps because he found simplification too dearly bought by the sacrifice of those effects of depth, density, colour-values, and perpetual interplay of light and shade

by which alone the great artistic temperament can approximately express its tidal oscillations of emotion. This conjecture was certainly confirmed by the French version of *King Lear* played in Paris a few years ago. Thus stripped of the essential magic of poetic interpretation, and reduced to the lines of a sublimated melodrama, the greatest of tragedies might have passed (like much of Sophocles under the same conditions) for a masterpiece of that *genre rosse* with which M. Antoine shocked the nerves of Paris some years ago.

The determination of Balzac and of James to make the art of the novelist a plastic art is virtually their refusal to forgo, for the purposes of creation, *the use of any means of contact with life*. To exercise the fullness of this prerogative is the last triumph, as it is the supreme difficulty, of the novelist. The difficulty is inherent in the material at the writer's disposal. Most people think only in words, most people, at all events, of the Anglo-Saxon world; their whole conscious life is in words. The architect, the painter, the sculptor, the actor, the servants of all but the two muses of music and literature, have at their disposal signs and materials which make plasticity an essential result. To arrive at the same effect in prose literature is the mark of the highest art. Mr James has achieved it in his later books, from 'The Ambassadors' to 'The Golden Bowl,' and it is this achievement which makes them, in spite of the more accessible charm of his earlier novels, the significant and the original part of his work. The subtle blending of the material, the 'effects' that have gone to the making of the firm, rounded rightness of such books as 'The Wings of the Dove' and 'The Ambassadors,' are no doubt one with the processes of assimilation and utilisation for organic ends that take place within tree or animal. Mr James evolves his creations by the same instinct as that of so-called unconscious 'Nature'; and in this connexion one is led back to the intrinsic mystery of the work of art, the fact that it is always, in the last analysis, a product of individual conditions, and that no *novum organum* of criticism such as Taine devised can ever explain or forecast it. Mr James, in writing of the influence of the Concord *milieu* on Emerson, says, 'He drew half his images, we recognise, from the revolution

of its seasons and the play of its manners.' But he goes on: 'I don't speak of the other half, which he drew from elsewhere.' What a man draws 'from elsewhere' is that element of personal inspiration—what Emerson himself called 'the alien energy'—which makes the inscrutability of his genius and its life-bestowing power. M. Jusserand has spoken of Shakespeare as 'un grand distributeur de vie,' and this strange vivifying faculty is the central mystery of art. In the great literary artist it results in the creation of things so living that they are actually beautiful to look upon. Books like 'The Wings of the Dove' and 'The Golden Bowl' may, in fact, be contemplated, looked at, and not only read.

Indestructibility of form is the inalienable mark of great work. It has hitherto, in English, at least, been the one superiority that great poetry, that of Milton, say, or Keats, has had over great prose utterance. But Mr James has shown that prose may have not only as fine a form as verse, but even a more genuine, compacter plasticity, in which all the 'effects'—of sound, of colour, of vision—are reciprocally inter-subordinate, marvellously fused as in some noble building or great music.

So deep is the unity of any fine work of art that one should never read Mr James for a first, but only for a second, time. It takes time to read him at all, as it takes time to read anything, not merely the great thing. It is the happy 'pull' that the painter or the architect has over the writer, that they can present their finished product whole to an eye capable of taking it in; whereas, foreshorten as he may, the novelist has to put up with the fact that he must transfer his emotions and his thought to a kind of map of Mercator's projection, and yet, amid all these essentially wrong perspectives, produce the right effect of roundness and solidity. Some of the great novelists shirk the problem altogether, others seem profoundly unconscious of it and go on *ad infinitum* mapping out longitudinally, as in the case of that supremely entertaining story, 'Anna Karénine.' There are none but purely artificial reasons why even such masterpieces as 'Anna Karénine' or 'The Chartreuse de Parme' or 'The House of Mirth' or 'Harry Richmond' or 'Vanity Fair' should ever end.

Such books as 'Eugénie Grandet' or 'The Golden
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THE ART OF HENRY JAMES

Ideal are not the fruit of invention alone, but of imagination, an imagination nourished on that experience which puts the man or woman capable of it in possession of the faculty that made Lowell call Shakespeare 'one of God's spies.' This imaginative sympathy—the love which, as Mr James himself notes, Balzac had for his characters—enables the first-rate artist to feel with the creatures of his making, to see the world through their eyes. Balzac wrote in 'Honorine':

'Les drames de la vie ne sont pas dans les circonstances; ils sont dans les sentiments, ou, si vous voulez, dans ce monde immense que nous devons nommer le monde spirituel.'

And, in Mr James's case, the aspects of life most commonly present are its entanglements, its embarrassments. Fate is for ever stating problems, but seldom gives any clue to an answer. The chances it gives us all for throwing up the sponge a thousand times a day no doubt form the very warp and woof of our absurd existence. But they form as well the entire comic material of the tissue, and a man whose business it is to represent the spectacle of things can never tire of counting them. No phrase occurs more often—it is a sort of *leit-motiv* of composition—in a novel of Mr James than the typical one marking his amused and wondering halt before each fresh case of the ubiquity, the inevitability of the human plight. The phrase is, 'There you are!' If only 'situations' and plights were regular decagons! But they all have so many facets, and the probity of the novelist is in being blind to none of them, and in turning his tale on its pivot in such a manner that as many as possible are presented to the reader's eye. An example of the difficulty and of its solution is given in such a cry as this, from the feminine leader of the chorus in 'The Golden Bowl.' 'She doesn't deliberately intend, she doesn't consciously wish, the least complication,' says Mrs Assingham to her matter-of-fact husband, as they are speculating in real dismay on the possible consequences of Charlotte's unexpected arrival. 'It's perfectly true that she thinks Maggie a dear—as who doesn't? She's incapable of any *plan* to hurt a hair of her head. Yet here she is, and there *they* are!'

When one recognises that so much of an artist's

aterial is substance of this expensive sort, it is a little easier to solve the question which Mr James himself raised in his lecture on Balzac, and which his own case puts just as insistently, namely, how a man can find time, not merely to write so much of such a quality, but, while writing so much, to see and study life. Mr James answers the question by saying that Balzac quarried his material within himself. But if the artist obtains this knowledge within himself, what guarantee has the reader that he is getting the real thing, life itself. Obviously none, save the tests that his own experience can bring to bear on the finished representation. But it is just the mark of the great artists that they triumphantly meet this test and do what is called inspire conviction. That failure to self-saturate is a mark of intellectual disloyalty, is just as much the lesson of Mr James as it is of Balzac or Shakespeare. And the fact of self-saturation is the key to the mystery of a man's finding time to absorb so much life and give it back in so many books. For the brain that 'intends upon itself' instead of shifting about like a reporter with a note-book—granting it the initial gift of imaginative divination—that brain has only to sit quietly and to record what it sees and knows. And it is precisely the brain of that special stamp which, seeing and knowing a million things intuitively, where the less endowed know only piecemeal and empirically, can dispense with the cruder, slower methods of acquisition, since it is the brain of genius.

How much genius can 'give' is a question in physico-chemistry, analogous with that of the 'work' to be got out of an engine or a dynamo. An infinitude of automatic reactions, syntheses, elaborations, may take place in the subconsciousness; but evidently nothing takes place, or next to nothing, if the machine is a poor one. The first distinction of superior minds is that they not only see more alertly, instantly, untiringly, than the average intelligence, *but that they see a great deal more*, the word 'see' possessing here no figurative meaning, nor any sense more mystical than that implied by the mere physical fact of vision. The second distinction is that they never *see* anything without feeling it. This faculty of storing up in the brain a latent emotive energy, a complex precipitate of perception in being, is what Mr James

has called 'the mystery and the marvel of experience,' an accretion that 'may amount to an enormous sum, even when the figures on the slate are too few and too paltry to mention. It may count for enrichment without one's knowing why.' With the average nerve-stuff of the crowd it ordinarily counts for very little. The average human reactions are of a melodramatic positiveness and an unironic sentimentality; and all these feelings hang grotesquely asunder, or, at best, are reciprocally attached by a very meagre set of associative guide-ropes. In a mind like that of Mr James, on the contrary, every element of the spectacle of life is an occasion for representation, and every representation a complex incentive to immediate artistic creation. The spectacle of Mr James's intelligence at work, transmuting his experience into literature, might be compared with the mysterious processes of radio-activity. Nature, the world, life, impinge on, punctuate, his consciousness with a myriad of tiny unmeaning holes, and that consciousness has the magic capacity of transmuting these perforations, these nothings, into intelligible signs. The whole interior shiver determined by the ceaselessly beating waves of sensations, all the trembling consequences of each thud of the wave, its impact on the stored-up and beautifully classified images of his older sensations, all are automatically noted, translated and read out by this 'restless analyst' as by a Pollak receptor. A consciousness so completely alive is the rarest state of human activity. Operations of this nature have, of course, all their interest in proportion as the dim richness of the internal glow penetrates a larger and larger deposit of sensations.

When the mind in question glows with a larger number of stored-up images of anterior perceptions than are wont to be deposited in any save the most sensitive brain-stuff, every fresh onset of outside sensation produces a wondrously chromatic emotional atmosphere; and when that mind is the mind of a novelist, and of such a novelist as Henry James, his own account of his *feeling*, his report on the aspect of the shifting phenomena within, results necessarily in the ordered beauty of those complex renderings of life, his novels of the last ten years.

MORTON FULLERTON.

Art. 5.—SOCIALISM.

I. ITS MEANING AND ORIGIN.

1. *The Quintessence of Socialism.* By Dr A. Schäffle. Translated from the eighth German edition by Bernard Bosanquet, LL.D. London: Sonnenschein, 1889.
2. *A History of Socialism.* By Thomas Kirkup. Third edition. London: Black, 1906.
3. *Das Philosophisch-ökonomische System des Marxismus.* Von Dr Emil Hammacher. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1909.
4. *L'Individualisme économique et social.* Par Albert Schatz. Paris: Armand Colin, 1907.
5. *Le Socialisme.* Par Mermeix. Paris: Ollendorf, 1906.
6. *Histoire du Socialisme Français.* Par Paul Louis. Paris: 'Revue Blanche,' 1901.
7. *Capital.* By Karl Marx. London: Sonnenschein, 1908.
8. *Socialism in Church History.* By Conrad Noel. London: Palmer, 1910.
9. *Socialism and Modern Thought.* By M. Kaufmann. London: Methuen, 1895.
10. *The Right to the Whole Produce of Labour.* By Dr Anton Menger; with introduction by Prof. H. S. Foxwell. London: Macmillan, 1899.
11. *Collectivism.* By P. Leroy Beaulieu. Translated by Sir Arthur Clay. London: Murray, 1908.
12. *A Critical Examination of Socialism.* By W. H. Mallock. London: Murray, 1908.
13. *Socialism in Theory and Practice.* By Morris Hillquit. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1909.

OF all the 'isms' invented by man for his edification or his torment, none has excited so much controversy and produced so much confusion of thought, none is so variable and elastic in meaning, none so slippery and elusive, as Socialism. It presents so many aspects, embraces so many conceptions and touches so many interests that it is, if not all things to all men, something to every man, and something different from each point of view. It is both abstract and concrete, theoretical and practical; it is a philosophy, a religion, an ethical scheme, an interpretation of history, an imagi-

native vision, an economic theory, a juristic concept, a popular movement, a philanthropic ideal, a political programme, a revolution, an evolution, a class war, the end of strife, a greedy scramble, a gospel of love, a gospel of hate, the bright hope of mankind, a dark menace to society, the dawn of the millennium, and a frightful catastrophe—as you choose to regard it.

And as if these different views were not bewildering enough, the subject is further complicated by the practice, of which advocates and opponents are both guilty, of identifying Socialism with anything to which it bears any resemblance, and applying the name to all actions and ideas which have, or ever have had, anything in common with it. For instance, it aims at brotherly love and the elevation of mankind; therefore it is one with Christianity which has the same aims. Or, it involves State action for the benefit of the poor; therefore, any State action for their benefit is socialistic. Thus it is indistinguishable from 'social reform'; and we are said to be 'all Socialists now.' Again, it stands for justice, for equality, for sympathy; and straightway a host of moralists, from Plato onwards, who have discoursed of these ideals for hundreds of years before the thing was invented, are discovered to be Socialists. It would interfere with the free play of commercial activity and favour one section at the expense of another; protective tariffs do so too, and are therefore in the same boat. Or, to take the other side, it would revolutionise the social order, and is therefore held to be in line with all other revolutionary and lawless forces. It denies the rights of property and preaches the doctrines which criminals merely practise; the relationship is obvious. In short, by this method of reasoning, those who incline to Socialism can claim the support of almost everything that is good, and those who oppose it are equally free to maintain its connexion with everything bad.

To find a way out of these labyrinthine confusions it is necessary to start at the centre and grasp the clue which lies there.

All forms of Socialism have one element in common; all discussions upon it circle round one central idea; all proposals made in its name start from the same point and aim at the same goal, however different the roads

may be by which they would reach it. This common element and central idea is the economic state of society; the starting-point of every Socialist system is the present defective state, its objective is a future better one. All the varied and multitudinous forms in which the subject presents itself have this at their core; they are merely different modes of expression determined by the temperament and intellectual bent of their authors or advocates. The imaginative man brings his fancy to bear; he pictures a new society, and you get the Utopias; the philosophic mind seeks an explanation of the present evils and their remedy in abstract principles, and produces treatises on justice, social evolution, and the like; the religious temperament seizes on the aspect congenial to itself and brings in an old religion, as with Christian Socialism, or invents a new one, such as the New Christianity, the New Moral World, or the religion of Humanity; the legal intellect is preoccupied with the juristic basis, and gives us disquisitions on the right to subsistence, the right to the whole produce of labour, and so forth; the economist analyses capital, wages, rent, etc., and their bearing on the problem; the politician turns to legislation or administration, draws up programmes, and organises parties; the prophet cries his message in the market-place and leads a devoted band of followers to found a new community in the wilderness; the practical man forms associations and starts co-operative systems; the fanatic, with his head full of revolution, urges violence, plots, conspiracies and assassinations; the mere sentimentalist sees a vague prospect of satisfying his altruistic emotions more fully than by personal effort, and becomes a subscriber to the cause; the needy, the discontented, the lazy and the envious see the promise of getting something for themselves and welcome it; conversely, the well-to-do, the selfish and the idle see the menace of giving up something and dread it.

But all of them—all who take an active interest in Socialism, whether for or against, or as dispassionate students—are concerned with the same thing at bottom, and that is the economic structure of society, the distribution of wealth, poverty and riches. This is not the whole of the subject-matter, because to many the economic factor is only the means to an end. Their

ultimate aim is the elevation of mankind, moral and spiritual as well as physical; but they regard a change in the economic relations of men as an indispensable step, because they see in the present relations the source of all, or nearly all, the evils that afflict mankind to-day. Primarily and fundamentally, Socialism is an economic question, as Schäffle long ago pointed out, and as Mr Kirkup, in common with every recent writer, admits in his 'History of Socialism.' To put it in another way, if there were no poverty or no riches there would be no Socialism. For that reason its object is sometimes said to be equality, and in a limited sense that is true. But it is only economic equality that is aimed at. No Socialist has ever proposed to make people equally tall or equally strong or equally clever. The proposal rather is to abolish or minimise the economic results arising from these and other inequalities; but many Socialists have long abandoned the idea of even economic equality. It would be more correct to say that the aim of Socialism is the more equal distribution of wealth.

Similarly with the other abstract ideas associated with Socialism. Justice is one of them; but only economic justice is in question. That is seen from the juridical treatment of the subject, which deals only with rights relating to property, work, subsistence. The object from this point of view may be said to be the equitable distribution of wealth. Or again, where Socialism is regarded as a principle opposed to Individualism, only economic individualism is thought of; other forms have dropped out of view or are explicitly and even vehemently excluded. In short, from whatever standpoint the question is approached, the economic content emerges as the central, essential and dominant element. The connexion of politics is merely that of a means toward the economic end.

This will seem to many a mere truism hardly worth stating; but, like other truisms, it conceals a truth which is by no means recognised. Why did this great economic agitation arise in the last century? The explanation usually given and accepted is that it arose out of what is called the industrial revolution. That is particularly elaborated by Marx in connexion with his theory of capital, and is recognised by Schäffle in his 'Quintessence

ocialism.' 'The question,' he says, 'is the result of a lamental revolution in the organisation of the social allocation of products, an economic phenomenon which grows out of the destruction of the system of small producers and small traders.' But, though this change has undoubtedly played a large part in stimulating the movement and giving it direction, especially under the influence of Marx, it does not account for the origin, which was quite independent of any such condition. The first preliminary signs of the movement appeared long before the industrial change began; some of its most prominent early advocates acted under entirely different influences; and it was in full swing in France before the industrial revolution—which has never to this day been completed there—had fairly begun. Moreover, the conditions of poverty and misery, which Socialism sets out to cure, existed long before the rise of mechanical power, the grand industry, and of capitalistic development; they existed, in fact, in a far greater degree. Lastly, the 'factory system' were the cause, the movement would have arisen among the employed, as trade unionism actually did under that influence; whereas Socialism made its appearance from above as a message to the labouring population and a campaign waged on their behalf, which indeed they have only been induced to take up for themselves with difficulty in recent times, and that under more educated leadership.

We must seek for a larger explanation of this remarkable phenomenon; and it is not difficult to find if we fix attention on the real and essential character of the movement and ignore the elaborate obscurations accumulated round it by ingenious minds.

The economic structure of society, with which Socialism is essentially concerned, governs the material, physical conditions of life; its importance lies in that. But the growing attention paid to these conditions extends far beyond the range of this particular agitation; it is common to the whole of our civilisation. It represents a great pandemic ferment, of which Socialism is merely a particular manifestation. The metaphor is appropriate enough to justify a little fuller application.

Fermentation is a gradual process of change produced in certain composite substances by the introduction of a

living agent. The substance is broken up, its constituent elements are regrouped and reunited in a different order, which gives the whole mass a new and different character. Often gas is generated in the process, and it may be mistaken for the chief reaction. It is part of the process, but a minor and non-essential part, though perhaps for a time more conspicuous than the deeper general change underneath. The gas passes off while the real effect remains; but if the fermentation is too rapid and a great deal of gas accumulates, or if it is not allowed to escape, it may cause an explosion.

The present fermentation concerns the economic structure of human society. It has been preceded by two others of a like pandemic character, the first religious, the second intellectual; both have caused profound and permanent changes in human society. There is another sort of ferment—the political; but it is of a different order—partial, local, irregular, transient, and recurrent. It is rather mechanical than vital, though often of great importance in expressing or giving effect to deeper and more subtle changes. The three great ferments correspond to the three elements in human nature—the spiritual, the intellectual, and the physical—and they represent three stages in civilisation. It is at least possible that all preceding civilisations have gone through corresponding stages. In the first the dominant force is supernatural; the great concern is the soul, and hopes are centred on future happiness. In the second the dominant force is intellectual; the great concern is the mind, and hopes are centred on knowledge. In the third the dominant force is material; the great concern is the body, and hopes are centred on physical well-being. The first is the age of faith, the second the age of reason or science, the third the age of wealth.

The order is not accidental; the three form a sequence, one preparing the way for the next. Our civilisation begins with Christianity; and during the first period the Church was, by virtue of historical succession, the natural repository, guardian and nursery of learning when it disappeared from public and private life. The revival of intellectual culture reveals literature and art saturated and inspired by religious feeling. The intellectual movement which followed led directly to the economic ferment

of to-day. The pursuit of knowledge, turned to the mastery of nature in the service of man, produced those vast material changes which we are never tired of extolling, and with them wealth and comfort such as men did not dream of in previous ages. These things, being brought within reach, became the objects of universal desire and ousted other ideals from their supremacy. At the same time the advance of the biological branches of science caused constantly increasing importance to be attached to the physical side of human nature and its needs, and the acquisition of innumerable means for lessening pain and discomfort and promoting ease tended constantly to raise the standard. 'Progress' came to be measured in terms of material wealth and of the bodily ease to which it ministers.

It is not suggested, of course, that the material and physical were wholly ignored in the previous stages of civilisation. They could not be because life depends on them. In a precivilised state they are everything, and they remain a permanent factor when the ferment of ideas produces the change which we call civilisation. But their place is altered. Thus the Fathers of the Church laid stress on the sanctity of the body, and the religious orders paid considerable attention to material conditions and the relief of suffering; but the body was generally held of no account compared with the soul. Martyrs, ascetics and anchorites sought and welcomed suffering and death for its sake. The great and powerful submitted to penances and cheerfully encountered such astonishing hardships as those incurred by the Crusaders in the service of religion. Some mortification of the flesh was part of the regular routine and universally thought meritorious; sickness and death, even of the most painful kind, were accepted with resignation as the common lot; and the ideal of ease, beyond eating and drinking, occupied men's minds hardly at all. The small regard for the body explains why people were able to inflict upon each other the most atrocious pains, such as we can hardly bear to think of, far less witness. It was an entirely different thing to them; their thoughts were fixed on something else, and such proceedings as burning people alive for the sake of the faith hardly shocked anybody. They certainly did not shock the common

people who flocked to the spectacle and thoroughly enjoyed it. They carried the burning of witches on their own account down to a much later period. There are good reasons for believing that nerves were much less sensitive, as among more primitive peoples now.

During the period of intellectual ferment men still displayed complete indifference to physical conditions which seem quite intolerable to us. They plunged lightly into war and thought very little of the sufferings it caused. Surgery was torture. Sanitation did not exist. Personal cleanliness was almost unknown, and all the world lived habitually in conditions of dirt, darkness, stench, and discomfort, which we can hardly realise. Even short journeys were attended with hardships and frequently with dangers that few would or could face to-day. The most luxurious travel by land was on horseback or in some rough vehicle over shocking roads, and must have entailed such hardships from exposure and fatigue that we wonder how women could stand it. As for the sea, princesses and queens had to endure more in crossing the Channel than labourers do now in crossing the Atlantic. But the point is not that they endured it, but that they thought very little of it. Hardships, as we regard them, were seldom mentioned, and life was cheap. It is surprising how little reference there is to physical conditions of any kind, except food and drink, in literature before the end of the eighteenth century. Voltaire's letters from England well show the indifference to them even in the eighteenth century. He was the intellectual archetype of his time, a man of the most alert mind and a great observer, with some notions of 'progress' in the modern sense; and his letters from England, written between 1728 and 1731, were intended to describe the country to his friends at home. He hardly mentions any physical conditions at all, such as would immediately engage the attention of any intelligent traveller to-day, but is intensely interested in the intellectual movement. The brutal punishments of the time, the treatment of prisoners in gaol, of lunatics and hospital patients, merely reflected the general indifference.

It is not necessary to point out the vast material changes effected in the nineteenth century, though much knowledge and thought are required in order to realise

now exceedingly numerous and all-pervading they are. Everybody recognises them in a general way. But what is not recognised is the immense change in the point of view which has accompanied them, and the supreme importance which has gradually come to be attached to material conditions and the care of the body. The whole range of 'social' questions, which occupy ever-increasing attention, to the relative eclipse of all others, are more or less closely connected with physical conditions, and most of them are concerned entirely with bodily welfare in some form or other. Public health, sanitation, housing, factory conditions, infant mortality, women's employment, children's employment, hours of work, rates of wages, accidents, unemployment, pauperism, old-age pensions, sickness, infirmity, lunacy, feeble-mindedness, intemperance, prostitution, physical deterioration; all these and many others are physical questions; they have to do with the body and material conditions. The innumerable nostrums of health culture, patent foods and dieting belong to the same order of thought. Even in education, which used to be regarded as a mental business, the physical pushes ever more to the front and threatens to usurp the principal share of attention. The objection to flogging and any form of corporal punishment, the indulgence of children, the coddling of schoolboys and the general dread of the slightest hardships, are other signs of the tendency. It is in the same spirit that, at the last conference of the Labour party, a resolution was proposed and accepted that the Government grant for elementary education should be apportioned according to the physical needs of the children.

In all this it is not the evils, needs or problems that are new, as people often suppose, but the recognition of them. The golden age, when there was no bad housing or infant mortality or employment of women and children, etc., never existed except in the pages of romance. On the contrary, the conditions of life were in all, or almost all, respects incomparably worse in the past. We know they have greatly improved within our own experience. Yet the more they improve the louder and more urgent the demand for further improvement, which clearly shows the changing point of view and the growing attention paid to the claims of the body. The soul and

the mind are not ignored. The past religion, which had been supreme, became secondary, and eventually gave subsidence to knowledge in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so both are now becoming subservient to physical well-being. The working man to-day is not until the body is satisfied nothing can be done for soul or mind. The old view was that the welfare, first of the one, and afterwards of the other, could not beget to be secured without reference to the body, which was rather to be disciplined and subdued than cared for beyond bare subsistence, and was certainly not allowed to stand in the way of more important interests. In philosophy the change of view is seen in the rise of materialism, which regards soul and mind, the moral and intellectual part of man's being, as mere expressions of the physical; and the same change is expressed in another and more general way by the remarkable interest taken in economics the since 'dismal science,' which is becoming the most engrossing and popular of studies, because it is recognised as the means of securing or promoting material welfare. Indeed the present tendency is to go further and further in the same direction, and to value all things in proportion as they minister to the needs of the body. It is conspicuously the case with science, which is valued for the services it renders to our material existence; in medicine it makes to health, comfort, and convenience; the success is measured in terms of those things, and its pursuit is justified on those grounds. The mind is the recognised servant of the body; the ideal is changed.

This great fermentative process, which has changed our mode of life and given to material conditions a prominence previously unrecognised, has produced other changes as fresh and very different from those attending the earlier fermenta, because its subject-matter differs from theirs. The question of diffusion assumes a different aspect. Recognition of the need of a thing involves diffusion. Some who are not able to enjoy it; others who have it are not able to enjoy it; others who have it are not able to enjoy it. This was the case both with religion and with its though not in an equal degree. But their diffusion was comparatively easy, because they were inexhaustible, and the more they were drawn upon the more they yield. No one by drawing

gives another of a drop. Moreover, there are many who do not desire to draw and on whom the boon is wasted. But with material welfare the case is just the reverse. The supply is limited, and all desire to draw; the consequence is a great turmoil.

Misconception on this point is common. It is constantly assumed by those who are eager to help the have-nots, and to diffuse the general wealth among the mass of the people, that the sympathy and love of mankind shown are new and characteristic of our age, a proof of progress. That is not so. Sympathy and love of mankind have been exercised with far greater devotion in the past, but on different objects. It is not the desire to diffuse blessings that is new, but the kind of blessings. At the same time there are certain other differences in the situation which must not be overlooked. Religion and knowledge are personal things; wealth, which is the means of procuring material well-being, is social; its production and its distribution are social operations. So a new set of problems arises, calling for new forces and new methods for their solution. Here the political movement comes in as an instrument for effecting that distribution of material good which becomes insistent with the recognition of its value. Hence the general movement towards more democratic forms of government.

Out of this turmoil arises Socialism. It is a particular manifestation of the general ferment, an extreme expression of the broad tendency towards social and economic reorganisation which marks our time and has its set going by the forces explained above. It represents a certain temperament, one extremely sensitive to material conditions and at the same time highly sympathetic and eager to put right those material evils which it is conscious of. In saying this we are speaking of sincere and earnest Socialists, such as have all along inspired the movement, not of self-seeking demagogues who choose to call themselves by that name. The typical Socialist is a man of high aims; he wishes to benefit his fellow-creatures, and he is absolutely certain that he knows exactly how to do it. He is so sensitive and so sympathetic that he cannot bear even to think of anyone suffering physical pain or even discomfort; and he is so confident of the efficacy of his cure that he burns to apply

it. He yearns to see all the world comfortable, as a missionary yearns to see it Christian, and for the same reason; he believes that his is not merely the best but the only way to elevate mankind and make them truly happy. To regard Socialists, if any still do, as a crowd of tatterdemalions bent on plunder is to misunderstand the movement. It stands for the tatterdemalions, though not for them only, and on its worst side often promises them plunder; but its founders and leaders have never been of that class themselves, nor has their motive been their own benefit. From Sir Thomas More, who uttered the first visionary presage of the coming movement, down to the present day, their leading motives have been sympathy with the victims of poverty and physical suffering, and an ardent desire to relieve them.

To say this is to do no more than justice to men who have been much misunderstood. But the recognition of their motives must be accompanied by some qualifications. They did not invent those motives, and they have no monopoly of them, as they too often assume; they only have a particular plan for giving effect to them. And further, their benign intentions have a reverse side, being very often, though not necessarily, accompanied by a spirit of bitter hatred, not only against institutions and ideas, but also against persons, against anything which stands or seems to stand in the way. Fierceness and scorn are common characteristics of the propaganda, though there are exceptions. They arise in a large measure from extreme impatience to see its realisation. And there is one other point to be mentioned here, closely connected with that character. The taunt that Socialists want to do good at somebody else's expense is not wholly just, but it has some justification which really cuts very deep. They do not sacrifice themselves in the way missionaries have always done, and men of science often; they do not embrace poverty and face hardship, danger and death for the cause. Some pioneers have undergone persecution, and here and there a man of exceptional fervour may devote himself to the cause and give up money, leisure and health; but that is no more than thousands do for all sorts of causes. The fantastic little communities which have been started from time to time to put the principles in practice may involve something

, but they are not typical of Socialism, and are now repudiated rather contemptuously as not presenting it at all according to the prevalent interpretation of the word. Personal action is foreign and even antagonistic to the whole idea, which involves a complete change of 'system,' a reconstruction of the social order. When that is accomplished it is assumed that every unit will act spontaneously in accordance with the lofty principles enunciated; but the theory does not demand conduct from Socialists under the existing order.

Here again temperament is apparent. They want to change things and people quickly, completely, easily, at a stroke. Hypersensitiveness makes them acutely conscious of evils, and an emotional optimism enables them to realise vividly the regenerated order in anticipation, and since it is much easier to change things than to prevent them, they press eagerly in that direction. There are degrees of eagerness and confidence. Rodbertus, for instance, thought the change would take centuries, and the more thoughtful and dispassionate advocates of Socialism in general are now less confident of immediate realisation. Of late an intellectual school has grown up, much influenced by the modern doctrine of evolution, which looks to gradual change and regards the coming of Socialism as part of a great general and irresistible process. So they say; but it is to be noted that they are less active in propaganda than the simpler-minded and more direct sects, which is somewhat inconsistent with their belief in an irresistible and gradual process. They are like self-confessed flies on the wheel, conscious of their position, yet pushing with all their might and urging the other flies, 'Come, push! and make it go round.' And their object too is to alter external conditions by a mechanical rearrangement, in the confident belief that this will produce the desired effect.

Viewed in this broad light, Socialism is seen to be an extreme and extravagant expression of the movement of thought, distinctive of our time, which exalts the importance of the body, and consequently of external conditions affecting the body, and of the economic order and the distribution of wealth governing external conditions. Socialism makes them supreme, and the more loudly it is proclaimed and the more definite its form the more firmly and

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fully does it maintain that position. To make this clear it is necessary to have a clear view of what Socialism is, and the only way to obtain one is to trace, in outline, its rise and progress.

We began by saying that it is both theoretical and practical. It proposes to do something; and this proposal, though inspired, like other actions, by feeling, is supported and shaped by reason, by doctrines, and arguments of various kinds—economic, legal, philosophical and religious; and it is illustrated or expounded by the aid of fancy sketches depicting an imaginary or a future society. All the exponents of Socialism fall into place quite clearly and naturally in one or other of these categories. In tracing its history it is advisable to keep in mind the distinction between theoretical and practical, between the sequence of thought and the development of purposeful organisation. Socialism can only be said to have come fully into existence with the latter; and therefore Mr Kirkup is so far right in making it begin with the efforts of Robert Owen in England and Saint-Simon in France in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. We know it as a movement, an organised attempt to do something; and these men, though their ideas were incoherent and their grasp of the principles involved extremely defective, so that they hardly saw what they were doing, nevertheless did set the movement going with precisely the broad aim of modern Socialism, namely, the elevation of mankind by the economic and social reconstruction of society. They got people to work at it, and the word 'Socialist' was coined to label their followers in the year 1833. It occurs in the following passage:

'The Socialist, who preaches of community of goods, abolition of crime, of punishment, of magistrates and marriage, is accounted equally deranged as the followers of Richard Brothers or Joanna Southcote.'

The reference is to the Saint-Simonians, and the passage occurs in 'The Crisis,' an Owenite journal, from which it was quoted in the 'Poor Man's Guardian.' The word *Socialisme* first appeared in the previous year in 'Le Globe,' a daily newspaper with the sub-title 'Journal de la Religion Saint-Simonienne.' The word 'religion'

was originally 'doctrine,' which was changed in 1831. 'Le Globe' was a regular newspaper containing ordinary intelligence, and much larger and fuller than most French daily papers to-day, but conducted by the followers of Saint-Simon, who died in 1825, and specially devoted to expounding his doctrines, or rather theirs. The word *Socialisme* occurs in the course of a review, by X. Jondcières, of Victor Hugo's volume of poems, 'Les Feuilles d'Automne,' and is used in a general sense.

'Nous ne voulons pas sacrifier la personnalité au socialisme, pas plus que ce dernier à la personnalité.'

The contrasted words were italicised as though to indicate novelty. In the course of the next two or three years both 'Socialism' and 'Socialist' became freely applied to the doctrines of Saint-Simon in France and to those of Owen in England, and to their respective followers. Neither exercised a lasting influence or had a continuous connexion with later Socialism; but they were the beginnings of organised effort to realise aspirations identical with it in essence, though not in form; and it was this concrete character which attracted public attention and gave the movement they represented sufficient definition to deserve a special appellation, which remained and lived. It is significant of the fermentative nature of the movement that these manifestations, which differed widely in form, arose simultaneously, but quite independently, in France and in England. No historical review of Socialism can neglect the phase which gave birth to the name, and Mr Kirkup is justified in beginning with it, though he, in common with other writers, states the facts regarding the origin of the word inaccurately. But strictly speaking, Gracchus Babeuf, who organised the insurrection of 'Les Égaux' in 1796, was the first practical Socialist. He and his friends aimed at completing the work of the French Revolution by establishing an economic commune. The manifesto drawn up for them declared for 'le bien commun ou la communauté des biens,' and the maxims issued by the committee included the following:

'Nul n'a pu, sans crime, s'approprier exclusivement les biens de la terre et de l'industrie. Dans une véritable société il ne doit y avoir ni riches ni pauvres. La Révolution n'est pas

finie parce que les riches absorbent tous les biens et commandent exclusivement, tandis que les pauvres travaillent en véritables esclaves, et languissent dans la misère.'

Babeuf went further. He was a Collectivist in almost the modern sense, and had a clear conception of the plan of collective ownership which has been adopted by the vast majority of Socialists to-day. He proposed the following steps, among others:

'Réunir toutes les richesses actuelles sous la main de la république;

'Faire travailler tous les citoyens valides, chacun suivant sa capacité et ses habitudes actuelles;

'Réunir continuellement dans les dépôts publics toutes les productions de la terre et de l'industrie;

'Distribuer également les productions et les plaisirs;

'Tarir la source de toute propriété et de tout commerce particulier et leur substituer une distribution sage, confiée à l'autorité publique.'

With the exceptions of equal distribution and the complete extinction of private property, all these proposals are those of State Collectivism as understood to-day. But the organised attempt to give effect to them was a detached, violent, short-lived effort, summarily extinguished in 1797, when Babeuf was beheaded on the scaffold.

The real pedigree of modern Socialism, however, is to be found, not with the organisers, but with the thinkers, and its roots can be traced back a long way. Anton Menger and Professor Foxwell agree in regarding Godwin, whose 'Political Justice' appeared in 1793, as 'the first scientific Socialist of modern times, in whom are to be found in germ all the ideas of modern Socialism and anarchism.' His book was the first systematic work on the principles underlying the movement; but of course many of the root ideas found expression in the isolated utterances of numerous predecessors in the eighteenth, seventeenth, and even the sixteenth century, or still earlier, without going back to antiquity. The customs of the Spartans and other small groups of people in ancient times are interesting as illustrations, but they belong to earlier civilisations and have no historical connexion with Socialism, which is an economic problem

of our own very different age. The doctrines expounded in the New Testament, however, and the denunciations of private property and wealth by the Fathers, which Mr Conrad Noel has put together in a very effective way, have a real bearing on the subject, because they embody the teaching of the Church on the moral principles involved, which are as applicable to-day as ever. The ideas about property disseminated by John Ball in the popular risings of the fourteenth century were no doubt derived from this source, and St Augustine's '*Civitas Dei*' had a good deal to do with the shaping of More's '*Utopia*,' which appeared in 1516. This is the first utterance which can be continuously connected with the great ferment of our own time. It is wholly inspired by the existing economic evils, the oppression exercised by the rich: 'Suffer not these rich men to buy up all, to ingross and forestal and with their monopoly to keep the market alone as please them.' And it points out the consequent poverty, unemployment, and demoralisation.

'Wheresoever possessions be private, where money beareth all the stroke (has all the influence), it is hard and almost impossible that there the weal public may justly be governed and prosperously flourish. Unless you think . . . that prosperity there flourishes where all is divided among a few; which few nevertheless do not lead their lives very wealthily and the residue live miserably, wretchedly and beggarly.'

Here is the very language of Socialism, the premiss from which every Socialist starts, 250 years before the beginning of the industrial revolution; economic disorder individual greed, the few rich, the many poor, and general demoralisation in consequence. And the remedy, set out in the island of *Utopia*, is mainly economic; common, instead of private, ownership. More had the temperament; he was sympathetic, sensitive and worried about material conditions; he took note of them, and wanted to see them improved, not on abstract, but on actual and concrete grounds. He was in this respect before his time, a forerunner, a seer, a voice crying in the wilderness. The '*Utopia*' excited interest chiefly as an imaginative romance, even among More's friends, including such noble spirits as Erasmus and Colet, who were preoccupied with religion and learning, though Erasmus does refer to

the oppressed condition of the poor and denounces greed. Still, the 'Utopia' marked the beginning of an epoch. It was a notable period, a junction of forces, a mingling of ferments in different stages, and all represented in More's person. The intellectual ferment was in full activity, already superseding the religious, then on the wane, and leading to the emancipation of individual judgment in Protestantism, which was to lead to individualism as a political, and later as an economic doctrine, a point on which Mr Kaufmann lays stress in his thoughtful little book; and at the same time a tiny rill was beginning to trickle out of the ground, eventually to grow in volume until it submerged both. The 'Utopia' was really the beginning of the study of economics. Industrial activity was already highly developed in Italy and in Flanders; and the 'Utopia,' most of which was written in Flanders, was largely inspired by the superior material conditions that More saw there.

This book is therefore doubly connected with Socialism. It expressed the impulse of dissatisfaction, the aspiration towards improvement and, broadly, the means; and it marked the dawn of economics, of which Socialism is a phase. The fact that the first work dealing with economic questions should have been of this character is very interesting. But the socialistic side remained long in abeyance after More's solitary effort, whereas the study of political economy developed continuously from this time onward. About 1549 John Hales wrote his 'Discourse of the Common Weal,' and not many years later the long and distinguished line of Italian economists began to make their appearance, with studies on the subject of money and exchange. In the next century economic writings became more numerous, though not yet of a systematic character, and the foundations of some of the great doctrines or fallacies were laid. One of these was the doctrine of Individualism, the history of which is traced with great knowledge, acumen and sanity of judgment by Professor Schatz in the valuable work mentioned at the head of this article. Another was the theory on which the economic structure of Socialism has been built up, that 'labour' produces all commodities and is therefore the determining constituent of value. The acute and powerful mind of Hobbes, though occupied with the

political, not the economic, structure of society, was in some sort the originator of both about the middle of the century. He laid what Professor Schatz calls the psychological basis of Individualism, and enunciated the dictum that 'plenty dependeth (next to God's favour) merely on the labour and industry of men.' A few years later Petty carried this further with the statement that 'it was the labour required for the production of commodities which determined their value'; and Locke argued the same proposition at greater length. About the same time the theory of the balance of trade was enunciated by Thomas Mun, who also uttered the first suggestion of the famous *laissez faire, laissez passer* of the Physiocrats in the next century.

These references sufficiently indicate the continuous development of interest in economic questions, but it was largely incidental, and the note of Socialism struck by More was conspicuously absent. In Campanella's 'Civitas Solis,' the second Utopian romance, published in 1623, community of goods and wives, short hours of work and a social spirit of brotherly love are described; but hierarchical government and zeal for education and learning are more prominent features of the ideal community. Knowledge, again, and especially science, is the great feature of Bacon's 'New Atlantis.' The attitude of these idealists shows the intellectual ferment in the ascendant. At the end of the seventeenth century, however, John Bellers, who is so often quoted by Marx, published his essays on the Poor, Manufactures, Trade, etc.; and in the eighteenth century some French writers entered the field and began to attack the institution of private property. They represent the first scattered utterances of theoretical Socialism, which sees in private property the root of all evil and in its abolition the only cure. The 'Testament' of the curé Jean Meslier, who died about 1730, was the earliest of these; it denounced private appropriation of natural riches and proposed common ownership. Morelly, in the middle of the century, pursued the same theme in greater detail; he enunciated the idea of collective utility, would have every man maintained, housed and occupied at the public expense, and would abolish buying and selling and exchange. Mably followed in the same direction with a more specific conception of State ownership,

and two or three others, including Montesquieu and Rousseau, contributed something to the stream, which was beginning to flow, though as yet nothing compared with the individualistic school of economics, at this time rising to its height. In England Spence advocated the nationalisation of land in 1775, and William Ogilvie wrote on the same subject in 1782. Then came the French Revolution, with its world-wide shock, and after that we see springs rising in all directions.

We have mentioned Babeuf, the first active Socialist. In Germany Hugo, the jurist, attacked private property in his '*Lehrbuch des Naturrechts*,' on juridical grounds; and Fichte, in his '*Geschlossene Handelsstaat*,' sketched a confused scheme for the public regulation of industry and of distribution. But it was in England that the line of thought was most effectively taken up again and the economic foundations of modern Socialism were really laid.

This brings us back to Godwin after a digression which, it is hoped, will sufficiently show the earlier currents of thought and the origin of the various conceptions lying at the back of the movement. They are seen emerging as scattered and tentative utterances of exceptional minds awakening to the importance of economic conditions and then revolting against the state of things around them, seeking an explanation and propounding a remedy. They gradually increase during the eighteenth century, until the shock of the great Revolution loosens the springs and sets free underground waters which had long been gathering. The contrast between poverty and riches was no new thing, but it acquired a new significance with the gradual appreciation of the material factor in life, and became the object of enquiry from different points of view. The discrepancy arises from property: what, then, is the nature of property? It violates the sense of justice, which involves the conception of rights: what are these rights? what are the mutual relations of society and the individual? It means inequality: is such inequality justified? It causes numerous evils: what are they? how and why does it cause them? what is the remedy, and how should effect be given to it? These are the sort of questions which presented themselves at this time. Socialism, not yet

born as a movement, emerged from the play of ideas as they became concentrated or focussed in the minds of ardent and sympathetic persons. To regard it as a working-class movement is to ignore its history and misunderstand its character.

Godwin's 'Political Justice,' published in 1793, gathered up the threads of enquiry more comprehensively and in a more systematic form than any previous work or, indeed, any subsequent one. It starts with the existing evils of society, and goes on to show that they are due to public institutions, and are susceptible of cure. The evils are violence—exhibited by war, penal laws, and despotism—and the abuses connected with property, leading to extreme inequality of wealth, wretchedness of the poor, ostentation and oppression on the part of the rich, with the sequelæ of vice, crime and demoralisation. Here we have once more the invariable starting-point of all socialistic enquiry and effort. In the course of his enquiry into the causes of these things and the remedy for them, Godwin examines the principles of society, including justice, equality and rights; the principles of government and the relations of the individual to society; and he concludes by discussing the principles of property and indicating his idea of the solution of the problem and the form of the future society, which is an anarchical communism. He is no State Socialist, but the reverse. This follows logically from his view that human character is entirely formed by external circumstances, and that there is no free-will; place the individual in the right surroundings and he will do right; there is no need of compulsion. State control was abhorrent to Godwin and fatal to efficiency. 'Whatever each man does for himself,' he says, 'is done well; whatever his neighbours or his country undertake to do for him is done ill.' That is the difference between the anarchist and the collectivist type of Socialism. The former is obviously the more logical; for if men's evil passions are due to external conditions under the present system and will be abolished by changing it, there will be no need of compulsion or control. But this belongs to a later stage of the subject.

Godwin's work was an abstract treatise remote from every-day life, and it produced no immediate effect; but it

certainly influenced Owen, who based his 'New Moral World' on the theory that character is wholly determined by external circumstances, and that the moral responsibility taught by religion is a mischievous delusion, to which all human ills can be traced. This was the key to all his efforts, and he repeated it from Godwin, just as Mr Blatchford in turn repeats it from Owen to-day. His practical schemes also were based on the voluntary principle. But, as Prof. Foxwell has pointed out, the real line of succession was with the thinkers, not with Owen, who, though exceedingly verbose in argument, was rather a working philanthropist than a thinker. The men who really extracted the economic kernel of Socialism were a little band of English writers in the first third of the nineteenth century. Their work has been expounded with equal learning and insight by Anton Menger and Prof. Foxwell. The first of them was Charles Hall, a medical man, who was moved to take up the subject by personal experience among the poor. In 1805 he published a book on 'The Effects of Civilisation,' which paved the way to the coming indictment of capital. 'His central idea is that Wealth is Power over the labour of the poor, leading, under the then existing conditions, to inequality and oppression' (Foxwell). He suggested the conception which dominates the whole of Socialism to-day—that the patent evils about us are due to a great blind power in whose grasp we all are, a power which is now called 'the system.' Twenty years later came Thompson, Hodgskin, Edmonds, and Gray. These writers, and particularly Thompson, gave precision to the looser diagnosis of Godwin and Hall, and disentangled all the root ideas of the Marxian Social Democracy—the capitalist system resting on 'surplus value,' the exploitation and robbery of labour, the inequitable distribution of products, the evil effects of competition, the division and antagonism between productive and idle classes.

This extraordinarily active development of the theoretical basis of Socialism was stimulated on the one hand by Ricardo's version of the laws of orthodox political economy, which appeared in 1817, and on the other by Owen's propaganda which began about the same time. It was the revolt against Ricardo's doctrines which gave the long gathering movement the turn towards its present

shape and furnished it with the chief arguments it has used ever since. By the year 1831, just before the appearance of the word 'Socialism,' the doctrine had already taken form to a degree which has been forgotten since Marx, the great appropriator of other men's labour, came to dominate the scene. In that year William Carpenter, who has been unaccountably overlooked, formulated for popular use his principles of 'Social Economy,' which sum up in a set of concise propositions the then current opinions. The following extracts will show how far they had got towards the modern position.

'There is no species of wealth, or, in other words, no article of real and substantial value, that is not, more or less, the product of labour.

'By far the greater part of the population of the United Kingdom consists of persons who have no means of subsistence but those created by their own individual labour. . . . The labour of the producers is made an article of commerce, and as such liable to all the consequences of competition. . . . Mere capitalists, or persons who accumulate money by purchasing the labour of others, while they perform no labour themselves, do not add anything to the wealth of society, but on the contrary consume much. The difficulties of obtaining a subsistence by the labouring classes are every year becoming much greater, while the wealth accumulated by non-producers or idle classes, who by various expedients contrive to absorb the produce of the labourers, is every year greatly augmented.

'No "combinations," "trade unions," or other expedients that can be adopted by the labourers to check the diminution of their wages will produce the desired effect, so long as they hire themselves out to those who accumulate wealth by the profits made upon their labour.

'The reason of the preceding proposition is obvious: namely, the competition or attempts to undersell each other in the market carried on by the capitalists compels them to employ the least possible quantity of human labour by the substitution of machinery, and also to give the least possible remuneration for the human labour that they do employ. . . .

'From the preceding propositions it is manifest that there are no means of improving materially and permanently the condition of the labouring classes so long as the present system of labour and employment is continued. . . .

'It only remains therefore to suggest that there is but one

remedy for all the evils springing from the sources we have pointed out, and that is the conversion of the labourers from the *employed* to the *employers*. This would give them the unlimited control over all the wealth they produce, and of course secure to them an abundance of everything that human beings could desire.'

This comes much nearer to the standpoint of modern Socialism than the vague and windy communist manifesto issued by Marx and Engels seventeen years later. The English school at this date only just missed the subsequently completed formula, 'collective ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange.' Most of them thought the possession of land would suffice, and that labour, working for use, not profit, would then produce all that is necessary, though the possession of capital also was sometimes demanded. Such catchwords as 'each for all and all for each' were already in use, and the theory that unemployment is due to under-consumption, recently emphasised as a new discovery, had been formulated. It was clearly recognised that 'a sweeping change in the constitution of society' was necessary. Even the argument from statistical evidence was not lacking, being drawn from Colquhoun's 'Treatise on the Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire,' published in 1814.

All this was aside from, though parallel with, Owen's contemporary efforts, which are regarded by Mr Kirkup and others as representing English Socialism at the time. The teaching of the intellectual school did not issue in a lasting organised movement to give effect to it at the time; but it furnished the source from which Marx subsequently drew the economic materials for his revival of Socialism. The economic theories elaborated in 'Das Kapital'—commonly described as the Bible of Social Democracy—were taken from the writings of the English thinkers just described, who are therefore the intellectual parents of the modern movement. It is important to know this, because it shows that the ideas about capital, which are the core of the argument, were formed at a much earlier stage of industrial development than is commonly supposed, and that the Marxian gospel, when it came, was by no means the new revelation its authors pretended and its adherents be-

lieved. Nor was this early phase of Socialism in England an obscure agitation unnoticed by the public and by men of standing and authority. On the contrary, while Owen's philanthropies, ideal schemes, debates and discussions rang throughout the land and attracted the notice of prominent personages, besides exciting immense popular interest, the intellectual writers also, from Godwin onwards, received more attention from such economists as Malthus, James Mill and Brougham, than modern Socialism has, until recently, been able to extort from men of similar calibre. Thompson, indeed, exercised a conspicuous influence on the science of economics, as Prof. Foxwell has pointed out: 'He was the first writer to elevate the question of the just distribution of wealth to the supreme position it has since held in English political economy.' The chief problem became distribution, not production, as it had previously been; and that is really the gist of the change which has taken place on the economic side.

The deep-seated reason why the ideas launched at this time had to wait something like fifty years for the wide dissemination and acceptance they have since received in the modern revival is that people were not ready for them; the general ferment had not been long enough at work. In England the movement tailed off on the political side into Chartism, and on the practical side, after the breakdown of Owen's various ventures, into co-operation and the Christian Socialism of Maurice and Kingsley, which was, in effect, social reform and particularly sanitation, then recently brought into the field by science without any connexion with Socialism. In France the Saint-Simonians, carrying certain aspects of their cult too far in the direction of licentious manners, came into conflict with public opinion and the police. They had, by 1831, developed their ideas so far in harmony with the English contemporary school that they postulated the antagonism between the workers (including *savants* and *artistes* as well as *industriels*) and the idle rich, who live on tolls exacted from them; and they demanded a new social order in which this inequitable state of things should be done away by the gradual suppression of all tribute exacted by idleness from labour in the shape of rent from land and interest on premises, plant, and capital.

Without entering into an economic analysis or a theory of rights, they laid stress on the principle that every individual should be occupied according to his capacity and rewarded according to work accomplished; and they advocated a system of State ownership and control. In other words they anticipated State Collectivism. Nothing came of it or of Fourier's contemporary but different ideas, except that of the right to work, which he formulated. His proposals were more like Owen's; the new social order was to take shape in small voluntary communities in which the total product would be divided between labour, capital and talent in fixed proportions, and full play would be given to individual capacity and natural inequalities. The conception of the right to work has a particular interest because it came to a sort of practical trial, after being developed by Considérant and Louis Blanc, and has been revived to-day by the Labour party in this country. It was forced on the Provisional Government of France after the Revolution of February 1848, and took effect in the *Ateliers nationaux* which proved a ghastly and tragic failure. This experiment was not in the least what Blanc advocated. His particular form of Socialism was neither a State system like those of Babeuf and Saint-Simon, nor an anarchical communism like those dreamed by Godwin, Proudhon and Bakunin, nor a series of mixed voluntary associations such as Owen and Fourier advocated; it was a system in which industry was to be carried on by associations of workmen belonging to the same trade, with the assistance of a State department, which would operate distribution, locomotion and other public services. The system of trade associations, which is sometimes called group Socialism, had been previously advocated by Bray, an English Socialist, in 1839; it was also advocated later by Lassalle in Germany, and is the aim of the French *Confédération Générale du Travail* in France to-day, so far as that strongly anarchist organisation of trade unions has an aim beyond the general strike and war on the State. The *Ateliers nationaux* established in Paris were not an attempt to realise this idea; they were simply intended to provide State work for the unemployed, which is exactly what the Labour party mean to-day by the right to work. The men were employed on earth-works, as it

is now proposed to employ them on foreshore reclamation and afforestation. The failure of the experiment is therefore more pertinent to the Labour party's proposals than if it had really carried out Louis Blanc's ideas.

The revolutionary year 1848 may be said to close the first phase of active Socialism, with all the practical schemes collapsed and the organisations submerged. A period of eclipse followed before the rise of modern Socialism, which is much more easily described. It rather represents a synthesis and clarification of what had gone before than anything new. The only new idea introduced is that of evolutionary development, derived partly from Hegel and partly from Darwin, and the only new practical feature is the international organisation, which has never been very successful or influential, because the conditions are so different in different countries that as soon as the delegates get away from generalities they begin to quarrel. All the economic, juristic, ethical and political conceptions involved in Socialism were brought forward in the earlier period, and all its forms were suggested or attempted. Nevertheless there is a great difference, which is due to a change in the soil, not in the seed.

Marx and Engels are the twin authors of the revival of Socialism, and they worked so much together that it is difficult to disentangle the share of each; the name of Marx, as the author of '*Das Kapital*,' usually stands for both as a matter of convenience, and he was no doubt the master spirit. The secret of the pre-eminent influence he has exercised lies not in any originality, but in the fact that he united three streams of thought—the German metaphysical, the French political revolutionary, and the English economic. It was a characteristically German and German-Jewish achievement. The strength of the German intellect has never lain in originality of invention, but in the power of thinking things out thoroughly, in pure reasoning; and the Jewish element is distinguished by a great capacity for adroit and subtle argument. Marx had all this; he was a *Gelehrter* and a student of Hegel, and he first approached the subject of Socialism from the philosophical standpoint. From Hegel's '*dialectic*' he derived the conception of history as a logical process of development carried on from step to

step by the resolution of two opposing principles into one; but under the influence first of Feuerbach and then of French thought he gave the Hegelian conception a purely materialistic and a communistic turn.

Hence the communist manifesto which he drew up with Engels in 1847-48. It presents history from a purely materialistic standpoint as essentially a series of class struggles about property, with a final struggle between the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariate*, ending in communism. These words 'bourgeoisie' and 'proletariate,' which play so large a part in modern socialistic propaganda, have a very loose meaning. It appears from an observation of Dr Hammacher, whose elaborate treatise on Marxism is the most thorough as well as the most recent study of the subject, that Marx gave the word 'proletariate' its technical socialistic sense. It seems an almost ironical misnomer for the classes to which it is applied. Properly speaking it was a term of contempt applied to the lowest class of citizens in ancient Rome because they did nothing for the State except produce children, whereas the proletariat of Socialism is supposed to do everything for the State and to be the salt of the earth. But Marx had to have his Hegelian antithesis, and he found it here. This was the starting-point of scientific Socialism; the science in it was Hegel's. Into this idea Marx fitted the aims and tendencies of Socialism which he learnt from the French Socialists, and especially Proudhon, in Paris, where he went in 1843, being then twenty-five years old. The result is seen in the communist manifesto which sets out the class war. Later he fitted into the same frame the economics of Socialism, which he learnt from the English Socialists in London, where he settled in 1849. The result is seen in 'Das Kapital,' which appeared in 1867. This famous work is an old clothes-shop of ideas culled from Berlin, Paris and London, and woven together by a master hand. There is nothing really original in it except the working up which is masterly. In this respect it resembles the almost equally famous Bible of Christian Science called 'Science and Key to the Scriptures,' an amazingly adroit mixture of metaphysics, religion and faith-healing. There is about as much science in the one as in the other. Science begins with observation; Marx began with an abstract conception

into which he fitted both facts and reasoning. He did this with immense industry, logical power and ingenuity; but that does not make it scientific. He also collected an enormous amount of evidence, but it is all second-hand. He seems to have made no observations of his own, to have known nothing about business or business men, and to have never entered one of the factories about which he writes so much. He was a bookworm. It was just his want of first-hand observation, and his reliance on abstract conceptions that led him to those confident conclusions which the course of events has falsified and is falsifying more and more every day.

However, he rendered immense services to Socialism by unifying and revivifying its scattered doctrines and giving them a systematic form; his writings have been a powerful propagandist instrument, and have had an important share in the immense growth of the movement which has taken place since their publication. They still form the basis of modern socialist literature and of the popular appeal which it makes to the masses, and from them is derived the formula which has been adopted by nearly all socialist organisations as embodying their aims. Marx did not formulate it himself, or even, as already observed, come so near to it as the early English Socialists who are dismissed with an airy wave of the hand as mere Utopians. The service of disentangling this formula was performed by Prof. Schäffle, whose 'Quintessence of Socialism,' originally published in 1874, has gone through many editions, and still remains the classical exposition of the doctrine. He thus states the aim of the movement:

'To replace the system of private capital (i.e. the speculative method of production, regulated on behalf of society only by the free competition of private enterprises) by a system of collective capital, that is, by a method of production which would introduce a unified (social or collective) organisation of national labour, on the basis of collective or common ownership of the means of production by all the members of the society.'

This has since been shortened, and at the same time widened, into 'the collective ownership, or socialisation, of all the means of production, distribution and exchange,' with sundry minor variations and additions

according to particular views. The form which this ownership should take has never been settled, and is the subject of much strife. State ownership is the most generally accepted form; but there is also municipal or local ownership, group or trade ownership, and universal ownership, corresponding to different forms of Socialism.

This is the practical aim of Socialism as consolidated and bequeathed by Marx; the means of accomplishing it is the class war. Its philosophical basis is pure materialism; its religious basis is simple negation; its ethical basis the theory that society makes the individuals of which it is composed, not the individuals society, and that therefore the structure of society determines individual conduct, which involves moral irresponsibility; its economic basis is the theory that labour is the sole producer, and that capital is the surplus value over bare subsistence produced by labour and stolen by capitalists; its juristic basis is the right of labour to the whole product; its historical basis is the industrial revolution, that is, the change from small and handicraft methods of production to large and mechanical ones, and the warfare of classes; its political basis is democracy. It does not fall within the scope of this essay to examine these bases, or the practicability of the object, which depends on their validity. But it may be noted that some of them have already been abandoned and are in ruins, others are beginning to shake; and as this process advances the defenders are compelled to retreat and take up fresh positions. Thus the form of the doctrine changes and undergoes modification, though all cling still to the central principle, which is the substitution of public for private ownership.

Socialism, as we said at the beginning, is an extreme form of a great general movement. The question of the future is whether that general movement of social reform will evolve into Socialism, or whether, on the other hand, Socialism will be merged in social reform. The answer to that depends on the soundness of the premisses on which Socialism is based, and must be left to a second article in which these premisses will be examined and the present position and future prospects of Socialism discussed.

Art. 6.—THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

1. *An Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra.* By Sir William and Lady Huggins. Publications of Sir William Huggins' Observatory, vol. I. London: Wesley, 1899.
2. *The Scientific Papers of Sir William Huggins, K.C.B., O.M.* Edited by Sir William Huggins, K.C.B., O.M., and Lady Huggins, M.R.A.S. Publications of Sir William Huggins' Observatory, vol. II. London: Wesley, 1909.

MEN of science all over the world are to be congratulated on the appearance of a collected edition of the beautiful papers which record the creation of the science now known as astrophysics. The partnerships by which the great work has been carried through are specially noteworthy. During a few of the earliest years important papers appeared under the joint names of Huggins and Miller. But since Sir William Huggins' marriage in 1875 to Miss Margaret Murray of Dublin, the astronomer of Tulse Hill has been privileged to enjoy the admirable participation of his wife in his labours. As soon as he had made experience of the high qualities of Lady Huggins' skill both in the observatory and the laboratory, he requested her to take her place formally as collaborator in his scientific work, and from that time up to the present day the contributions which have so greatly enriched astronomy appear under their joint names. Husband and wife shared alike their noble pursuits whether in the chemical laboratory or in the astronomical observatory. The originators of this fascinating branch of astronomy laid its foundations so deep that they cannot be shaken, and so broad that they have supplied a base for all subsequent investigations. But Sir William and Lady Huggins were not content with being merely the founders of astrophysics. They have themselves taken so large a share in the development of the new science that their successors have been chiefly occupied in filling up details or carrying out extensions on plans already indicated.

It has not unfrequently happened in the history of science that long intervals have elapsed between the first stage of a great scientific discovery and the subsequent

stages in which the true significance of the discovery is realised. We have a remarkable instance of this in connexion with the dark lines in the solar spectrum. In 1802 Wollaston first described these lines. In 1823 Fraunhofer showed that they were produced by the sun's and not by the earth's atmosphere because Sirius and Castor had lines quite distinctively different from the solar lines. The significance of this discovery could not be fully perceived till more than thirty years later, when the chemical interpretation of the Fraunhofer lines was discovered. On this fundamental point Huggins writes:

'Prophetic guesses were made by Stokes and by Kelvin. But it was Kirchhoff who, in 1859, first fully developed the true significance of the dark lines; and by his joint work with Bunsen on the solar spectrum proved beyond all question that the dark lines in the spectrum of the sun are produced by the absorption of the vapours of the same substances which, when suitably heated, give out corresponding bright lines; and further, that many of the solar absorbing vapours are those of substances found upon the earth. The new astronomy was born.'

Just before the announcement of Kirchhoff's epoch-making work Huggins had provided himself with a fine achromatic of eight inches aperture, made by Alvan Clark. He had begun to make such observations as are usual with the owner of a private observatory. He made, for example, drawings of Jupiter and he took transits of stars. But work of this order he soon found to be unsatisfying. With a rare ambition he felt desirous of studying the heavens in some new direction or by new methods. While his project was in this nascent state he heard of Kirchhoff's great discovery by which the chemical constitution of the sun could be inferred from the Fraunhofer lines. Huggins immediately felt that spectrum analysis must be the new method of research for which he was seeking. He thereupon resolved to extend to the other heavenly bodies investigations similar to those which Kirchhoff had conducted with such success on the solar spectrum.

In the autumn of 1860 or the spring of 1861 Huggins attended a *soirée* of the Pharmaceutical Society in London and met there the late Dr W. Allen Miller, Professor of

Chemistry at King's College, and a recognised authority on the new chemical spectroscopy. Huggins and Miller walked home together, and on their way Huggins, having mentioned his design of applying Kirchhoff's analysis to the stars, boldly invited Miller's assistance. At first Miller hesitated, urging that the research proposed seemed too delicate to be practicable. Little could Miller have foreseen that the motion of stars in the line of sight would be discovered by spectroscopic measurements of a higher order of accuracy, on objects only feebly visible, than were attained by Kirchhoff and Bunsen even though they were measuring amid the splendours of the solar spectrum. Fortunately the enthusiasm of Huggins prevailed, and Miller consented to come to the observatory on the first fine night. We should here mention that Miller's kindly aid in these early years could hardly be described as systematic co-operation. His other duties would in any case have prevented him from taking much share in the laborious preparations or observations, but he was always a sympathising and encouraging friend.

Huggins had made preliminary attempts to observe stellar spectra before the beginning of 1862, and soon after the close of that year Huggins and Miller sent a joint preliminary communication to the Royal Society entitled 'Notes on the Lines in the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars.' In this early paper we may discern the characteristic precision of Huggins' work. It was not enough for him to record the number of the lines or their appearance, or the part of the spectrum in which they were situated; he was not satisfied unless the position of each line was determined with all attainable accuracy. Measurements are given in this paper of the positions of the principal lines in the spectra of the stars Sirius, Betelgeux, and Aldebaran; and it is stated that the spectra of some forty stars had been observed and also the spectra of the planets Jupiter and Mars. In connexion with the history of the subject it is well to cite a passage* in which, referring to this paper, Huggins says:

'It was a little remarkable that on the same day on which our paper was to be read, but some little time after it had

* Vol. ii, p. 40.

been sent in, news arrived from America that similar observations on some of the stars had been made by Mr Rutherford.*

Those who are old enough to recollect the publication in 1864 of the monumental paper by Huggins and Miller entitled, 'On the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars,'* will recall the profound effect which it produced on scientific thought. It may well be doubted whether the 'Philosophical Transactions' ever contained a plate more attractive by its novelty, or more illuminating by its wonderful suggestiveness, than that in which Huggins and Miller recorded their work on the spectra of Aldebaran and α Orionis. Even with the aid of a telescope the hues of these two first magnitude stars are not very dissimilar to ordinary vision. But the spectrum of each, as now displayed for the first time, showed an elaborate system of lines. These lines are characteristically different in one star from what they are in the other, and thus illustrate in the most unexpected manner how 'one star differeth from another star in glory.'

It was by these memorable researches that the student of the heavens learned how the features of the spectrum of a star could be compared with the spectra of terrestrial elements. The numerous coincidences between lines in the spectra of the glowing vapours of sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, bismuth, and tellurium, with corresponding lines in the spectrum of Aldebaran, proved beyond a doubt the existence in that distant star of the elementary bodies just named. If any one were inclined to doubt the cogency of the proof let him consider the case of sodium. When the two spectra are brought side by side each component of the characteristic close double line of terrestrial sodium is shown to coincide with the corresponding component of a close double line in the spectrum of Aldebaran. Another comparison of a terrestrial spectrum with that of Aldebaran is in some respects even more striking. The three remarkable bright lines in the spectrum of burning magnesium were found to coincide with a striking triplet of dark lines in the spectrum of Aldebaran. Therefore magnesium is present in that star.

* 'Phil. Trans.,' cliv, 413-435; see also 'Scientific Papers,' p. 44.

It must not be supposed that coincidences were obtainable in all cases between dark lines in the spectrum of Aldebaran and bright lines in the spectrum from the electric spark between poles made of a terrestrial element submitted to the comparison. As Huggins tells us, 'Seven other elements were compared with this star, viz., nitrogen, cobalt, tin, lead, cadmium, lithium, and barium. No coincidence was observed.'

Notwithstanding the developments, photographic and otherwise, that these methods have since received, largely by the instrumentality of Huggins himself, this wonderful paper must ever be regarded as an account of a model scientific research of the highest as well as of the most original kind conducted with exceptional skill and accuracy. It formed the point of departure whence has arisen the vast science now known as astrophysics. From 1864 onwards the name of Huggins on a scientific paper has ever commanded the respectful attention of every one interested in the great problems of the universe.

It should at this point be explained that the observation of stellar spectra by the eye was, in later years, supplemented and greatly extended by the use of the photographic dry plate. Thus we are led on to the beautiful discovery of 1880, in which a connected series of hydrogen lines up to its ninth member are announced by Huggins to be present in the spectrum of Vega. This ordered series is significant also for the constitution of the molecule of hydrogen, and it has more recently found its further continuation in stellar spectra.

The paper on stellar spectra in 1864 was soon followed by another, which described what has sometimes been held to be the most illuminating of all the discoveries of Huggins. It certainly shed much light on the long controverted question as to the nature of those dim and distant objects called Nebulae. Up to the time of the discovery to which we are now referring, a nebula was often supposed to be nothing but a cluster of stars situated at so great a distance from the earth that, even when viewed through the telescope, the separate stars could not be distinguished. According to this view it was the combined glow of the several stars in the cluster which produced the diffused luminosity to which the term nebula was applied. There was much to be urged

in support of this contention. It was certainly true that, with each increase in the power of the telescope, one so-called nebula after another disclosed itself as no more than a multitude of stars in close association. The repeated success of these attempts to resolve nebulae gave considerable support to the view that the resolution of all nebulae could be only a question of obtaining sufficient telescopic power. Doubtless many astronomers felt that this conclusion was incompatible with the obviously gaseous or vaporous appearance of certain of the nebulae, but nothing was really known of the composition of these objects until 1864, when, in the words of the late Dr Romney Robinson, Huggins made his 'palmary discovery.'

In the constellation of Draco,* on a line two-thirds of the way from the pole star to γ Draconis, lies one of those very curious and infrequent objects known as a planetary nebula. Invisible to the unaided eye, it appears in a good telescope as a small blue object so circular in its form and definite in its outline as to have been not unjustly compared to the disc of a planet. A planetary nebula is indeed so like a large and distant planet that when so accurate and experienced an observer as Sir John Herschel unexpectedly encountered the planet Uranus in one of his famous sweeps of the heavens, he tells us he was under a momentary impression that the object before him must be a new planetary nebula.

Following up his success on the stars, Huggins determined to try if spectral analysis would throw any light on the constitution of the nebulae. The condensed brightness which characterises the planetary nebulae suggested that the first attempt should be made on one of these objects. He chose the planetary nebula in Draco as the brightest of those which were suitably placed, and the selection was indeed fortunate. August 29, 1864, was thus made a memorable epoch in the history of our knowledge of the nebulae. It was on that evening that Huggins turned his spectroscope on the glowing globe in Draco. He was alone when he made this

* The nebula is in R.A. 17h. 59m. decl. $66^{\circ} 38'$ (H. iv, 37). A beautiful photograph of it is given in pl. 57 of vol. viii of the publications of the Lick Observatory.

first observation of the spectrum of a nebula, of which he writes :

'The reader may now be able to picture to himself to some extent the feeling of excited suspense, mingled with a degree of awe, with which, after a few moments of hesitation, I put my eye to the spectroscope. Was I not about to look into a secret place of creation?'

Look then he did, and saw a nebular spectrum. But it was not a continuous spectrum like that of a star, it was merely a line of light. He first conjectured that some mechanical derangement must have taken place in the spectroscope, but he speedily assured himself that this was not the case, for the instrument proved to be in perfect order. The unexpected conclusion was therefore forced upon him that this nebula, instead of giving the usual continuous spectrum of sun or star, merely gave light which was concentrated in a bright line. The significance of this result was not impaired, it was rather enhanced, when closer examination revealed a second bright line at some distance from the first, and still another fainter line was also added to complete the nebular spectrum.

It thus appeared that the spectrum of this planetary nebula was not of the continuous type that had previously been found to be characteristic of sun or star. The nebular spectrum presented no continuous band of light but only three transverse bright lines separated by dark spaces. The interpretation of this discovery was immediately forthcoming. The spectrum of a gas rendered incandescent by a current of electricity consists of a number of bright lines separated by dark spaces. The character of the lines depends upon the nature of the gas, and the electricity is merely the agent by which the gas is made to declare itself.

Thus, from terrestrial chemistry, Huggins obtained the interpretation of the spectrum of this planetary nebula by showing that it had the characteristics of the spectrum of a mass of glowing vapour. For the first time in the history of science a really great step had been taken in elucidating the constitution of a nebula. This particular nebula and other nebulæ of the same class certainly did not consist of distant stellar clusters, but they did consist

gaseous nebulae give, as we have seen, a bright line spectrum showing their gaseous nature. But they are the exceptions. The great majority appear to be of a doubtful nature; for example, Huggins showed that the great so-called nebula in Andromeda and the famous spiral in Canes Venatici exhibited continuous spectra. Further investigations proved that the gaseous nebulae were very much fewer than those whose spectra presented the appearance which would be shown by an irresolvable star cluster. Objects of the type of the great nebula in Andromeda are far more common than those of the type of the great nebula in Orion.

The announcement of these striking discoveries justly attracted the attention of the scientific world. The intrinsic interest of the subject, the thoroughness of the methods of investigation, the completeness of the demonstration, and the refinement and beauty of the experimental and astronomical processes, received the universal admiration they so highly merited. Veteran members of the British Association may recall the meeting at Nottingham in 1866 in which one of the evening lectures was delivered by Mr Huggins. The novelty and charm of that admirable discourse* can never have been forgotten by any one fortunate enough to have been a listener. It was perhaps the first occasion on which the attention of the great public was drawn to the fact that a new era had dawned in astronomy.

Huggins was favoured by a remarkable stroke of good fortune in these early years, but assuredly it was one of those strokes of good fortune which never fall except on those who deserve them. It was only the unintermitted devotion with which Huggins had perfected his appliances for stellar spectroscopy that enabled him to avail himself of a capital opportunity when it came. It would almost seem as if the heavens, desiring to test the methods of the new astronomy, suddenly displayed a rare object which would have been of much interest in any case, but which became of critical significance in regard to the new methods.

The circumstances attending the sudden appearance of a bright new star in the Crown are indeed noteworthy.

* Reprinted in vol. ii, p. 485.

They engaged widespread interest at the time, for the incident was not of a recondite nature appealing only to the skilled astronomer who had the resources of an observatory at his disposal. It appealed to every one who had eyes to see.

But there are eyes and eyes, and it was Mr John Birmingham of Tuam who was the first to notice, just before midnight on May 12, 1866, that a new star had appeared in the constellation Corona Borealis. Mr Birmingham wrote in a day or two to Mr Huggins calling attention to the discovery, because he thought the new star would be a most interesting object for spectral analysis. Mr Birmingham was at that time unknown to science, though he afterwards acquired well-merited repute by diligent work on variable stars. His announcement was put to the test as soon as possible after the receipt of the letter, and, in the words of Huggins,

'Fortunately the evening was fine (May 16), and as soon as it was dusk I looked, with not a little scepticism, I freely confess, at the place of the sky named in the letter. To my great joy, there shone a bright new star, giving a new aspect to the Northern Crown.'

Huggins sent a messenger for his friend Dr Miller, asking him to come to the observatory to join in the spectroscopic examination of this unexpected celestial visitor. An hour later the telescope of the Tulse Hill Observatory, with the spectroscope attached, was directed to 'the blazing star.' At the time Mr Birmingham discovered Nova Coronæ he deemed it to be of the second magnitude. It had even then, perhaps, begun to decline, for the subsequent fall in its lustre was such that, when Huggins and Miller commenced their examination on May 16, the Nova had dwindled below the third magnitude. But fortunately the waning star was still quite bright enough to reveal its extraordinary nature to the spectroscopists. It showed two totally different spectra superposed. The first of these, which may be called the absorption spectrum, resembled in its general features an ordinary stellar spectrum or a miniature solar spectrum. It exhibited the usual band of prismatic colours, crossed by a number of dark lines due to absorption. These lines in Nova Coronæ may doubtless be in-

terpreted in much the same way as the dark lines in the spectra of stars of a more ordinary kind.

But the remarkable circumstance revealed by the spectroscope when applied to Nova Coronæ is not exhibited in this ordinary stellar spectrum or in the dark lines by which it is crossed. It is the superposed spectrum which specially called for attention. For this superposed spectrum is of three or four bright lines and therefore indicative of the presence of gases in a state of glowing incandescence. A comparison with terrestrial gases showed that flaming hydrogen was certainly a constituent of this star. Bright lines indicating flaming gas had never before been observed in a stellar spectrum; so that, even if there had been no other circumstances about Nova Coronæ than those presented by its spectrum, it would necessarily have had to be noted as a remarkable object. The gradual decline in the lustre of the new star continued; on the 17th May its magnitude at midnight was stated by Mr Baxendell to be 4.9, on the 18th it was 5.3, on the 19th it was 5.7, and on the 20th it was 6.2. But even with this reduced magnitude the characteristic spectrum, or rather double spectrum, was still to be clearly seen. By the 24th the star had declined to the 8.1 magnitude, whence it finally subsided to the tenth magnitude. This is indeed its normal condition, and as an ordinary star of the tenth magnitude it had been recorded on Argelander's star-charts many years before the temporary exaltation which brought it into fame.

The history of this stellar outbreak is indeed remarkable. It is told that Schmidt, an accomplished astronomer at Athens, saw nothing unusual when he happened to survey Corona Borealis just four hours before Mr Birmingham discovered the new star as a brilliant object which, as he says, transformed the whole appearance of the constellation. The uprise of the star from the tenth magnitude to the second or even higher must have taken place within those four hours.* The kindling of this conflagration in a few hours, and its subsequent decline in a few days, show plainly the occurrence of

* We do not here pause to speculate on the unknown distance of this star, but it is, of course, quite possible that the incident, of which news arrived at the earth only in 1866, may have really occurred a century earlier.

something wholly extraordinary. It proves that there must have been some outburst of glowing gas or vapour, or some explosion on a stupendous scale. If some such cataclysm is immediately suggested by the mere history of the star as presented to the ordinary star-gazer how strikingly do we find it confirmed by the spectroscopic discovery that this particular star actually did contain blazing hydrogen and was on this account of a totally different character from any ordinary star. The discovery was specially opportune in those early days of the new astronomy. It displayed in the most effective manner the value of this versatile ally to the forces which were previously at the disposal of the student of the heavens.

We have mentioned Nova Coronæ (1866) as the earliest of the stars described as 'novæ' which were examined at the Tulse Hill Observatory. But the star known as Nova Aurigæ, which appeared in December 1891, was an object even more remarkable than Nova Coronæ. The methods used by Sir William and Lady Huggins had greatly developed in the quarter of a century which had elapsed since the apparition of the earlier of these novæ, and the photographic plate was now available to record any lines that might be present in those parts of the spectrum of Nova Aurigæ which correspond to rays invisible to the human eye. It was therefore under greatly improved conditions that Nova Aurigæ was submitted to spectroscopic examination at Tulse Hill. The fruitfulness of the new astronomy had never been more abundantly illustrated than when it was applied to the elucidation of this remarkable object.

The discovery of Nova Aurigæ was made by the Rev. Dr Anderson of Edinburgh on February 1, 1892, and Dr Copeland, the late Astronomer Royal for Scotland at once sent a telegram to announce the fact at Tulse Hill. But before mentioning the memorable results which followed the spectroscopic examination of this star, it is well to recall certain facts about Nova Aurigæ which were brought to light subsequently to its actual discovery by Anderson. It appears that on December 8, i.e. nearly two months before the visual discovery, Dr Max Wolf had occasion to photograph the region of the heavens wherein lay the nova. But no unusual star so

bright as the ninth magnitude was shown on the plate. On the following night a plate was exposed to the same part of the sky at Harvard College Observatory, and when this plate was afterwards scrutinised in the light of Anderson's discovery, the nova was found as a star of the fifth magnitude in a place where no star even of the eleventh magnitude had been previously recognised. It is thus certain that Nova Aurigæ rose, between December 9 and 10, 1892, from insignificance up to the dignity of a star of the fifth magnitude.

Inspired by the example and taught by the writings of Huggins, there were many capable astronomers who were in a position to make spectroscopic observations of Nova Aurigæ in 1892. But the Tulse Hill astronomers were as ever in the van. By an exposure of an hour and three-quarters they obtained a photograph of the spectrum of this wonderful object which would have sufficed to prove, even if nothing had been known of the history of this star, that in the phenomena presented by Nova Aurigæ we had evidence of some celestial cataclysm of a nature as violent as it was exceptional.

We have already seen how Vega presented a photographic spectrum characterised by a remarkable series of dark lines which evidently belonged to some organised system, and were indeed proved by laboratory experiments to be due to the absorption caused by hydrogen in the atmosphere of the star. This system of lines was found in the photographs of the spectrum of Nova Aurigæ, but they were there presented in a remarkable association. Each of the dark hydrogen lines had beside it a bright line. These bright lines together formed a system similar to the dark lines, and there could be no doubt that the system of bright lines indicated hydrogen in a state of glowing incandescence. The dark lines were no less indicative of the presence of volumes of relatively cool hydrogen which intercepted corresponding rays coming from an incandescent body beneath. Both of the systems of lines were due to the presence of hydrogen in one form or another. But it may be asked why were not the lines superposed rather than placed side by side? We know only one explanation of this circumstance, but that explanation is quite sufficient, and we know it is certainly true. To produce this

particular spectrum two bodies are required. The bright lines come from one body and the dark lines from another. This circumstance alone would not account for the absence of coincidence in the positions of the two spectra. But it is completely explained by the supposition that one of the bodies was rapidly approaching the earth and the other rapidly retreating. It was afterwards shown by Vogel that the two stars were separating at the rate of 550 miles a second, and for a full six weeks this rate was maintained.

Among the many discoveries of Huggins which have thrown light on the material constitution of the heavenly bodies, a high place must be assigned to those relating to comets. It is to be observed that much of the work at Tulse Hill was done by day in the laboratory as well as by night in the observatory. The work in the observatory became so productive largely because of the knowledge acquired in the laboratory. A striking instance of this is shown in the observations of the spectra of comets. Huggins had made a special study of the difficult problem presented in the spectrum of carbon, and the spectra of the different compounds of carbon, including olefiant gas. He made measurements of the positions of the lines in these spectra and constructed maps on which the lines were laid down. Perhaps Huggins hardly anticipated how soon this particular laboratory work was to be followed by a superb discovery in his observatory. He already knew that the spectra of comets were characterised by three bright flutings. He only awaited the arrival of a sufficiently bright comet to confront its spectrum with terrestrial spectra. In June 1868 a suitable comet made its appearance, and on the evening of June 22nd he measured the positions of the three brightest flutings in its spectrum. When these measures were examined on the following morning, Huggins tells us how surprised he was to find that the spectrum of the comet appeared to tally with the spectrum of carbon when the light was produced by an electric spark in a current of olefiant gas.

Thus a memorable research was suggested for the next night. A holder of olefiant gas was brought into the observatory, and the usual arrangements were made so that light from the electric spark in the gas was conducted through a portion of the slit by which the

light of the comet was admitted to the spectroscope. The trial was made, and the spectrum of the comet agreed perfectly with the spectrum of the gas, so far as the three rulings were concerned. The inference was irresistible. It would have been an outrage on all probability to deny that the presence of some compound of carbon in the comet gave this character to its spectrum. This observation proved that the principal part of the light of this particular comet was emitted by luminous vapours containing carbon. As might have been expected from its comparative proximity to the sun, reflected light from the sun also forms part of the radiation which was received from the comet. Thus the spectrum of this body was of a double type, for to the carbon spectrum of bright lines already considered must be added a faint continuous solar spectrum.

Once again the Tulse Hill Observatory surpassed its earlier achievements. When a fine comet appeared in 1881 it was made to yield its record of invisible light on a photographic plate. Two new groups of bright lines were discovered which Professors Liveing and Dewar showed to be due probably to the presence of cyanogen.

Hitherto the spectroscope had been used merely for the purpose which its name indicates. But Huggins had acquired such a mastery of his instrument that in February 1869 he was able to announce an important advance in the methods of solar observation. After mentioning the great success of Janssen and Lockyer in observing bright lines in the spectra of solar prominences when there was no eclipse, Huggins says: *

As yet, by all observers the lines only of the prominences had been seen, and therefore, to learn their forms, it was necessary to combine in one design the lengths of the lines as they varied, when the slit was made to pass over a prominence. In February of the following year (1869) it occurred to me that, by widening the opening of the slit, the form of a prominence, and not its lines only, might be directly observed. This method of using a wide slit has been since universally employed.'

It remains to mention the application of the spectro-

* Vol. ii, p. 306.

scopic method to a totally different branch of astronomical research, concerning which Huggins himself writes as follows:

"From the beginning of our work upon the spectra of the stars, I saw in vision the applications of the new knowledge to the creation of a great method of astronomical observation which could not fail in future to have a powerful influence on the progress of astronomy; indeed, in some respects greater than the more direct one of the investigation of the chemical nature and the relative physical conditions of the stars."

How splendidly his 'vision' has been justified is now a commonplace of astronomy.

In the older astronomy there was one class of movements of the heavenly bodies which were necessarily unknown. The motion of a star could never be seen if that motion were directed straight towards the observer or straight from him. The resources of the observatory of course permitted measurements to be made along the surface of the celestial sphere. But no mere telescopic contrivances could give any means of measuring or even detecting a movement along the line of sight. Until Huggins introduced his beautiful spectroscopic method the investigation of movements of celestial bodies in the line of sight lay utterly beyond the range of the astronomer.

The principle of the method, sometimes called 'Doppler's principle,' is one of much beauty. It depends upon the fact that there is a shift in the position of the spectrum when the body has any movement in the line of sight with respect to the observer. How much delicacy is required may be estimated from the fact that a relative velocity of 196 miles a second would be necessary to shift the lines of the spectrum through a distance equal to the distance between the two component lines of the well-known pair indicative of sodium (D in the solar spectrum). In a paper published in 1868, and which in years to come may be regarded as the most far-reaching of all the Tulse Hill astronomical papers, Huggins recorded that he had measured the displacement of a line of hydrogen in the spectrum of Sirius with regard to the corresponding line in the spectrum of terrestrial hydrogen. He thus proved

at Sirius was receding from our system, and his measurements enabled him to determine its velocity in miles per second. In 1880 he made preliminary trials of photographing star spectra on the same plate as terrestrial spectra for better determination of motion in the line of sight. Some years later, from the improvements in photography and the instrumental developments of Vogel and others, it even appeared that the spectroscopic method of determining the motion of bodies in the line of sight came, in the words of Huggins, 'within the range of the ordinary routine work of the observatory.' We would like to add that he who would pursue this 'routine' must possess himself at least of the caution and patience which we associate with the name of the pioneers, acquire so far as he can their delicate skill, and aspire to some share of their genius.

The noble volumes before us are the record of two lives spent in devotion to science. They constitute a monument of conscientious work carried out with the most painstaking assiduity for half a century. They are astronomical classics of the very highest rank. Their beauty is enhanced by the pencil of Lady Huggins, while the inclusion of a paper on the 'Function of the Sound-post in the Violin' is welcome as a pleasing indication of other personal tastes of the authors. Astronomers will prize these volumes all the more because they contain admirable portraits of Sir William and Lady Huggins, whose labours have so widely extended our knowledge of the universe and pointed the way towards their great developments of the present and the future.

The new science of astrophysics is now one of the most important branches of astronomy. It is fundamental in revealing secrets about the nature, the structure and the movements of vast and remote stellar systems. It increases our knowledge of the small world we inhabit by comparison of the phenomena presented by matter here with those presented by the same matter tried in the fiery furnace of the stars.

Art. 7.—INDIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Storia do Mogor ; or Mogul India, 1653–1708. By Niccolao Manucci, Venetian. Translated, with introduction and notes, by William Irvine, Bengal Civil Service (retired). Four vols. ('Indian Texts Series.') London : Murray, 1907–8.

THE joys of travel are not dead, but they are immeasurably more tame and restricted than in the exciting years when Niccolao Manucci wandered through India. Now there are no new worlds to conquer ; ladies journey alone in tolerable security where, a century ago, men ran an excellent risk of having their throats cut ; and a Parisian hat, even when 'dilapidated,' has been proved by Mrs de Bunsen to be a safer defence than a revolver against the rifles of Kurdish banditti. Miss Bell is as much at home among the Druzes as Lady Hester Stanhope was, without the protection of her ladyship's prophetic mantle. China is almost as hackneyed as Piccadilly ; even Tibet and the Karakorum are beaten tracks. There remain only the poles and the air to tempt the really adventurous. It was not so when the splendour of India burst upon an amazed Europe ; when, on the last day of December 1600, the Honourable East India Company received its charter, and boldly set out to exploit an almost unknown land. The first English visitors were obviously quite unprepared for the wonders they met and to their credit encountered with the renowned composure of their race. Rumour, indeed, had reached Europe of a marvellous emperor named Akbar, whose power and wisdom and strange toleration sounded like fables, but no one at Elizabeth's Court had a much clearer conception of the Great Mogul than of the Great Panjandrum.

When, in the reign of her successor, Englishmen penetrated to Delhi and Agra, Akbar was dead, and it is an incalculable loss to history that no European was in a position to describe the character and conversation of this remarkable ruler ; but they found in his successor, unworthy though he was, a powerful sovereign, master of a vast and elaborately organised state, with an army of a quarter of a million, a revenue not far short of a hundred millions of our money, a capital more peopled

than the Paris of that day, a Court more sumptuous than any they had seen in Europe, and a civilisation as polished, as artistic, as literary as any they had left behind. These early travellers arrived when the Mogul Empire, founded by Babar in the first half of the sixteenth century, had reached its zenith. To repeat what was said in a previous survey of travels in the Mogul Empire ('Quarterly Review,' No. 352),

the period of real Mogul supremacy in India nearly corresponds to the duration of personal monarchy in England. Its greatest glory was at the time when Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts were on the throne. Its mortal sickness began when a Puritan in India outdid in bigotry the Puritan Protector of England; and it was already in presence of its destroyers when the Stuarts were driven from the throne. Such parallels may appear over-stretched, but they have their use in helping us to appreciate the mental attitude in which Englishmen approached the Court of the Great Mogul.'

It was singularly fortunate that the period of greatest brilliance in the Indian Empire should occur just at the time when a new epoch was dawning in European relations with the East. The Portuguese supremacy on the Indian seas which a century before had crushed the old Arab and Egyptian commerce, was itself annihilated when the Dutch and a few years later the English Company sent their ships to Surat. The establishment of the English factory there in the early years of the seventeenth century shifted the carrying trade to English vessels and forced upon the reluctant Mogul the visits of British envoys resolved to develop commercial relations and to open the way to travellers. Hawkins, Roe, della Valle, Mandelslo, were soon there, and put their more or less instructive impressions on record; and they were followed before long by the scholarly and philosophic Bernier, whose 'Travels' formed our best authority on the state of India at the accession of Aurangzib until Mr Irvine produced the masterly translation of Manucci's memoirs which is the subject of this article.

Besides these distinguished visitors, Europeans of a much lower degree flocked to India in those days of golden hopes. As the records of the time are more and more searched and published we are struck by the frequent

appearance of Europeans, especially Englishmen, at most of the centres of Indian luxury: needy adventurers, all of them, attracted by vague possibilities of wealth and by opportunities for licence in a society where public opinion did not impose too rigorous checks upon moral irregularity. No remarkable qualifications were needed to secure employment, even of a highly technical nature. To be a European seemed guaranty enough of a sound knowledge of gunnery; and Manucci himself, who left Europe as a lad of fourteen and can have had no training or experience, found himself almost immediately entrusted by Prince Dara with a commission in his artillery at a monthly salary of 80 rupees, and soon afterwards appears as actually in command of a battery in the defence of the fortress of Bhakkar, where, according to his own account, he did signal execution with a charge of 'horns and old shoes.' A few years later he was offered by the Viceroy of Goa the command of a Portuguese man-of-war, but declined the dignity because he had not money to pay the soldiers and crew.

There were many others equally fortunate in the credit of unproved capacities. Good salaries and valuable privileges, such as the sole right to distil spirits (which Manucci farmed out to a native for ten rupees a day), brought plenty of candidates for posts in the Mogul's artillery, and it is to be feared that these amateur 'gunners' were no great credit to their nation. One of Manucci's earliest experiences in India was an audacious robbery by two English rascals, one of whom later figured among Aurangzib's artillerymen. They had a very light 'job,' for all they had to do was 'to take aim; as for all the rest—the fatigue of raising, lowering, loading, and firing—this was the business of artificers or labourers kept for the purpose'; and the European gunlayers had therefore ample leisure to indulge in the 'insolent behaviour and drunkenness' which eventually brought them to disgrace under the cold eye of that arch-abolitionist the Emperor Aurangzib. Manucci tells an unedifying story of Gunner John White, a renegade who married a Mohammedan wife and did not get the best of the bargain. The lady made him 'eat dirt' and then escort her publicly in a triumphal procession to signalise his penitence for unjust suspicions.

'As I was passing along the street' (says Manucci) 'I saw the renegade in high delight, his chest covered half-way down with flowers. He was also elevated by a glass or two he had drunk, and he was chewing betel.' 'If it were not for their drinking habits' (remarks the sober Italian), 'Europeans would be held in high estimation, and could aid our kings to carry out some project.'

Our prudent Niccolao was himself an adventurer *pur sang*, as much as John White or any of them. He began his career in the orthodox manner as a stow-away on a *tartane* sailing from Venice in 1653. Luckily for him, he found on board that singular personage Henry Bard, first Viscount Bellomont, sometime fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and at the moment the exiled Charles II's ambassador accredited to 'the Emperour of Persia' and other high potentates on an exceedingly futile mission to obtain money for the restoration of his Majesty. Bellomont took the boy into his service, and together they travelled by way of Smyrna, Tebriz, and Kazwin to Ispahan, and had various audiences of Shah 'Abbas the Great and his minister, which, though interesting and often amusing, need not detain us. Of course no money was to be had, and Bellomont at length, after tedious delays and some attempts to humiliate him, withdrew in disgust in 1655, and took sail from Bandar 'Abbas for the kingdom of the Moguls, where he very suddenly died on the road to Delhi, and Manucci found himself stranded friendless in an unknown land.

It says a good deal for the boy's resolute character, and also for the reign of law established by Akbar, that this insignificant foreigner of seventeen years of age was able, with the help of a Frenchman in the artillery, to obtain justice and the restitution of his master's property. The youth made his obeisance at the levée of Shah Jahan, the most magnificent of all the Mogul emperors, and afterwards had an audience of Prince Dara, the Mogul's eldest son, who, finding the boy quick, and fairly fluent in Persian, invited him, 'with a smile,' to enter his service. Manucci's step was now fairly on the ladder. Though his generous patron, too cultured, too gentle, and perhaps too feather-brained for the grim crisis he had to meet, failed, and was murdered by his astute and remorseless brother Aurangzib, Manucci's career was set in India for the rest

of his life, and thenceforward for more than sixty years he played a not insignificant part in public affairs till his death at Madras about 1717.

The length of his residence in India is by itself an important factor in our estimate of his evidence. 'Travelling,' he observes, 'is a teacher of many things, and he who wanders without learning anything can only be said to have the head of an ass.' No other European certainly travelled so much and so long in the Mogul Empire. Hawkins and Roe each spent about three years in India; the visits of Mandelslo and della Valle may be reckoned in months; Fryer knew little beyond the country about Surat; Tavernier made several extensive journeys, but he was a diamond merchant and was chiefly interested in his trade. Bernier, who alone compares with Sir Thomas Roe or Manucci in the breadth of his outlook and the detail of his descriptions, was but seven years in the country, and, valuable as his book is, it is rather an academic dissertation than a record of personal experiences, and has neither the vividness nor the charm of Manucci's naïve narrative. Manucci had been in India already three years when Bernier arrived there, and he remained in India more than fifty years after Bernier left. When he wrote the latest date, 1706, in his memoirs, he had been half a century in the country.

In point of length of experience, then, Manucci stands alone among European authorities on India in the seventeenth century; and it is European evidence that we most need. If the 'giftie' be so necessary 'to see ourselves as others see us,' it is not less vital to students of Indian history to view the leading characters and events with eyes from outside India. The native historians are of unquestionable value, but most of them wrote to please a reigning prince, and panegyric and adulation too often mar their records. It is rare to find a critic so honest and so carping as crabbed Badaoni, who usefully discounted the smooth words of Abu-l-Fazl in the reign of Akbar. Another defect in the native chroniclers is that, naturally, they wrote as Indians for Indians, and assumed a familiarity with customs and manners which were everyday matters to natives but extremely surprising to foreigners. We shall get no lifelike portrait either of

men or of their times from the Persian historiographers of India. Only Europeans can make us understand these things from a European point of view, and no Western of his day has done so much for us in this respect as Manucci. It is not only that he lived in India for practically all his long life; it is that no one ever had more ample and varied opportunities, and very few possessed more acute powers of observation or more persevering inquisitiveness. In the diversity and range of his experiences he is as unique as in their duration. It is above all his opportunities that count, and the way he used them.

There were three series of events of supreme importance in the history of India during the second half of the seventeenth century. The first was the struggle for the throne between the sons of Shah Jahan in the time of their father's decrepitude—a struggle in which Aurangzib killed his brothers Dara and Murad Bakhsh and made Shah Jahan a prisoner till his death. The second was the thirty years' war which Aurangzib waged in the Deccan, first with the kingdoms of Bijapur and Golconda, and afterwards with the new power of the Marathas—a war which was as far from its end at the time of the old emperor's death in 1707 as it was when he first took the field. The third was the growth of new European influences by the establishment of the English and French agencies at Madras and Pondicherri and the simultaneous decay of Portuguese domination. Of all these three movements Manucci was a close spectator and often an active agent. In the first, as an artilleryman in the service of Dara, he witnessed the advance of Aurangzib upon Agrah, was present at the decisive battle of Samugarh in 1658, knew all that was going on at Court, the intrigues and negotiations which centred round the captive but still resisting and tricky Mogul, and the skilful and perfidious diplomacy of Aurangzib. He was present when Murad Bakhsh was kidnapped by his merciless brother, and then he followed the hopeless fortunes of Dara until that unlucky prince was captured and executed. He knew most of the actors in that tragic drama personally, and when he had not first-hand knowledge he had ample means of information through his numerous acquaintance at the Court and in the armies.

In the second series of events, he was for some time

an honoured and welcome—so prized indeed as to be a captive—physician in the household of Shah 'Alam, Aurangzib's eldest son and successor, who was in command of the campaign in the Deccan; he was sent on missions to the Maratha leader; was raised to the aristocratic rank of Mansabdar, and afterwards resided at Madras, where his spies and his friends kept him well informed of the progress of the war, and where he was trusted by more than one English Governor to carry on negotiations with the Mogul forces. Living at Madras and visiting San Thome and Pondicherri, where he was on intimate terms of friendship with François Martin, the French Director-General (to gratify whom and M. Deslandes he 'consented' to write his memoirs), Manucci was naturally well acquainted with affairs in the English and French agencies, and his services were appreciated by both. Governor Pitt and the Council of Fort St George assigned him a house, at the Indian equivalent of a peppercorn rent, in reward for his work as interpreter and intermediary with the Mogul. He had also visited the English and Dutch factories at Dacca and Hugli; and if he says nothing about Calcutta it must be remembered that Job Charnock did not effect his second landing there till 1690, and the importance of the Bengal agency belongs to the following century. Finally, Manucci resided for some years, in the aggregate of several visits, at Goa, and served the Portuguese Viceroys so well at more than one critical moment of their relations both with the Moguls and the Marathas, that he was accorded the knighthood of St Iago, a distinction at that time reserved exclusively for nobles or persons who had rendered signal service to the State. Thus he was trusted alike by Mohammedans, English, French, and Portuguese.

Probably no man in India was in a better position to know all sides of the tangled politics of the day, and it may almost be said of Manucci that what he did not know in that field was not worth knowing. He must have possessed exceptional powers of pleasing, for we find him friends with high and low of all classes, creeds, and nations, though he had his preferences and prejudices and never could quite bring himself to like a Portuguese, especially if he happened to be a

monk or friar. Good Catholic as he was, in spite of advantageous inducements to apostatise, he had very severe things to say about the jealousies, avarice, worldliness, and immorality of the religious orders, of which he particularly disliked the Society of Jesus, albeit he used his influence to obtain leave for them to build a church at Hugli; and he devotes the greater part of the last section of his memoirs to a prolix account of the persecution of the Capuchins by the Jesuits. A viceroy of Goa, he mentions with approval, was warned to 'fear more the nib of a Jesuit's pen than the point of an Arab's sword.' As for the Portuguese, after admitting that they had been a great people in the past, he gives his opinion of their contemporary character in no measured terms:

'At the present day, from what I have seen and experienced, I find that, instead of faithful men, they are unbelievers and pretenders. The cause I know not—whether it be because they are a mixture of Jews, Mohammedans, and Hindus, either having an admixture of their blood, or having drunk it in with their nurse's milk—but in place of just, they have become unjust; robbers and oppressors instead of disinterested men. They are avaricious, forgers, envious; from brave men they have turned into cowards, who by ambushes and treacheries slay simple folk. Instead of being men of their word, they are liars and deceivers; in place of being modest, they are shameless, miserable wretches. . . . I speak not of the Lusitanians who dwell in Europe. Yet even those Portuguese, on arriving in India, change in character and in name; each man claims to be of gentle birth, and a man of quality. Arrived in Goa, and on the point of dying of hunger, they retire into a convent, and hardly have two years elapsed before they are sent forth somewhere or other as vicars and become missionaries, and while quite young wield the great powers conferred on them by their prelates, which they make use of to the discredit of Christianity.'

If indeed half the tales Manucci tells about Goa are true, we can understand his denunciation of that Portuguese Capua as a place 'dominated by some disquieting planet or by demons who throw it into confusion, filling it with murder, disunion, and oppression.' We read of rival bodies of monks concealing cutlasses and firearms under their frocks and fighting in the open streets. 'In the end they threw the prior out of a window, and he died

refused employment under Aurangzib, because he abhorred him, and also under I'tibar Khan, whose 'face did not please' him; 'to speak properly, he had the face of a baboon.' If he received presents obsequiously he had also been known to reject them or fling them on the ground. He kept his parole when he had every reason, save honour, to break it; and so little would he put up with insolence that he used his lancet to bleed a man because he insulted him. He prides himself upon his fine flow of conversation in the various languages of India, which ingratiated him especially with women, and there is no doubt he thought himself a tremendous lady-killer, as indeed perhaps he was. He was fond of dress; and though his two portraits do not reveal much of the 'fatal gift,' he had numerous offers of marriage from widows, and even maids, of sundry races and faiths, all of which he repulsed or escaped, until his final marriage, 'by the favour of God, on St Simon's and St Jude's day,' 1686, at Madras, with a lady of 'virtues and sound doctrine,' the English widow of Thomas Clarke.

As far as can be judged from a man's own evidence—and Manucci was not one to hide even an immoral light under a bushel—he kept himself straight amidst the feminine blandishments of Hindustan, and even behaved now and then like a very St Anthony, whether out of principle or prudence it is needless to enquire. What he says, very wisely, is: 'As I had no intention of marrying, it did not suit my views to get entangled.' Indeed, he gave himself great airs in presence of the fair; and when Shah 'Alam's chief wife, who had 'a great affection' for the lively doctor, proposed to find him any wife he liked from among the Christians, Armenians or others, he very haughtily declined any such *mésalliance*, on the high ground that he was 'a man of family' (which he was not) and could not mate out of his own class; whereat the princess was much astonished, for Mohammedans, she said, 'took anybody without regard to their birth.' After which, it seems strange that he could put up with widow Clarke, in spite of her sound doctrine. The worst irregularity that he records against himself is peeping into a dancing-girl's palanquin which he 'held up' on the high road; but this was in his young days when he rather prided himself upon playing the Mohock. We

need not credit his gasconades about bearding *kazis*, charging men in buckram, and the like, for he was always very careful to keep a whole skin on him and fully appreciated the wisdom of 'living to fight another day.' It is amusing to find this untrained Venetian lad volunteering to exhibit sabre exercise to the admiration of a Mogul general. But he was certainly a clever youth, and could do many things. For example, he taught the mighty Rajput Raja Jai Singh to play ombre, and he ventured even to treat the most exalted princes and princesses as their body physician. Considering his total inexperience he could hardly have dared more.

To be a doctor in India, nevertheless, was the natural destiny of a quick-witted, smooth-talking European, however little qualified in other respects; and to the opportunities acquired in the exercise of this profession Manucci owed his unrivalled insight into the manners, intrigues, and politics of the time. As he says himself:

'If medicine had not opened to me the road, I should never have been able to learn the curious details of court life. It was medicine that opened to me the door of many nobles and of the principal ladies of the palace, where I penetrated to the most hidden quintessence of their secrets. Monsieur Bernier could well have practised medicine, it being his profession; but for good and sufficient reasons he refrained, for he knew that if he did he would be in danger of his life.'

The risk lay not only in the jealousy of the native, and still more the European, practitioners, who were quite equal to poisoning or stabbing a rival if milder measures did not answer, but in the disgrace and worse which would follow a failure in treating a person of rank. Manucci was more than once attacked by bravos, and suffered for a long time from a dose of poison, but his prudence and adroitness saved him, aided by the gracious influence of the princesses (and the devotion of their maids), whom he had apparently benefited by his therapeutic experiments, and many of whom took a fancy to him. It was years before he ventured to style himself physician, but some practice was forced upon him almost from the first, and his earliest patient, an Uzbek 'savage' of revolting habits and constitution, recovered, thanks mainly to the friendly counsel of a

portuguese apothecary. From other friends, as he says, 'little by little,' he picked up hints and collected medical books and herbals; but he was still in an extremely elementary stage when at last, in 1672, he 'started' in practice at Lahore, a centre which he chose, wisely enough, because there was no other European doctor there.

Many came to talk with me, and in return I had no want of words, God having given me a sufficiently mercurial temperament. Thus it began to be noised abroad in Lahore that a rank doctor had arrived, a man of fine manners, eloquent speech, and great experience. I rejoiced at such a reputation, for my heart beat fast, for then I had had no experience.'

As luck would have it, no less a person fell sick than the favourite wife of the Kazi, and she had been given up by all the Persian and Indian doctors when Manucci (heaven help her!) was called in.

The attack was growing more and more severe, and no pulse could be felt, nor could I find out the seat of the disease. I trusted more to several secret experiments I knew, and to my questions. . . . But the patient was already speechless.'

The new doctor racked his brains to think of a remedy, and at length decided on a treatment which we shall not disclose, since it would interest only those who take pleasure in the therapeutics of Molière's 'Malade Imaginaire.' But the question was how to carry it out.

'I came forth from this house' (he says) 'leaving an excellent impression from my many questions and my copious flow of talk. But now came the moment when our Nicolao Manuchy [sic] found himself in a difficulty. For I knew not what ingredients I must employ, nor to what implements I could have recourse for this wonderful operation.'

His mother-wit carried him safely over the obstacle, and the patient recovered, to his immense relief, for her death would have been also the deathblow to his own reputation, a thing as easily destroyed as made.

A happy cure at the start suffices to give the greatest credit, even if the cure be a mere accident. On the contrary, if there is a failure in the first case, even when the doctor is exceedingly learned and experienced, it suffices to prevent him ever being esteemed.'

Fortunately for Manucci the first case was a triumphant success, and he was so 'proud and elated' that he uttered some complacent admonitions, remarking

'how necessary it was to confide in experienced physicians; and that if I had not given her this medicament, composed of ingredients known to me alone, the patient was bound to die. . . . Thus there began to be talk of the Farangi doctor who was capable of resuscitating the dead. This caused me to be called in by many sick persons; and by adhering to certain books I had, I succeeded by God's favour in almost every case in which I was sent for.'

He generally took the precaution, however, of announcing the probability of a fatal termination to the illness, which alike saved his reputation in case of death and augmented it in the event of an unexpected cure. He was of course a quack and a charlatan; he traded on the superstitions of the natives by pretending to hold dialogues with demons, to their abject terror, and by fumigating devils 'with great increase of reputation and still greater diversion for myself.' His specific for cholera was the application of the actual cautery, a red hot iron, to the feet, and he had great faith in certain 'secrets' of his, such as 'cordials,' which he 'manufactured regardless of expense,' and medicinal stones like those used by the Jesuit doctors of Goa. He very nearly came to an untimely end by adding to his pharmacopoeia 'human myrrh,' i.e. fat taken from the corpse of a corpulent Mohammedan who had been executed. The nephew of the provider pursued him sword in hand, but relented on discovering that the 'myrrh' of his uncle was used only for ointments and was not actually swallowed by the Faithful. Fortunately it made little difference how skilful or how ignorant a doctor might be when it came to treating Mohammedan ladies unseen. Diagnosis was not worth much where a patient could not be examined. Manucci tells us, 'When a physician enters, he is conducted by the eunuchs with his head and body covered as far down as the waist, and he is taken out again in the same way.' Nevertheless, some great ladies (who are not, however, without their modern analogues) were in the habit of 'affecting the invalid simply in order to have some conversation with, and

have their pulse felt by a physician,' with whose hand they would often take curious liberties within the *pardah*, which our discreet doctor 'pretended not to notice.' Physicians, he candidly adds, 'are very well treated by these ladies, and they on their side maintain much discretion both in their way of acting and in their speech, which is always restrained and polished.'

Chief among princesses, Aurangzib's wife, the mother of Shah 'Alam, showed Manucci

'great affection because I had attended her and bled her several times, in addition to which she had often to send for me, as she suffered much from gout. As it was I who prescribed for her, she often sent me some dainty, as is the fashion of these ladies to do to those they esteem. When I bled her, she put her arm out from the curtain, but wrapped up, leaving only one little spot uncovered, about as wide as two fingers, close to the veins. For that attendance I got from her four hundred rupees and a *sarapa* (set of robes) as a present, and I bled her regularly twice a year. . . .

'Every month the princesses and the ladies have themselves bled, which is done in the way I have above described. It is just the same when they have . . . any wound dressed. Nothing is ever shown but the part affected, or the vein they wished opened. When I bled the wives and daughters of Shah 'Alam each of them gave me two hundred rupees and a *sarapa*; but when I had to bleed that prince, who was my employer, and he was at the court, I could not do it without the leave of the king [Aurangzib]. For this bleeding I got four hundred rupees, a *sarapa*, and a horse. When I had finished I had to report to the king the quantity of blood I had drawn, what was the prince's reigning humour,' etc.

As the rupee was then worth more than two shillings, 20*l.* to 40*l.* for bleeding a prince or princess, with horses and robes of honour thrown in, was very tolerable pay for a gentleman who had not had a laborious and costly training in hospitals or passed the examinations of the College of Surgeons, and it is not surprising to learn that Manucci made (and lost) more than one fortune by his profession. Perhaps the most difficult case he encountered of the invincible bashfulness of the Moham-medan lady patient was that of the princess, a niece of Aurangzib's, who was stabbed by her husband. Manucci was brought to her house at the gallop, 'stopping for

neither hucksters' stalls nor people'; but when he got there he found that he could not be allowed to see or examine the royal lady without the special permission of the Emperor. So he asked minute questions, made his 'tents and plasters,' told the servants how to apply them, and 'by God's help the treatment succeeded, and in eleven days I healed her completely.'

Manucci, it should be mentioned, was granted by peculiar favour the permission to enter ladies' sick-rooms without first wrapping his head in a cloth, because, said his employer, Shah 'Alam, 'the minds of Christian men are not filthy like those of Mohammedans.' No doubt his skill was perilously crude, but he had some happy ideas. No prescription he ever ordered was more successful than the one he advised for a hysterical servant-girl in a royal harim, who was suffering from insomnia and various odd symptoms. He prescribed marriage, and the result was all that could be desired. Thereafter the wise doctor was besieged by domestic spinsters asking for the same prescription.

'These people' (he remarks) 'were subsequently very grateful for the kindness I had done them, and gave me proof of it from time to time. It is through them that I have been informed of many particulars as to what went on in the court of this prince. . . . All other Mohammedans also pass the greater part of their time among their women. This is so much the case that through them much important business at court is transacted. For my part, I have done a great deal thus, principally through the first princess.'

If we have dwelt at perhaps undue length upon Manucci's experiences as a physician, it is because this was his business in India and because from these experiences he obtained his wonderful knowledge of current affairs. Women and servants were his best informants, and hence his memoirs have been spoken of somewhat slightly as 'backstairs gossip.' The servants' hall unquestionably was one of his most useful telephone receivers, and the source has given its twang to his tone. But after all it is difficult to see how an undistinguished foreigner could obtain information from any other source. Manucci, indeed, was on exceptionally favoured terms with a few of the princes, statesmen, and generals of the time, but we cannot suppose, and there is nothing in the

Storia' to warrant it, that they talked family gossip with him or revealed secrets.

Whatever the source of his varied and often exceedingly indiscreet information, we are disposed to believe that it is usually well-founded. Where his own vanity and boastfulness are not concerned or his special prejudices against the Portuguese, the Jesuits and, above all, Aurangzib himself—of whom he has never a good word to say, and with whom he consistently refused to take service—are not excited, we see no cause to doubt his veracity. He is transparently candid and does not pretend to have been an eye-witness when he was not. It is obviously impossible to check many of his revelations of court and especially of harim life; but there is nothing improbable in what he records, and, considering his ample opportunities for getting inside information, and his habit of citing his informants now and then such as Thomazia Martins, the princess Roshanara's servant, who, 'through the affection she had for me, . . . informed me of what passed inside the palace'), one may usually accept his statements. When these can be compared with the English official records—as has been most carefully done by the learned editor—the result is to confirm Manucci's veracity. His chronology, it is true, is not accurate, for there is an error of two years in the earlier part of his 'Storia,' and many of the other dates are wrong. Mr Irvine has also been at the pains to compare Manucci's accounts with those of the native Persian chroniclers, and has shown not a few discrepancies; but this does not prove the Venetian to be the one at fault. We do not see any reason *a priori* for attaching greater weight to a native historian than to a European, if both were contemporary witnesses to the events described. Manucci's honesty is at least as probable as that of the native panegyrists. Both, naturally, record many things at second or third hand; and the European 'doctor's' sources of information were evidently quite as numerous, varied, and authentic as those of the Indian chroniclers, for he drew on contemporary Portuguese, French, and English sources, as well as upon the reports of natives, by whom he was well supplied with current news. He seems to write entirely from his own materials, and to have used no native

works, except for the account of the earlier events of Mogul history, and this, whatever it is based on, is mere legend of no greater value than the folk-tales and other stories which he has also incorporated. He was acquainted with Bernier's book, which he several times controverts, but from which he borrowed very little, if indeed he borrowed at all. Bernier and he were acquainted. Manucci speaks of the Frenchman as 'a great friend'; and it is as likely that Bernier obtained information from talk with Manucci, as contrariwise. There is no evidence that he met Tavernier or had seen his 'Travels', though he refers to him once or twice. In short, any doubts that formerly existed as to the authenticity and credibility of Manucci's book were due to his misrepresentation in the only form in which he has hitherto been known, Catrou's garbled and mangled paraphrase.

Manucci's long residence in India and his unique experience of its most intimate life, enabled him to draw such a picture of his times as may be looked for in vain in any other writer. From a literary point of view, indeed, he is open to much criticism. Unlike Bernier, he was not a cultivated man and has no pretensions to style; nor does his language ever rise to eloquence. We must not expect from him balanced judgments based upon a wide acquaintance with history or European government, or upon a study of philosophic principles. His 'Storia' is ill put together, although it begins well with a consecutive narrative of his own doings and current events down to the accession of Aurangzib. Indeed it maintains a fair measure of method down to the author's settlement at Madras in 1686. Then follows a rambling but valuable account of the Mogul government, court, army, local administration, taxes, manners and customs, concluding with this remarkable forecast:

'Having set forth all this grandeur and power of the Moguls I will, with the reader's permission, assert, from what I have seen and tested, that to sweep it entirely away and occupy the whole empire nothing is required but a corps of thirty thousand trusty European soldiers, led by competent commanders, who would thereby easily acquire the glory of great conquerors.'

This general survey completes the three parts of the work as originally planned; but Manucci added a fourth

and fifth part, continuing to write as long as he was able, and these sequels are a chaotic jumble of notes relating to different periods of his life, set down as they occurred to him, without any attempt at arrangement. But whether well or ill arranged, his memoirs have this great quality from first to last—they are vivid. Age and the distance of years from events described did not dim Manucci's clear vision, and he describes them with the gift of the born *raconteur*, never neglecting that particularity of detail which makes the life of a story, introducing little personal touches that convince one they are authentic, and enlivening the narrative with a quaint vein of humour and many characteristic revelations of his own personality. He was full of generous sympathy for the misfortunes of those he loved; and when Dara lost the fatal battle of Samugarh, mainly through the treachery of Khalilullah Khan, who thus avenged himself for private wrongs, Manucci's indignation was such that, when he rode back to Agra, he told furious lies to make the traitor's household miserable. It is a very natural touch:

'Seeing our total defeat, I made in haste for the city of Agra, where I arrived at ten o'clock at night. The whole city was in an uproar, for a Portuguese called Antonio de Azevedo, who early in the battle had witnessed the plunder of the baggage, rode off at full speed. On arriving at the city of Agra at two o'clock in the afternoon, his horse fell dead at his door. Thus the news began to spread that Dara had lost the battle, and the confusion was increased by Dara's non-arrival. The curiosity of everyone was aroused to know how the defeat had happened, and men asked each passer-by about the safety of his master. This happened to me. An old woman asked me what had become of Khalilullah Khan. Owing to the rage I was in at his treachery, I replied at once that I was present when he was torn to pieces. The old woman was very disconsolate, and, hastening her steps, went off to give this news at his house. Much weeping and lamenting was caused thereby, they supposing it to be the truth, for I had entered into some details on purpose.'

Here is a vivid sketch in the middle of the fight:

'Ram Singh . . . coming close up to Murad Bakhsh with his brave Rajputs, stuck his elephant and its howdah full of arrows, and killed the *cornac* or man who guides the elephant. Finally, they planted three arrows in the face of Murad

Bakhsh. He had as much as he could do to defend his life, to guide his elephant, and to look after his restless infant son [whom he had brought for luck or to accustom the child to the sight of battle]. The boy was so anxious to see what was going on that his father was forced to cover him with his shield and put his foot over his head.'

The story of the gradual disarming of the sleeping Murad Bakhsh by means of a child, and his subsequent binding and carrying off to prison, is told with the same realistic details by the bystander. Manucci, however, does not carry his love of detail quite so far as the gunner of the Sloane MSS. No. 811, who records that when Dara's head was brought in to his triumphant brother, Aurangzib stamped on the face, whereupon 'the head laft a loud *ha, ha, ha!* in the hearing of all, I, J. Cambell, present.' We may quote, as a good example of Manucci's narrative power, his account of his escape from sharing the fate of his commander, the eunuch Basant, during the closing days of the struggle for the throne:

'We came forth by a postern-gate, when we saw some thirty men with swords in their hands, who came at me, saying, "Let us kill him; he, too, is of the eunuch's force." The man with me then laid one arm upon me, and, waving the other hand, demanded in the king's name that they should not kill me nor lay hands on me. But they were keen to plunder me, and told him he had become my advocate simply to strip me himself; but, grieve him as it might, they meant to kill me and appropriate my clothes. Recognising their purpose and seeing them approach, I took off my turban there and then, and the rest of my vestments, being left with nothing but my under-drawers and my shirt. I threw the clothes to them, and my defender conducted me a little farther; then he said I might go on in security, as I was now out of danger. But just as I imagined I was free, there came towards me a soldier, a Hindu rustic, holding a drawn sword, who, with many abusive terms and threats, requested me to make over my shirt to him. Enraged at finding myself amidst so much persecution and so many affronts, I said he might kill me if he liked, but I would never give him the shirt. Overwhelming him with abuse, I provided him with cause for despatching me; but he did not want to damage the shirt, so he allowed me to live. In the end I decided to give up the shirt, so I took it off in a rage, rather than lose my life. With my head sunk I went on my way, running considerable danger,

although stripped naked and full of grief and shame. . . . On my way a woman met me and offered me a sheet with which to cover myself, saying that when I got home I could send it back to her. But, not willing to be indebted to her, I declined, and went on my way in the same pitiable state. When I was only a little distance from my friend's house I saw coming towards me the captain of infantry, whose teeth I had broken with a stone. He recognised me, but took compassion on my plight, and, lowering his head, made no attempt to do me harm. Thence in a few more steps I got into the house of my friend Dulha, to whom I recounted all that had happened to me. He welcomed me with great warmth, accorded me full rights of hospitality, and gave me clothes and food. I did not forget to render thanks to God for all His mercies and for deliverance from so many perils.'

Even when he is describing scenes which he could not have seen himself, Manucci still preserves this essential particularity of detail. His descriptions of the drinking habits and other 'diversions' of the Mogul princesses are damagingly circumstantial, and the account of Aurangzib's sad discomfiture when his other wives delightedly sent him to view his favourite Udepuri in a shocking state of intoxication, is too real to be invented. The funniest of these *chroniques scandaleuses* is the one which relates how Begam Sahib—a princess who used to supply Manucci with her own special vintage, in which she indulged to such an extent that 'sometimes she was unable to stand, and they had to carry her to bed'—circumvented Aurangzib when he issued strict orders against women indulging in the forbidden drink, or wearing any but very loose trousers :

'When Padshah Begam, otherwise Begam Sahib, learnt of this new rule, she invited the wives of the *qazi* and other learned men to her mansion, and gave them wine until they were drunk. Aurangzeb came to her palace and referred to the restrictions under which he had placed women. He made excuses, saying he was under an obligation to make the law obeyed. She had never heard, she said, that those things were entered in the Book of the Law. But Aurangzeb told her that such was the opinion of all the learned. Thereupon Padshah Begam invited the king within the *pardah*, where he saw the wives of the said learned men all lying drunk and in disorder, and also wearing tight trousers on their legs!

'Upon this Padshah Begam said to him that if such things

were part of the Faith, the learned should not allow their wives and daughters to go about clothed in that fashion, nor should they permit them to drink intoxicating drugs. Instead of issuing laws for others, they required to regulate their own households. Thus was appeased the storm which had been raised against women.'

It is impossible even to refer to a tenth of the curious and interesting materials contained in the two thousand pages of these four volumes. We have limited ourselves to a consideration of Manucci's work rather as a picture of life in India in the latter part of the seventeenth century, than from the special point of view of the Indian historian. We have shown that the book is full of interest of the most varied kind to the ordinary reader, and that on the whole it may be relied on as a true account of the times. But it is only the special historian of Mohammedan India who is capable of appreciating the high importance of Manucci's record and its full bearing upon previously published authorities. Such special students will naturally turn to other than the more popularly attractive features upon which we have dwelt, and they will acknowledge their deep indebtedness to Mr Irvine for the elaborate notes and references, the comprehensive index of two hundred and forty columns, and the scholarly introduction with which he has enriched the work. Mr Irvine's qualifications for the laborious task he has successfully accomplished are certainly unique, and where he felt himself wanting in any degree he has availed himself of the skilled assistance of friendly scholars in their several departments. It would not be easy to exaggerate the service which he has rendered to all students of Indian history by his learned annotations. He slurs over no difficulties, and his range of reading and wide bibliographical apparatus enable him to deal with nearly all in a satisfactory manner. When a word in the original MSS. appears to him doubtful or unintelligible, he gives it in a note with conjectural emendations. It is of course impossible to criticise the accuracy of his translation, because the original texts have never been printed; and it must be agreed that to print a text which is written partly in Portuguese, partly in French, and partly in Italian, would serve no adequate purpose in

relation to the cost. Mr Irvine's scholarship in other languages is such that we might safely trust him to render the modern vernaculars of Manucci, even if his notes on difficult passages did not prove his competence. He has chosen a simple, direct style, which, if it sometimes seems a little too conversational, probably reproduces the effect of the original with all necessary exactness.

The history of the original MSS. forms a new chapter in the curiosities of literature. The MS. of the first three parts was brought over from India to Paris in 1701 by Manucci's friend, M. Boureau Deslandes, who lent it to Père François Catrou, of the Society of Jesus—the very last body into whose hands the author would have wished it to pass. Catrou made it into a readable book; he extracted and garbled, added from unnamed sources, and deprived it of all semblance of authority. He not only made it impossible for any reader to find out how much was from Manucci, and what from *scriptor ignotus*, but, even when reproducing the Venetian's narrative, he altered it to suit his own ideas of style. Manucci's simple unadorned language was abhorrent to the priest's classical taste. 'J'ai préféré,' (says he) 'un stile figuré, conformément aux historiens grecs et latins, au stile plus simple que M. Manouchi a affecté.' Naturally no historian could accept Catrou's 'Histoire Générale de l'Empire du Mogol . . . sur les Mémoires Portugais de M. Manouchi, Vénitien,' as an authentic document, and Manucci has consequently lain ever since under the stigma of the clerical journalist's perversions. One after another the various English historians of India have lamented that the genuine original work was not at their disposal, while it never occurred to any of them to look for it.

The singular fact is that the MS. was never at any time out of the reach of the learned. Catrou himself, 'to satisfy the incredulous,' boldly offered to show it to any one who suspected him of tampering (as he undoubtedly did tamper) with Manucci's meaning. The document remained in the Jesuits' library at Paris till the sale which followed the expulsion of the order in 1763. It appeared in the sale catalogue, but nobody noticed it. It then remained hidden in the well-known library of the purchaser of many of the Jesuits' books, Baron Gérard Meerman, at the Hague, where even the learned Dutchmen

ignored it; and, as if it were not a sufficient triumph of secrecy to inter itself successfully for over a hundred years in two conspicuous and frequented libraries, this elusive MS. once more evaded discovery for another half-century and more in that remarkably open hiding-place, Sir Thomas Phillipps' celebrated library at Middle Hill, whence it furtively betook itself to the Royal Library at Berlin, apparently secure against detection. In all the phases of its locomotion there was never the smallest difficulty in seeing the document. It was catalogued in all these libraries and entered in the catalogues of their sales. Yet nobody seemed to have noticed it, till Mr Archibald Constable, the editor of Bernier's 'Travels,' thought of looking for it at Berlin, and of course immediately found it. The news reached Mr Irvine, who had it copied, and these four substantial volumes are the result.

Even this does not exhaust the astonishing vanishing powers of Manucci's MSS. When the unhappy author found that his work had got into the hands of his enemies the Jesuits, who had despitefully used it and deprived it of all authority, and had besides pocketed the proceeds of at least five editions without paying a sou to the begetter and owner of the work, he was, not without excuse, extremely wroth; and while finely denouncing the thieves in a letter to the Senate of his native Venice, he sent a second copy (the original draft of the Paris MS., together with the additional fourth and fifth parts), and entreated the Senate to do him justice by publishing it. This was not done; but, strictly in accordance with the precedent at Paris, the second copy became lost for two hundred years in the place of all others where every scholar resorts, the famous library of St Mark's. It arrived at Venice in 1706; it appeared in Zanetti's catalogue in 1741; and, though it seems that Bernouilli and Cardinal Zurca were both aware of its existence, no one else paid any attention to it, until Mr Irvine, not to be outdone in detective work even by Mr Constable, came upon the clue and followed it up. It seems incredible; but even this is not the end of the losing of Manucci. Fern-seed, it would seem, was sprinkled over every line he wrote. When Mr Irvine went to Venice to collate the MS. there with the Paris-Meerman-Phillipps-Berlin

codex, there was no Portuguese original of Part v to be found, and he had to translate this part from an early Italian version of it made by the Commendatore Diogo Cardeira. It now appears, from a note on the title-page to Part v, that 'the Portuguese and French original . . . has come to [Mr Irvine's] notice at the last moment; it does not appear in the Zanetti catalogue, but its present classification is No. 135, class vi.' In the expressive language of the sister island, 'this beats Banagher.' We thought we had come to the end of the game of hide-and-seek when MSS. which had been lurking in four well-known and well-catalogued libraries had, with infinite patience and precaution, been finally exhumed; but even Mr Irvine, it appears, had not quite escaped the fate of his predecessors in their search for the elusive manuscripts which have triumphantly fooled the historians of India for two centuries.

However, at the very last moment, the last of the fugitives made its reluctant appearance, and happily its bashfulness did not occasion any grave inconvenience, since it turns out that it offers only unimportant variants from the Italian version. Mr Irvine, we trust, may now rest assured that there is nothing more to be found; and of this, at least, we are very confident, that he has made the best possible use of the important MSS. which he has discovered and collated, and has brilliantly edited the most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the history and life of India, as seen by European witnesses, that has ever been published. We cannot conclude without referring to the portraits, which were specially copied for Manucci, from originals in the royal palace, by Mir Mohammed, an official of Shah 'Alam, and are reproduced from the volume in the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, where they were brought with other loot from Venice by Napoleon in 1797. They add much to the interest and beauty of these volumes, which handsomely inaugurate the series of Indian texts issued under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

Art. 8.—THE ECONOMIC POSITION OF GERMANY.

1. *Statistisches Jahrbuch für das Deutsche Reich.* Berlin: Puttkammer, 1909.
2. *Deutschlands Stellung in der Weltwirtschaft.* By Prof. Dr Paul Arndt. Leipzig: Teubner, 1908.
3. *Die Finanzen der Grossmächte.* By Dr Friedrich Zahn. Berlin: Heymanns, 1908.
4. *Deutsches Volksvermögen.* By Arnold Steinmann-Bucher. Berlin: Elsner, 1909.
5. *Report on the Finances of the German Empire for the Year 1909.* By Count de Salis, Councillor to His Majesty's Embassy at Berlin. London: Harrison, 1910.
6. *Report on the Trade and Commerce of the Consular District of Frankfort for the Year April 1908 to April 1909.* By Consul-General Sir Francis Oppenheimer. London: Harrison, 1909.
7. *The Evolution of Modern Germany.* By W. Harbutt Dawson. London: Unwin, 1908.
8. *Modern Germany.* By J. Ellis Barker. London: Smith, Elder, 1907.

THE material progress of Germany is one of the most notable features of the economic history of the world during the past forty years. The growth of German wealth and foreign trade since 1870 has a great significance for Europe generally and for this country in particular. It has enabled Germany to provide means for the maintenance of the most efficient and powerful army in the world; and within the past ten or twelve years it has encouraged her rulers to embark upon a policy of naval expansion which will in all probability place her in a position in a few years to challenge our supremacy upon the sea. The question, therefore, whether Germany will be able to continue to maintain her military and naval expenditure at the very high level of recent years without straining the financial resources of the Empire to breaking point is one of vital importance to this country; and from this point of view it is proposed to discuss in the following pages the economic position of the German Empire at the present time.

The growth of her population has been one of the

main causes of Germany's economic development. In 1907, when the last census was taken, the total population was 61,720,529, as compared with 51,770,284 in June 1895, and 45,229,113 in June 1882. Between 1882 and 1895 the population increased at the rate of 14·45 per cent; but between 1895 and 1907 the rate of increase was augmented to 19·22 per cent., a ratio of increase which no other leading European State, with the exception of Russia, has approached. This rate of expansion will perhaps be better illustrated by the statement that between 1882 and 1895 the population increased at the average rate of 436,000 per annum, while between 1895 and 1907 the average rate of increase was 821,000 per annum. At the present time the population is increasing at the rate of nearly 1,000,000 per annum, and it is estimated that by the end of 1921 the inhabitants of Germany will number approximately 75,000,000. It is instructive to compare the changes in the relative position of Germany and the other great Powers in this respect since 1815.

	Population in					
	1815.		1880.		1907.*	
		Per cent. of total.		Per cent. of total.		Per cent. of total.
Austria-Hungary .	28,000,000	19·6	38,000,000	16·3	45,400,000	14·2
France .	29,000,000	20·4	37,000,000	15·5	39,200,000	12·3
Germany .	21,000,000	14·5	45,000,000	18·7	61,700,000	19·6
Russia (European)	48,000,000	33·5	84,000,000	35	128,000,000	40
United Kingdom .	17,000,000	12	35,000,000	14·5	44,500,000	13·9
Total .	143,000,000		239,000,000		318,800,000	

* Or latest date for which the figures are available.

The comparative stagnation of the growth of population in France is one of the most noteworthy facts revealed by the figures contained in the above table. It will be observed also that the position of the United Kingdom is a declining one, and that Austria-Hungary too shows a relative decrease. The remarkable extent of the relative and actual growth of the population of Russia will be noted with satisfaction; and it is evidently to this country that Europe must look for the maintenance of

the equilibrium of power so far as it is capable of regulation by the increase of population.

In June 1907 a census was taken throughout Germany enquiring into all industries in which the population was engaged; and the following is a summary of the results obtained by a comparison of the figures contained in the three censuses of 1882, 1895, and 1907:

	1882.	1895.	1907.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Agriculture	42·51	35·74	28·65
Industry	35·51	39·12	42·75
Trade and commerce	10·02	11·52	13·41
Servants	2·07	1·71	1·29
Soldiers, officials, professions.	4·92	5·48	5·52
Of no occupation	4·97	6·43	8·38

An examination of the returns reveals the fact that agriculture is still by far the most important occupation, although relatively it is losing its predominant position. In 1882 42·51 per cent. of the population were occupied in agriculture; at the census of 1895 the percentage had declined to 35·74; and at the census of 1907 it had further declined to 28·65 per cent. The retrogression was not only relative but absolute, and the actual number of the population engaged in agriculture fell from 18,500,000 in 1895 to 17,680,000 in 1907. On the other hand, the number of the population engaged in industry has risen from 20,250,000 to 26,380,000. Although the agricultural industry is a declining one its productivity appears to be increasing; and at a recent meeting of the Prussian Diet the Minister for Agriculture stated that the production of various kinds of corn had increased from 4,900,000 tons in 1880 to 10,700,000 tons in 1908, and that of potatoes during the same period from 19,000,000 tons to 46,000,000 tons.

One of the principal causes why the population of Germany has increased at such a rapid rate is the fact that emigration has since 1895 been on a very small scale. From 1881 to 1885 the annual average was 171,000 per annum; since then the number has declined materially, and during the year 1908 the number of German overseas emigrants was only 19,883.

The growth of population is one of the most formidable

the problems with which the rulers of Germany have to deal. The necessity of finding fresh markets for her manufactures becomes more acute each year. With an annual addition of 1,000,000 to her population, and her transition from an agricultural to an industrial population, the dependence of Germany upon foreign trade is bound to become greater, and this consideration is destined to have a far-reaching effect upon Anglo-German relations during the next decade.

Although the economic forces which have contributed to the greatness of modern Germany were at work long before 1870, their manifestation, so far as the foreign trade of the Empire is concerned, appears to date from that year. It will be desirable, therefore, to review briefly the growth of Germany's imports and exports since 1870. It is estimated that in 1869 the imports of the German States amounted to 141,000,000*l.* and the exports to 129,000,000*l.* For some years after the creation of the Empire its foreign trade did not expand at a very rapid rate; but from 1889 onwards her progress has been remarkable, and its extent is shown in the following table:

	1889.	1898.	1908.
	£	£	£
Imports . . .	199,480,000	254,030,000	383,200,000
Exports . . .	158,240,000	187,830,000	319,925,000
Excess of imports .	41,240,000	66,200,000	63,275,000

Between 1889 and 1898 there was an increase of 27 per cent. in the value of the imports, and an increase of 18·8 per cent. in the value of the exports. But between 1898 and 1908 the increase of foreign trade was nearly twice as great as during the previous decade. The value of commodities imported during 1908 was 50·8 per cent. more than in 1898, while during the same period the exports increased to the extent of 70·7 per cent. There is no reason to believe that this vast increase was due in any measure to the investment of German capital abroad in those years. Within the comparatively short period of twenty years, it will be observed, Germany has practically doubled her foreign trade.

The comparative figures for the United Kingdom are as follows:

	1889.	1898.	1908.
	£	£	£
Imports . . .	427,637,595	470,544,702	592,593,487
Exports . . .	315,592,679	294,013,988	456,727,521
Excess of imports .	112,044,916	176,530,714	135,865,966

The expansion of British trade during the twenty years referred to was not nearly so great as that of German trade. Between 1889 and 1898 the imports increased to the extent of 10 per cent.; but the exports showed an actual decrease of 21,578,000*l.* or 7·3 per cent. Between 1898 and 1908, however, the course of our foreign trade was more favourable. Imports increased to the extent of 122,049,000*l.*, or 25·9 per cent., and the exports were valued at 456,727,521*l.*, or 55·3 per cent. more than in 1898. There is not space available to discuss all the influences which have affected the course of the foreign trade of both countries; but it may be said that the investment of capital abroad has been a dominant influence in each case. Broadly speaking, it may be said that between 1889 and 1908 the foreign trade of Germany has increased twice as rapidly as that of the United Kingdom. In 1890 Germany's share of the world's trade was 11·1 per cent.; in 1907 it was 12·6 per cent. In 1890 Great Britain's share of the world's trade was 20·8 per cent., but in 1907 it amounted only to 17·6 per cent.

It is instructive to note that Germany's trade balance is, like that of the United Kingdom, a 'passive' one, that is to say, the value of the imports greatly exceeds the value of the exports; and Germany now takes rank as the second creditor nation.

Of her imports, nearly one-half consists of raw materials and food supplies make up a quarter of the remainder; two-thirds of her exports are manufactured goods. Since 1890 Germany has nearly doubled her exports of manufactures to the British Empire. During the same period her exports of manufactures to European treaty States have increased by approximately 150 per cent.; to other European countries 100 per cent., and to the United States

50 per cent. The principal countries with whom Germany trades are the United Kingdom, the United States, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Holland, and the Balkan States. The important position occupied by the British Empire in the foreign trade of Germany may be gathered from the fact that in 1907 the total value of German imports from the United Kingdom and all British possessions was 88,800,000*l.*, or 20·5 per cent. of her total imports; while the value of the German exports to the United Kingdom and all British possessions was 65,202,000*l.*, or 19·5 per cent. of her total exports.

The expansion of Germany's foreign trade reflects the growth of her productive capacity. In 1871 the output of coal was 29,400,000 tons, and in 1908 it was 148,620,000 tons, to which total one syndicate—the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate—contributed 81,920,000 tons. The amount of pig-iron produced in 1871 was 1,421,000 tons, and in 1908 the output had increased to 11,813,511 tons. The value of the entire mineral production in 1886 was about 23,000,000*l.*, in 1907 it was valued at 92,500,000*l.* There is good reason to believe that Germany's exports represent a steadily decreasing proportion of her total production of commodities; and statistics relating to certain industries, compiled by reliable authorities, show that the German people are able to consume a larger proportion than formerly of the commodities which they create by their labour. For example, the consumption of coal per head in 1898 was 1618 kilos, in 1909 it was 2199 kilos.

The exports of German iron have risen from 1,548,000 tons in 1900 to 3,732,000 tons in 1908. The remarkable growth of Germany's exports of iron and steel is noteworthy because the ore is, generally speaking, far removed from the coal, and the manufacturing plants are at a considerable distance from the seaboard. The success which has attended German manufacturers is not due to the fact that they can produce more cheaply than the United Kingdom, for example, but may be attributed in a large measure to the perfection of their organisation. German industry is largely dominated by the syndicates or cartells. There are powerful syndicates controlling the chemical and electrical industries, coal and iron, steel rails and girders, wire and nails, plates and sheets, etc. Generally speaking, it is usual for the syndi-

ates to control the products of the works, and not the works themselves. The usual procedure adopted is for the expert officials to record the mechanical equipment and productive capacity of the various works; orders are received and prices fixed by the syndicate, and the work is apportioned amongst the different manufacturing concerns. Every effort is made to avoid waste and overlapping, and the economies effected are stated to be very great. It is somewhat remarkable that a Government so disposed as that of Germany to regulate the commercial life of its people should have allowed the industries of the country to pass under the control of a few syndicates; but it is not altogether inconceivable that the ultimate purpose of the State Governments is to take over themselves certain of the industries controlled by these syndicates.

Concurrently with the growth of Germany's foreign trade there has been a great increase in the tonnage of her merchant shipping. In 1870 the German Empire owned 982,355 tons of merchant shipping; in 1890 the tonnage amounted to 1,941,645; so that during the twenty years it had practically doubled. During the past decade this rate of progress has been maintained, and the tonnage owned by the end of 1908 was 2,790,435. In 1875 Germany controlled 5·2 per cent. of the merchant shipping of the world; in 1907 her proportion of the total had increased to 10·6 per cent., and it is worthy of note that, great as has been the expansion of her mercantile marine, she does not yet own as large a percentage of the world's shipping as the share which she enjoys of the world's trade, namely, 12·6 per cent.

In 1870 the tonnage of the British merchant navy was 5,690,789, and by the end of 1890 the total was increased to 9,304,108 tons. At the end of 1908 it was further augmented to 11,168,574 tons. Although the rate of progress of British merchant shipping since 1870 has not been so rapid as that of the German Empire, it can hardly be regarded as unsatisfactory. Moreover, although Great Britain's share of the world's trade is 17·6 per cent. her merchant navy forms 48·5 per cent. of the total shipping afloat; and there is ground for the belief that in efficiency and economy of working the British mercantile fleet is still superior to that of the rest of the world. It is difficult, however, to avoid the conclusion that here also Great

Britain is destined ultimately to experience a further decline in her predominant position. In 1897 her share of the world's tonnage was 54·3 per cent., and in 1907 this ratio had declined to 48·4 per cent. Within the same period Germany's share of the world's shipping increased from 7·9 per cent. to 10·6 per cent., and every other country, with the exception of Norway and Spain, improved its position during the decade.

German shipbuilding has also shown an appreciable expansion. Formerly she used to depend to a large extent upon British shipbuilders for her merchant shipping; now she not only builds the greater part of her own merchant navy, but she constructs largely for foreigners. The tonnage launched in the United Kingdom during 1901 was 1,524,729, and in 1908, which was a year of marked depression, the output declined to 929,669 tons. The output of the German yards in 1901 was 217,593 tons, but the depression of 1908 did not appear to affect the German shipbuilders so acutely because the tonnage launched during that year was 207,777.

Germany has made the fullest use of her natural waterways. In 1903 she possessed rivers, canals, and other natural waterways with an aggregate length of 8800 miles, of which over 5000 miles were main streams; and the number of vessels engaged in inland navigation was 25,000, with an aggregate tonnage of 4,900,000. The various State Governments, particularly that of Prussia, have made every effort to assist inland traffic by the construction of new waterways and the improvement of old ones. Up to the end of 1906 the Prussian Government had expended upon the improved carrying capacity of natural waterways the sum of 13,181,000*l.*, and a similar sum for the construction of canals. The estimated expenditure on new works of a similar nature is 16,700,000*l.* The waterways are chiefly used for the carriage of goods in bulk. A competition between the railways and the canals for the carriage of goods in Germany does not exist. It is admitted that it is to the advantage of the railways that certain classes of heavy traffic should be carried by water, as otherwise the railway system would be incapable of dealing with the mass of traffic. From the friendly competition which exists the industries of the Empire have to some extent

benefited because a certain proportion has to be observed between the charges for carriage by rail and those by water.

The economic development of Germany has outpaced her accumulation of capital. Credit is more costly in Berlin than in almost any of the other great financial centres of Europe, and consequently Germany has had to depend upon other countries—principally England and France—for a large part of the capital required to finance her trade. Vast amounts of British and French capital have accordingly been attracted to Germany by the high rates of interest offered, and there is good reason to believe that a substantial proportion at least of such capital is being used to finance the foreign trade of Germany in competition with that of the two great lending countries.

The dearness of money which has led to this dependence upon the foreigner is largely due to the fact that modern banking methods are still undeveloped in Germany. Until the passing of the Cheque Law of 1907 German cheques had no legal status, but a serious endeavour is now being made to facilitate their general use. The great demand for capital which exists in Germany accounts to some extent for the comparatively low level of credit which the Imperial and State loans enjoy. The security offered by these issues is of the highest class, and yet they can only be placed on the market to yield 4 per cent. as compared with 3 per cent. in the case of British consols, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in the case of French 3 per cent. rentes. The frequency with which the Imperial Government and the Prussian Government are compelled to make application to the Berlin money market for loans is a contributory cause to the comparatively low level of German credit. It is a somewhat surprising circumstance that, despite the scarcity of capital at home, Germany has been able to invest vast sums abroad; and a recent estimate, which is generally accepted, places the total value of German investments abroad at about 1,500,000,000*l.*, a sum equivalent to nearly one-half of the estimated value of the foreign and colonial investments of this country. It has to be noted, however, that Germany's foreign trade has been largely built up by the investment of capital abroad.

There is a fundamental difference between the methods of banking business of this country and Germany. The German banks are far more speculative than ours, and they seek business which English banks carefully avoid. For many years the Imperial Diet has pursued a policy hostile to the Stock Exchange, and the development of the Berlin and Frankfort bourses has been arrested. The great German banks have to some extent assumed the functions of the Stock Exchange, while foreign stockbrokers, mostly London stockbrokers, have been able to open up valuable connexions with the German public. In 1907 the Government became alarmed at the comparative dearness of credit in Germany, and a Governmental enquiry into banking was decreed; but the reforms which have resulted are hardly likely to alter the general character of the German banking system.

A great amount of attention has of late been devoted to a comparison of the savings banks deposits of this country and of Germany, but any deductions as to national wealth and progress based on such data are absolutely misleading, and in order to arrive at a true comparison it is necessary to compare the deposits of all the banks of both countries. The so-called savings banks of Germany are really State or municipal banks working largely in competition with the mercantile banks of that country, and to this fact the scarcity of loanable capital in Germany is probably to some extent due. Practically no limit is placed upon the amounts which may be deposited with these savings banks by individual depositors, whereas in this country the limit of 200*l.* cannot be exceeded. The classes of depositors, such as shopkeepers, the small employers, and the *bourgeois*, who are mainly responsible for the huge deposits in the savings banks of Germany, in this country use the joint-stock banks. At the end of 1906 the total deposits of the German savings banks amounted to 670,560,000*l.*, and if to this total be added the deposits of the mercantile banks, 350,000,000*l.*, we arrive at the total of 1,020,560,000*l.* for all the banks of Germany. The deposits of the joint-stock and other banks of the United Kingdom at the end of 1906 amounted to nearly 839,000,000*l.*, and adding the total deposits in the savings banks, 209,000,000*l.*, it will be seen that the deposits of all the banks of the United Kingdom exceeded those of

Germany by about 28,000,000*l.* Moreover, it may be pointed out that this total is exclusive of the huge amount of British capital deposited with the colonial and foreign banks having offices in London. Attention may also be directed to the fact that the deposits of the British banks do not include the funds of the Friendly Societies or workmen's clubs.

The railways have played an important part in the economic development of the German Empire. The railway system of Germany is by far the most important of continental Europe, and the total length in operation at the end of 1907 was 58,040 kilometres, the next largest being that of Russia with nearly 58,000 kilometres. Over forty years ago Bismarck determined upon the nationalisation of the railways, and at the present time 95 per cent. of the railways are in the hands of the States. Bismarck's principal objects were to consolidate the Empire; to strengthen its military position by facilitating the construction of strategical lines and placing the control of the railways in the hands of the State; to provide an important source of revenue which should be outside parliamentary control; and, finally, to facilitate the economic development of the Empire. The jealousy with which the smaller States regard the predominant position of Prussia has hitherto prevented the adoption of a uniform system of State railways for the whole Empire; and there are at the present time six State systems in operation in addition to the Imperial (Alsace-Lorraine) railways. For the year 1907 the gross earnings of all the German railways amounted to 137,250,000*l.*, the working expenses to 94,700,000*l.*, and the net earnings to 42,550,000*l.*, equivalent to 5.60 per cent. on the capital outlay. The total mileage at the end of 1907 was 35,120 and the capital expenditure 781,750,000*l.*

The Prussian State railways are more important than all the other State systems combined, and the net earnings of these railways amounted to more than three-fourths of the total net profits for 1907 above referred to. The expansion of the earnings of the Prussian State railways has been on a remarkable scale. In 1882 the gross receipts amounted to 25,136,000*l.* and the net earnings to 11,330,000*l.*, equivalent to 5.22 per cent. on the total capital of 218,900,000*l.* at that time outstanding. The gross

earnings for 1906 were 93,393,000*l.* and the net earnings 34,900,000*l.*, equivalent to 7·48 per cent. on the total capital of 475,000,000*l.* From these figures it will be observed that since 1882 the gross receipts have increased by 270 per cent. and the net earnings by 200 per cent., while the capital expenditure has only grown to the extent of 117 per cent. The important part which the earnings from the railways play in the State finances may be gathered from the fact that out of the earnings of the Prussian State railways for the year 1907 the sum of approximately 30,000,000*l.* was available for the general purposes of the State, this amount being equal to more than twice the sum yielded by the income and property tax in that year, and that since 1882 the total surplus earned by these railways is about 280,000,000*l.*, the bulk of which has been applied to the general purposes of State. The possession of the railways by the State has enabled the Prussian and other governments to help industries where assistance is deemed to be specially needed by the granting of exceptionally cheap rates of carriage; and there can be no doubt that a great part of Germany's success in foreign markets is due to the generous spirit in which the freight charges on German manufactures to foreign frontiers are framed; and it is instructive to note that in 1906 64 per cent. of the total goods traffic was conveyed at exceptional rates.

In order to understand the present position of the national finances of Germany it will be desirable to consider as briefly as possible the Constitution of the Empire. Germany is a confederation of twenty-six separate States, each of which is entitled to representation on the Bundesrath or Federal Council, which largely controls the policy of the Empire and is a much more important body than the Imperial Diet or Reichstag. The latter body consists of 397 deputies, who are elected by manhood suffrage; but the Bundesrath is appointed by the Governments of the Federal States. Its meetings are private, and, broadly speaking, it may be said that it fulfils, *inter alia*, duties which, in this country, are undertaken by the Cabinet. All Bills are brought before the Reichstag in the name of the Emperor, after acceptance by the Bundesrath, and the Reichstag cannot meet except when the Bundesrath is in session. Every law requires

the assent of the Bundesrath as well as the Reichstag, and almost all laws are prepared and discussed by it before they are introduced into the Reichstag, much in the same manner as our Cabinet discuss Bills before they are introduced into the House of Commons. There are fifty-eight members of the Federal Council, of whom Prussia is entitled to nominate twenty. The predominant position of Prussia is further emphasised by the fact that the Constitution provides that the Imperial Chancellor must be the head of the Prussian Government for the time being.

Under the Constitution of the Empire the States named above form 'a permanent union for the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people.' The different States have surrendered their sovereign rights so far as it is necessary to give effect to the aims of the union, and the Constitution determines certain matters to be subjects of Imperial concern. Among the matters which come within the jurisdiction of the Imperial Government are those relating to the army and navy, posts and telegraphs, inland navigation, the Customs of the Empire, currency and banking, foreign trade, the mercantile marine, and colonisation.

On the foundation of the Empire it was agreed that the Imperial authorities should receive the proceeds of most of the indirect taxation of the Empire, and the revenue derived from posts and telegraphs and from the Imperial railways, i.e., the Alsace-Lorraine railways. But with the obvious intention of maintaining the federal character of the Constitution, and ensuring a close connexion between the common needs of the Empire and the control over them to be exercised by the Federal States, it was decided that one of the principal sources of Imperial revenue should consist of direct payments from the Federal Governments, known as 'matricular contributions.' It was further arranged that these contributions should be assessed in proportion to population, and that they should be refunded either wholly or partly by assignments from Imperial funds.

The charge upon the separate States increased rapidly between 1871 and 1879, and in the latter year an opportunity seemed to occur of placing the finances of the Empire on an independent footing and at the same time

effecting a separation between Imperial and State finance. The policy of Protection had been adopted by Bismarck, and it was anticipated that the increased customs duties would render the Empire financially dependent. The Reichstag, however, was alarmed at the prospect, and it was believed that, by the loss of the right of granting annually the matricular contributions, the privileges of that body would be curtailed. It was also feared that the separate States might find themselves dissociated from an important share in Imperial administration. On the motion, therefore, of Baron von Kanckenstein, the representative of a Bavarian constituency, it was decided that the Imperial Treasury could not be allowed to retain more than 6,000,000*l.* from the customs receipts, the balance being handed over to the separate States as assignments. The Empire was again placed in the position of not being able to command a sufficient revenue of its own, and of being forced to depend upon the grants from the separate States. For about thirteen years this arrangement worked satisfactorily, and until the year 1892 the assignments were considerably in excess of the matricular contributions; but from 1899 the assignments failed to cover the matricular contributions by steadily increasing amounts. The Federal States found themselves called upon at the end of the year to pay considerable sums, which could only be roughly estimated beforehand, while their receipts from the assignments were also an uncertain amount. In addition to the difficulties thus created, the poorer States complained that an undue burden was being thrown upon them by an increasing proportion of Imperial taxation because the contributions uncovered by assignments were payable according to the population instead of upon the basis of relative wealth.

In 1906 Baron von Stengel made a strong effort to place the Imperial finances on a sound basis. The Government asked for additional revenue to the extent of 12,000,000*l.* a year; but the Reichstag refused to grant more than 8,800,000*l.*, deciding that the difference was to be made up by an anticipated increase from the customs, and by leaving the separate States under the obligation of providing matricular contributions, uncovered by assignments, to the extent of 1,174,800*l.* It soon became evident

that these arrangements would prove insufficient. The estimates laid before the Reichstag in 1907 showed a deficit of over 6,000,000*ℓ*. Baron von Stengel declared that fresh sources of revenue must be made available, but showed an uncompromising hostility to direct Imperial taxes. Direct taxation is the principal source of income of the separate States. It is largely imposed in the form of income tax, while in many places (including Berlin) income tax is also levied for municipal purposes. Baron von Stengel was unable to obtain a sufficient majority in support of his views, and he resigned in February 1908, when he was succeeded by Herr Sydow.

In November 1908 the situation described by Herr Sydow was as follows. The excess of expenditure over revenue had in the course of the preceding nine years led to the accumulation of debt to the extent of nearly 100,000,000*ℓ*. The burden of this debt exercised a most unfavourable influence upon the market for Imperial loans, while the varying amounts of the matricular contributions were a source of chronic disorder to the finances of the separate States. Reform was urgently necessary to prevent increase of debt, to establish a proper balance between revenue and expenditure, and to regulate the financial relations of the States and the Empire. For this purpose an additional income of 25,000,000*ℓ*. was required. As the federated States rejected the idea of an Imperial income or property tax on the ground that these sources of revenue were the foundation of their own finances and must not be touched, it was proposed to raise the money from spirits, tobacco, beer, wine, death duties, gas and electricity, and advertisements; the balance was to come from matricular contributions. The reform, in its amended shape, was finally passed in July 1909, and comprised the following taxes, estimated roughly to bring in 23,750,000*ℓ*.

	£		£
Tea and coffee . . .	1,850,000	Land transfer . . .	2,000,000
Beer	5,000,000	Stamps on bills of ex- change and cheques }	975,000
Tobacco	2,150,000	Stamps on securities .	1,125,000
Spirits	4,000,000	Coupon tax	1,375,000
Sparkling wine . . .	250,000	Passenger tickets . .	1,000,000
Matches	1,250,000		
Lighting appliances .	1,000,000		
Sugar	1,750,000		
			£23,725,000

There was practical unanimity among all parties in the Imperial Diet that the Imperial finances should be put upon a sounder permanent basis, but the Reichstag was hampered because Imperial finance is as much a constitutional as a social question. Germany has suffered from the disadvantages which attach to all forms of federal government so far as relates to the apportionment of the cost of conducting the Imperial government. Difficulties of a similar nature have arisen in Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, and, in our own case, with regard to Ireland's share of the Imperial expenditure. The German Federal States did not wish the Imperial Government to trench upon the direct taxation, from which their principal revenues are derived, and the agrarian interest was most strongly opposed to any form of inheritance tax. On the other hand, the industrial population, while, as a whole, admitting the necessity of increased taxation, protested in each group that their manufactures could not bear an additional burden. In the main it will be observed that the agrarian interest has prevailed, and that the bulk of the new taxes will fall on the industrial classes. It is not inconceivable that the financial reform of 1909 may have the effect of impairing the good understanding which has hitherto existed between the great protected interests of Germany; and considerable significance may be attached to the fact that, for the first time, the non-agrarian part of the community has endeavoured to make the others bear their share of the additional burden. The industrial interest has for the time being failed; but with the growing transition of Germany from an agricultural to a manufacturing country it appears to be almost inevitable that the influence of the agrarians in shaping the fiscal policy of the Empire will in future be a diminishing one.

There is also reason to believe that economic causes may tend to bring about an important change in the Constitution of the Empire, that is, in the direction of strengthening the Imperial as against the federal principle. For the time being the federal principle has demonstrated its power; but considerable importance may be attached to the fact that, under the pressure of economic necessity, the separate States are gradually surrendering their sovereign rights in the matter of

direct taxation. A similar tendency is observable with regard to the German railways. The Prussian system has already absorbed the Hessian railways, and the recent agreement between the Prussian State railways and the State railways of Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, Baden, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, and Alsace-Lorraine, for the common use of goods wagons, points most emphatically to the ultimate merging of all these railways under one administration, namely, that of Prussia.

Although the complicated relations which exist between the Imperial finances and those of the separate Federal States have had the effect of bringing the finances of the Empire into a condition of great confusion, it would be a profound mistake to imagine that the general financial condition of Germany is unsound. On the contrary, there is ground for the belief that, having regard to her national wealth, Germany is one of the most lightly taxed of all the great Powers. In 1906 the Imperial debt amounted to 173,445,900*l.* and the debts of the various Federal States to 609,500,000*l.*, the aggregate of both Imperial and State debts being 782,945,900*l.*, equivalent to 12*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* per head of the population. The national debt of the United Kingdom at March 31, 1908, was 759,826,051*l.*, equivalent to 17*l.* 12*s.* per head of the population; and the national debt of France at the end of 1906 was 1,231,973,612*l.*, equivalent to 33*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* per head of the population. This comparison, it will be observed, is very much in favour of Germany. But when the national debts are analysed, it will be found that the real position of Germany is very much more favourable than the above figures show, because practically the whole of the debts of the Federal States are more than covered by the value of the railways and other revenue producing undertakings which they possess; indeed the railways alone have been valued at over 900,000,000*l.* It is true that the Imperial debt of Germany has been increasing at a rapid rate, but it is still comparatively small. In the earlier years of the Empire a good deal of extraordinary expenditure was met by payments from the French war indemnity of 213,000,000*l.*; and the Imperial debt first dates from the year 1877, when it amounted to only 3,534,200*l.*; including the new loan recently issued, it now amounts to 244,000,000*l.* In some quarters there is a disposition

hold the view that the great prosperity of Germany is largely due to the huge indemnity received from France in 1871. The money received from France mainly provided the new Empire with working capital, to speak; but, after meeting the cost of the war, providing fully for the invalidity funds, and defraying the expenditure incurred in strengthening practically all frontiers, it may be questioned whether the indemnity added materially to the wealth of Germany. It probably facilitated the introduction of her gold standard, and it is possible that in other indirect ways it has helped her development; but, on the other hand, there is some ground for the contention that the indemnity was largely responsible for the disorganisation of national finances. On the whole, therefore, it may be said that the war indemnity contributed but little to the greatness of modern Germany. It was inevitable that a great and populous country such as Germany, situated in the very heart of Europe, with frontiers touching with those of nearly all the principal commercial Powers of the Continent, with a fertile soil well adapted for agricultural pursuits, with enormous mineral wealth, with rich forests and many fine natural waterways, and, above all, with a highly educated and disciplined population, should take a leading place amongst the world Powers.

The national income and expenditure cannot be said to be disproportionate to the greatness of Germany. The ordinary revenue for the four years 1907 to 1910, according to the estimates, is shown hereunder, together with the principal sources from which it is derived:

	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
	£	£	£	£
Total revenue as shown in the estimates	114,502,722	123,618,178	128,017,460	130,228,118
Post and telegraphs	29,865,773	31,529,466	32,924,503	33,931,782
Excise	29,386,442	32,646,794	30,818,698	30,930,004
Stamps	19,178,208	19,752,642	19,956,829	28,262,660
Circular contributions	14,243,672	17,241,626	20,130,203	11,185,119
Customs duties	7,737,820	7,047,430	6,581,449	9,629,246
Other duties	5,769,701	6,144,493	6,034,802	5,987,224

The financial reforms effected last year have had a marked effect on the estimates for 1910; and attention may be directed to the huge increase in the estimated yield from excise and stamp duties, and to the almost equally large decrease in the amount to be received from matricular contributions. The railways, it will be observed, play a very small part in the Imperial finances. The extraordinary revenue for the four years named was as follows: 1907, 12,604,063*l.*; 1908, 12,998,104*l.*; 1909, 11,483,950*l.*; and 1910, 9,335,987*l.* Loans represented the principal source from which the extraordinary revenue was derived, and it is instructive to note that, notwithstanding the reforms of last year, the 1910 estimates include a provision of 7,423,934*l.* to be raised from this source.

The total ordinary expenditure for the four years together with the principal items included in the total are shown in the following table:

	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
	£	£	£	£
Total expenditure as shown in the estimates	114,502,722	123,618,178	128,017,460	130,223,110
Army	36,644,914	39,048,847	37,708,228	38,421,880
Posts and telegraphs	26,894,593	27,406,318	28,631,621	31,376,700
Navy	10,837,899	12,382,927	14,197,828	16,143,435
Treasury	13,716,556	15,169,023	16,071,531	12,336,730
Debt	6,727,680	7,854,725	8,392,208	10,839,800
General pension fund	5,073,545	5,402,964	5,634,346	5,793,330
Imperial railways	4,718,386	4,991,722	4,976,461	5,205,380

It will be observed that the ordinary expenditure on the navy has increased by about 49 per cent. since 1907, while the army expenditure has also been substantially increased during the same period. The growth of the debt charge is also noteworthy, and an increase of 61 per cent. in four years under this head is certainly somewhat alarming. The charge for 1910, however, includes provision for redemption of debt to the extent of 1,561,876*l.*, no such provision having been made in the estimates of 1907. It is interesting to note that although the national debt of the United Kingdom is about four times as great as the Imperial debt of

Germany, the interest charges on the former are only 0,543,000*l.*, or less than double the amount of the interest charges on the German debt; this is mainly due to the fact that the credit of the British Government is very much higher than that of the German Government. The sinking fund charges of 7,455,126*l.*, however, bring up the amount required for the services of the national debt of the United Kingdom to a much higher total, namely, 28,000,000*l.*

The extraordinary expenditure for the four years was estimated as follows :

	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
	<i>£</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>£</i>
Total	12,604,063	12,998,104	11,483,950	9,335,987
Army	2,525,866	2,771,665	2,041,908	1,101,277
Navy	2,808,138	4,216,111	5,373,790	5,518,182
Posts and telegraphs.	2,194,567	2,963,858	2,202,643	1,223,690
Imperial railways .	1,842,315	966,055	1,004,131	367,043

The extraordinary expenditure on the army has been devoted almost exclusively to the construction of strategic railways. The large sum included in the extraordinary expenditure for naval purposes deserves consideration. Before 1900 the cost of keeping up the fleet at its existing strength was met out of revenue by making a charge against the ordinary revenues, equal at first to 2½ per cent., and subsequently to 5 per cent., of the cost of construction. Ships were to be replaced on the expiry of twenty-five years' service. Any further expenditure above this rate (which was to be looked upon as an increase in the naval strength of the Empire) was to be met by a loan in the form of a contribution from the extraordinary accounts. In 1900 it was decided that this percentage should be raised to 6 per cent. The estimated expenditure on construction for 1910 is 7,557,023*l.* The money value of the fleet is estimated at 50,410,000*l.*; 6 per cent. of this sum would be 3,024,600*l.*, leaving a balance of 4,532,423*l.* to be met from loan.

The total expenditure on the army and navy for the four years 1907 to 1910 is shown hereunder :

	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
Army	39,170,780	41,820,472	39,750,136	39,523,136
Navy.	13,646,037	16,599,038	19,571,618	21,662,136
Total of both services	52,816,817	58,419,510	59,321,754	61,185,272

The comparative figures for the United Kingdom during the same years are as follows:—

Years ending March 31	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
Army	27,765,000	27,115,000	26,840,000	27,433,000
Navy.	31,434,000	31,141,000	32,188,000	35,143,000
Total of both services	59,199,000	58,256,000	59,028,000	62,576,000

The cost per head for the army and navy, for year to March 31, 1908, was, for Germany, 17s. 3d.; United Kingdom, 1l. 6s. 2d.; and France, 1l. 0s. 10d.; that here again Germany holds a very favourable position. The fact must be borne in mind that, so far at least for her army is concerned, Germany obtains more value for her money than any other Power. With an annual military expenditure of about 39,700,000l., she has 620,000 trained men immediately available in peace time, and fifteen days after the outbreak of war she would have nearly 3,750,000 men available. The United Kingdom with an army expenditure of 27,400,000l., has only 130,000 trained men immediately available in peace time, exclusive of the Indian army and the colonial forces, and fifteen days after the outbreak of war she could only command 330,000 men, apart, of course, from the Territorial force, which numbers about 260,000 men. Making every allowance for the advantages which Germany derives from conscription in this matter, it is difficult to believe that the military expenditure of this country is as effective as that of Germany. The question therefore arises whether Germany is able to obtain better value for her money in the matter of naval expenditure also, and here again it may be feared that the answer must be in the affirmative. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that the accounts of the Imperial Government and

the Federal States are so involved that if it were desired to conceal the total expenditure upon the navy it would be a difficult matter to do so.

A general survey of the course of Imperial finance during the past decade points to the conclusion that it would be unwise to assume that the financial reforms of 1909 will place the national finances on a permanently sound basis. The old vicious system of mixing up the finances of the Imperial Government with those of the Federal States has been somewhat simplified, but nothing short of a fundamental reconstruction of the Constitution will enable the Empire to remove the main source of confusion, namely, the matricular contributions. Moreover, there is good reason to believe that, as in 1906, the yield of the new taxes has been greatly overestimated; while, on the other hand, in view of the naval programme, the increased pay of civil servants, the guarantees for colonial railways, and the increased charges for pensions, there is equally good reason to anticipate that the expenditure will largely exceed the estimates.

Generally speaking, however, it may be said that there is little ground for the assumption that Germany is overtaxed, at least so far as the Imperial and State revenue systems are concerned. An inspection of the bases on which the financial systems of the Federal States are constructed reveals the fact that the national finances of Germany are different from those of all other countries owing to the large proportion of income derived from State-controlled industries. While in Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, the United States, and other countries, about one-tenth of the national revenues are derived from State industries, such as the posts and telegraphs, etc., 53 per cent. of the national revenues are obtained in Germany from these sources. The State railway system, though unimportant in the Imperial finances, is the main source of the strength of Prussian finance, and, as has been already stated, the net earnings of these railways for 1907, after meeting interest charges, amounted to a sum which was twice as large as the yield of income and property tax during that year. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that this policy has withdrawn from the area of private enterprise one of the most lucrative fields for the invest-

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ment of capital. It has, moreover, the further disadvantage that it has seriously embarrassed the national finances instead of strengthening them, because the frequent appeals to the money market for loans for railway purposes have depreciated the credit of Prussia generally. Despite the magnificent asset which she possesses in the shape of her State railways, Prussia can only borrow money on a 4 per cent. basis. The income of other countries is mainly derived from taxes, among which customs and excise play the chief part. In Germany taxes only bring in about 17 per cent. of the State requirements, and, reckoned per head of the population, they were, before the passing of the reforms of 1909, only about half as high, for example, as those of Great Britain and France. The Federal States of Germany also derive a large income from other State-controlled industries, such as canals, forests, lands, and mines.

International statistical comparisons are always unsatisfactory owing to the practical difficulties in the way of obtaining perfectly parallel conditions. But in 1908 Dr Friedrich Zahn, in *Die Finanzen der Grossmächte*, made an attempt to estimate the amounts raised by certain of the great Powers, by means of direct and indirect taxation, which deserves careful consideration. The following are some of the results obtained from his investigations. Income and capital tax: Germany, 6s. 4d. per head; United Kingdom, 15s. 2d. per head; Italy, 7s. 5d. per head; France, 2s. per head. Trade taxes: Germany, 4d. per head; United Kingdom, nil; France, 2s. 10d. per head; Russia, 1s. 2d. per head. Site and land taxes: Germany, 8d. per head; United Kingdom, 4d. per head; France, 2s. 2d. per head. Stamp duties: Germany, 2s. 7d. per head; United Kingdom, 3s. 1d. per head; France, 4s. per head. Succession duties: Germany, 8d. per head; United Kingdom, 9s. 5d. per head; France, 5s. 5d. per head. Customs: Germany, 10s. 4d. per head; United Kingdom, 17s. 1d. per head; France, 8s. 5d. per head; Russia, 3s. 9d. per head. Spirits: Germany, 2s. 8d. per head; United Kingdom, 9s. 3d. per head; France, 6s. 10d. per head. Beer: Germany, 1s. 9d. per head; United Kingdom, 6s. 7d. per head; United States, 7s. 10d. per head. Salt: Germany, 10d. per head; United King-

dom, nil; Italy, 1s. 10d. per head. Sugar: Germany, 2s. 3d. per head; France, 3s. per head; Russia, 1s. 7d. per head; United Kingdom, 2s. 7d. per head. These estimates, it may be pointed out, relate to the year 1906, and of course the new taxes imposed last year will in many instances make Germany's comparative position less favourable. On the whole, it may be admitted that the Imperial and State taxes of Germany are lighter per head of population than in this country. On the other hand, there is good reason to believe that, although the taxation of this country is greater, it does not constitute such a heavy burden, owing to our greater national wealth.

In the matter of local taxation the position of Germany is not so favourable. The States have retained absolute independence with regard to the regulation of all questions of local administration. There is no uniform system of local government in Germany; in each State, and even in different parts of the same State, different systems are in force. In Prussia the system of government adopted is based on the principle of the territorial distribution of administrative functions. State control of local government is not effected, as in England, through a central department of a Minister of State, it is effected mainly through the State authorities acting in the government divisions. A further fundamental difference may be noted between the local government systems of England and Germany, and that is, that in the latter State the legislature interferes scarcely if at all in the control of local government. Local government in Prussia does not rest upon a popular basis; the franchise system in force is decidedly anti-democratic. In principle the suffrage lays great stress upon the amount of taxes paid; it gives a higher value to the vote of the citizen who makes the larger contribution in aid of the expenditure of the corporate body of which he is a member. The principle of manhood suffrage has never found favour with the ruling classes of Prussia. From the earliest times representation has been regarded as the right of property, not of men; and the amendments to the Prussian franchise which are at present under discussion will, if passed, merely effect a few detailed alterations in a franchise avowedly illiberal. In intro-

ducing the Bill the Chancellor said it was designed to preserve the 'conservative organism' of Prussia. People, he said, were interested in electoral reform in Prussia because they wanted the destinies of the Empire to be determined by a democratised Federal Council, and to such an outcome the Government were opposed.

Local authorities in Germany possess, as compared with those in England, very wide powers of taxation. In addition to the power of levying direct taxation in respect of the ownership of lands and buildings, the pursuit of trade, and upon incomes, they are generally empowered to meet part of their financial necessities by indirect taxation of certain kinds. Very considerable sums are raised in German towns from such sources as taxes on the change in ownership of land, on malt and beer, dogs, amusements, and, in some towns, on articles of general consumption. The powers of local authorities to raise money by taxes on corn, vegetables, meal, pastry, cattle, flesh, etc., were, however, annulled from April 1, 1910, and this will necessitate the reorganisation of the local finances.

In 1905 the average amount of local taxation raised per head of the estimated population in 54 of the principal cities of Germany was 1*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* For a similar number of representative English towns the average amount raised per head was 1*l.* 7*s.* It is important to note, however, that the English figures did not include sums raised to meet expenditure in connexion with the relief of the poor. Similarly calculated, the average amount of debt outstanding per head of the population was 10*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for the German towns and 19*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* for the English towns. On the whole, therefore, balancing these figures, it may be said that, with regard to local taxation, Germany does not occupy a much more favourable position than this country.

Further confirmation of the belief in Germany's ability to bear the burden of additional taxation is to some extent afforded by a consideration of the data available with regard to the rise of wages which has taken place during the past twelve or fourteen years. The general increase in wages between 1896 and 1906 has been estimated at between 37 and 38 per cent. On January 20, 1909, the Prussian Minister of Finance stated

that the statistics collected by the Accident Insurance Fund showed that in the year 1893 168,300,000*l.* was paid in wages, and that in 1906 the amount had increased to 388,000,000*l.* The average wage paid in 1893 was 33*l.* 11*s.*, but in 1906 it had advanced to 44*l.* 14*s.*

On the other hand, the cost of living has increased enormously in Germany since 1896. For several decades the policy of the country has been dictated by agrarian considerations; every new tariff has increased the duty rate on corn and agricultural produce; the importation of meat has been rendered either illegal or is subjected to increased duties and heavy dues in the shape of fees for inspection. The consequence of this policy has been a substantial and continued rise in the cost of food stuff, which, in its turn, has been reflected by the increased cost of manufactured articles. The expenditure for rent in a workman's budget is notoriously high. The town of Munich made careful enquiries and found that in 1907 rent absorbed 14·9 per cent. of incomes from 60*l.* to 75*l.* per annum, and 9·4 per cent. of incomes of 100*l.* and upwards. It may be pointed out that the people of Germany is largely dependent upon the potato. It is not only a potato producing and potato consuming country, but large masses of the population are dependent on the potato, as the mass of people in Ireland used to be, and to some extent still are.

A return recently made by the statistical bureau of the town of Munich revealed the fact that the average annual wages earned by skilled workmen were about 64*l.* The expert who was commissioned to examine these returns expressed the opinion that a family with three, and at the utmost four, children could only just manage to live healthily and respectably from the wage of a skilled workman by exercising the greatest economy and thrift. If a similar enquiry were extended to the unskilled working classes a much more hopeless picture would be presented. In the agricultural districts too there is a vast population living on the verge of poverty.

Certain authorities, however, are of opinion that the ample rise in wages has more than kept pace with the increased cost of living; and there can be little doubt that the German workman lives better than he used to do. The standard of living has been raised all round. Food

has improved, clothes have improved, and Germany has become a rich country without the lowest grades of poverty which exist elsewhere. It does not, however, appear that, generally speaking, the German workman lives as well as the British workman. The conclusions arrived at in the statistics published by the Board of Trade with regard to the cost of living in German towns as compared with the cost of living in English towns are very interesting. The general result of the comparison is to show that in German towns the workmen engaged in certain standard trades receive about 17 per cent. less in money wages, in return for a week's work of about 10 per cent. longer duration, than the corresponding English workmen. On the other hand, the cost of fuel, rent, and food (measured by the English standard) is about one-fifth higher. It must be borne in mind, however, that, for reasons already stated, international statistical comparisons are extremely difficult to make and should be accepted with considerable reserve.

The income tax returns afford further evidence of the growth of German prosperity. The principal source of income of the separate States is direct taxation, which is largely imposed in the form of income tax. Each Federal State has its own tariff of income tax; but it will be convenient to take that of the principal State, Prussia, as it gives a very fair representation of the methods in vogue throughout the whole of the Empire. In Prussia incomes of less than 45*l.* per annum are not subject to State income tax. Under the Communal Taxation Law, however, smaller incomes are liable to taxation for communal purposes. The lowest income which is taxed for communal purposes is 15*l.*, and there are many towns where incomes of over 21*l.* are taxed. The general principles governing this tax in Prussia are as follows. The gross taxable income is made up of money and money value, the latter including all payments 'in kind.' Liability to payment of the tax begins with an income exceeding 45*l.*, but the earnings of the members of a household are counted together. Deductions are allowed in respect of premiums paid on sickness, accident, old age, widows' and orphans', and pension funds, and also life insurance premiums up to a maximum of 30*l.* Extra allowances are made for sickness and other misfortunes, and also for

special expenditure on the education of children. Under the Finance Act of 1909 abatement of income tax has also been granted to a certain number of classes in the progressive scale when the person assessed is bound to maintain a certain number of children or dependents.

The following is the tariff of the State income tax which was in force four years ago. A certain number of modifications have been introduced since then, but it may be taken as approximately correct.

TARIFF OF THE PRUSSIAN STATE INCOME TAX.

Incomes.				Tax.		Incomes.				Tax.	
Over	£	s.	up to	£	s.	Over	£	s.	up to	£	s.
	45	0	52	10	0 6		450	0	475	0	13 16
"	52	10	"	60	0	"	475	0	"	525	0
"	60	0	"	67	10	"	525	0	"	575	0
"	67	10	"	75	0	"	575	0	"	625	0
"	75	0	"	82	10	"	625	0	"	675	0
"	82	10	"	90	0	"	675	0	"	725	0
"	90	0	"	105	0	"	725	0	"	775	0
"	105	0	"	120	0	"	775	0	"	825	0
"	120	0	"	135	0	"	825	0	"	875	0
"	135	0	"	150	0	"	875	0	"	925	0
"	150	0	"	165	0	"	925	0	"	1,025	0
"	165	0	"	180	0	"	1,025	0	"	1,075	0
"	180	0	"	195	0	"	1,075	0	"	1,125	0
"	195	0	"	210	0	"	1,125	0	"	1,175	0
"	210	0	"	225	0	"	1,175	0	"	1,225	0
"	225	0	"	250	0	"	1,225	0	"	1,275	0
"	250	0	"	275	0	"	1,275	0	"	1,325	0
"	275	0	"	300	0	"	1,325	0	"	1,375	0
"	300	0	"	325	0	"	1,375	0	"	1,425	0
"	325	0	"	350	0	"	1,425	0	"	1,475	0
"	350	0	"	375	0	"	1,475	0	"	1,525	0
"	375	0	"	400	0	"	1,525	0	"	1,600	0
"	400	0	"	425	0	"	5,000	0	"	5,250	0
"	425	0	"	450	0	"			"		200 0
					12 12						

The municipal or communal income tax is levied locally as a percentage of the State income tax, the usual addition being 100 per cent. of the State tax. On this basis, therefore, it may be estimated that the average tax paid on an income of 52*l.* is 12*s.*; on an income of 74*l.*, 1*l.* 12*s.*; on an income of 100*l.*, 2*l.* 12*s.*; 149*l.*, 5*l.* 4*s.*; 200*l.*, 9*l.* 4*s.* Incomes of less than 160*l.* are of course exempt from tax in this country, and, under the present rate of 9*d.* in the £ for an earned income, the tax payable by a British subject on an income of 200*l.* would be only 30*s.* In the higher incomes it will be observed that

the Prussian State tax approximates to 3 per cent., and that a tax at the rate of 4 per cent. is not reached until the income amounts to 5000*l.* and upwards. On the whole, therefore, it may be said that in Germany large incomes are more lightly taxed than in this country, while, on the other hand, smaller incomes contribute very much more to the national revenues than they do in this country. In Prussia, as a matter of fact, incomes which would not be liable to income tax in this country contribute 34 per cent. of the total yield of the State income tax.

The income tax returns of Prussia are instructive. In 1892 the amount of income assessed was 498,070,000*l.* In 1908 the total income assessed had increased to 678,344,000*l.*, a growth of 36·2 per cent. in sixteen years. Between 1907 and 1908 alone the number of persons liable to income tax increased by 492,850, equivalent to 9·1 per cent., while the assessed income increased by 58,748,000*l.*, or 9·5 per cent. As far as Prussia is concerned there were in 1905 68 per cent., but in 1908 only 52 per cent. of the population whose incomes did not bring them into the classes paying income tax, that is to say, out of a total population of 38,000,000 as many as 20,000,000 had in 1908 incomes below 45*l.* per annum. The number of persons with incomes between 45*l.* and 150*l.* rose from 27 per cent. in 1905 to 42 per cent. in 1908, that is, 16,000,000 out of the remaining 18,000,000. These figures must, however, be accepted with a certain amount of reserve because, under the Finance Law of 1906, employers were compelled to reveal the wages of their employees if the wages earned were below 150*l.* per annum., and this resulted in a very large addition to the amount assessed under this classification. Out of a total population of 38,000,000 there are 36,000,000, or 94·7 per cent., who still have an income below 150*l.* per annum. Only 2,000,000 of the inhabitants of Prussia have incomes exceeding 150*l.* per annum, and this comparatively small proportion of the population—5·3 per cent.—contributes 66 per cent. of the total yield of the Prussian income tax.

Within the past two years frequent attempts have been made to prove, by a comparison of the income tax returns of the two countries, that Germany is increasing her national income more rapidly than the United Kingdom. But, for reasons given above, an international

comparison of the growth of national income based on such data is almost certain to lead to a statistical illusion, because it is impossible to make provision for all the circumstances which have affected the incidence of the tax in each country.

The total gross amount of income brought under the review of the Inland Revenue department of the United Kingdom in 1908 was 946,578,997*l.*, which compared with 373,711,988*l.* in 1893; the increase during the fifteen years was therefore at the rate of 40 per cent. A rough method of calculating the national income of the United Kingdom is to double the amount of income brought under the review of the Inland Revenue department, and on this basis the national income may be estimated at approximately 2,000,000,000*l.*

In 1895 Schmoller estimated the national income of Germany at 1,250,000,000*l.*; and Steinmann-Bucher, in the pamphlet referred to later, estimated that in 1907 it amounted to 1,750,000,000*l.* The Prussian income tax returns certainly afford conclusive evidence of the great increase of the national income during the past twelve years, but it may be doubted whether the annual average increase has amounted to as much as 42,000,000*l.* per annum.

It is a matter for regret that there are no reliable estimates available as to the amount of the national wealth of Germany. German economists have always admitted the difficulty of estimating national wealth. Neumann states boldly that it is impossible to arrive at any sound estimate, and Schmoller is sceptical about the value of the results obtained up to the present. It will be interesting, however, to consider briefly the estimates available with regard to this matter. In 1894 the national wealth of the Empire was estimated at 11,000,000,000*l.*; and in 1909 Steinmann-Bucher, in his pamphlet '*Deutsches Volksvermögen*,' placed the total at 17,500,000,000*l.* According to these estimates, therefore, the national wealth of Germany during the fifteen years has increased at the rate of 430,000,000*l.* per annum. This is obviously an extravagant estimate, and it exceeds the most sanguine estimates formed by reliable authorities as to the increase of national wealth of the United Kingdom during the past decade. Some prominence has been given to the

pamphlet of Steinmann-Bucher, and it will be desirable, therefore, to examine it in detail. The following are the principal items upon which the total is based :

	£	£
(1) Private property, movable and immovable, 8,100,000,000 to 9,000,000,000		
(2) Landed property according to various categories—		
(a) Landed property in towns, building sites, etc.	2,000,000,000 to 2,500,000,000	
(b) Rural landed property		2,500,000,000
(c) Value of private mining property		250,000,000
(3) Value of capital invested abroad		1,500,000,000
(4) Value of property in productive and interest-bearing Imperial and State investments—		
(a) Railways		950,000,000
(b) Mining properties and other State industrial establishments, sea and inland harbours, canals		250,000,000
(c) Posts and telegraphs, public buildings, etc.		500,000,000
(5) Merchandise in transit, floating supplies, ships		200,000,000
(6) Specie		250,000,000
A total of between 16,600,000,000£. and 17,900,000,000£.		

The above estimate is open to very serious objection. In the first place, the valuation of from 8,100,000,000£. to 9,000,000,000£. for real estate and movables is based upon the fire insurance returns, which is an eminently unsatisfactory method of valuation. It includes business and dwelling houses, buildings, furniture, raw and auxiliary materials, the products of industry, goods, machinery, fittings, tools, stores of grain, cattle, etc. It seems not improbable that many of the items included in the total may have been counted twice over or included under some of the other headings of the valuation. It has to be borne in mind, moreover, that the increased duty rate has artificially raised the agricultural value of land by increasing its revenue ; and in the sitting of the Imperial Diet of June 23, 1909, one of the members estimated such increased value at 1,000,000,000£. The estimated value of the rural and landed property, and the landed property in towns, also appears excessive, particularly in view of the fact that during the past forty years the yield of the land tax has fallen off appreciably. The estimate of 1,500,000,000£. as representing the value of German capital invested abroad may be accepted.

The estimated value of the State railways does not appear to be unreasonable, and, as a matter of fact, a somewhat higher valuation might be justified on the basis of the net earnings of these railways during the

past three years. The valuation of 250,000,000*l.* for State mining properties, canals, etc., may also be accepted; but 500,000,000*l.* for public buildings, posts and telegraphs, etc., appears to be excessive. Official estimates support the valuation of 250,000,000*l.* for specie; and the estimated value of the mercantile marine, merchandise in transit, etc., need not be too closely criticised. The pamphlet was written to demonstrate the ability of Germany to bear the additional burden of taxation which was about to be placed upon her, and the writer has laid himself open to the objection that he has allowed this consideration to colour all his calculations.

On the whole it would not be unreasonable to assume that if, for the purpose of an international comparison, the national wealth of the United Kingdom be estimated at about 17,000,000,000*l.*, the national wealth of the German Empire may be estimated at about 14,000,000,000*l.* But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the evidence available points to the conclusion that the national wealth of Germany has during the past decade increased at nearly as rapid a rate as that of the United Kingdom, and that, if the German Empire continues to expand at the same rate which she has attained during that period, it is not improbable that her national wealth may grow as rapidly as that of the United Kingdom; but there are certain indications which point to the conclusion that this is improbable.

For many years German industry has enjoyed a specially favourable position owing to the lower wages paid and the longer hours worked. Within the past five years however the industrial conditions of Germany have shown a marked tendency to approximate to those of the United Kingdom, so far as these two points are concerned, and with the growth of wealth and the increased cost of living the German people are becoming less thrifty. The effect of these conditions on the accumulation of wealth is shown in the returns of the Russian savings banks, which indicate that during the past three years the amount available for deposit was very much smaller in proportion than during the preceding five years.

The general conclusion to be arrived at from a survey of the economic position of Germany is that it is a matter

Art. 9.—GREECE AND KING GEORGE.

No one who knows Greece can fail to be astonished, and more than astonished, by the strange comments on Greek and Cretan affairs which occasionally flow from the lips or pens of experienced politicians here and abroad. Some of those remarks would be statesmanlike if the conditions which they presuppose were real. But political intelligence and statesmanlike qualities of mind are useless if they are exercised upon a wholly imaginary view of the facts. And that is too commonly the case when the situation in Greece is under discussion. The social and political bent of the Greek people, the causes that have arrested its progress and sapped its vitality, the poisonous influence of political parties on the spiritual life of the nation, the aims of the Military League, and the influence of the King, are matters respecting which mistaken notions universally current have acquired the consistency of axioms. The object of the following pages, written without conscious bias, is to put the public in possession of the leading facts, which may enable it to form an independent and correct view of what is going on in Greece.

Of all nations in Europe the Greeks are, perhaps, the most difficult to govern by means of a democratic régime. Their good qualities, as well as their weaknesses, make themselves felt as formidable hindrances to that spontaneous co-ordination of national endeavour and individual sacrifice for the common weal without which no democratic community can thrive and expand. The capacity of the Greeks for political cohesiveness corresponds to the strength of their social instincts, and it is fair to say that both are uncommonly slight. In marked contrast, however, to the poverty of the nation's social and political equipment is the marvellous fitness of the individual for the struggle for life in its most forbidding aspects. He has the secret of creating something out of nothing. In the business of money-making, even in the face of disheartening odds, the Greek has but two rivals and no superior.

Like all Balkan peoples, therefore, the Greeks needed a strong government. Indeed it is hardly too much to

affirm that the number of political communities throughout the world which would receive benefit instead of harm from democratic institutions like our own is much smaller than was at one time hastily assumed. Bulgaria undoubtedly owes her present prosperous condition to the circumstance that her rulers, while constitutional in name, have been autocrats in reality. Happily for the Bulgarian nation they were also men of high political purpose. The Greeks, who are easy-going, cheerful, patient, and forgiving, resemble in some respects precocious children. Unreasonably exacting, they long to reap where they have not sown. Thus they clamour for a formidable army and refuse to contribute to its creation and upkeep. They expect their government to raise money without taxation, and get together troops without obligatory military service. They lack the quality of reverence in all its aspects, and treat the deity and the monarch with disrespectful familiarity. But it does not follow that they are either atheistic or republican. On the other hand, Greek politics are equally free from a labour question, a religious struggle, a socialist problem, and an agrarian difficulty.

Called into being in 1830, Greece enjoyed the rare advantage of being first, and for a time alone, in the field of Balkan politics. With no dangerous rival to fear, she found a noble task—union and fusion with six millions of kinsmen scattered over the Turkish Empire—soliciting the exercise of her highest powers, and sending the life-blood of the nation pulsing through every member. Leopold I of Belgium envied the lucky man to whose lot this glorious life-work should fall. It fell first to Otto of Bavaria, who reigned till 1862. On his expulsion, as the result of the revolution of that year, Prince William of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, son of King Christian of Denmark, was selected by the four protecting Powers as the Moses of the Hellenes. Assuming the title of George I, the young Prince entered upon his public life with ideals the reverse of those which attract born leaders of men. He laid greater store by the joys of living than by the sterner joy of pursuing high political and social aims in strenuous patience and heroic self-renouncement; and he was incapable of identifying personal success with the triumph of a national cause.

George I might have played a historic part in the renaissance of Hellas had he been able to conceive differently of his mission and dedicate himself to the service of the people whole-heartedly. For the Greeks were willing to follow the lead of a political athlete, of a statesman of constructive power, or even of a politician of masculine ardour; and had they encountered such a one events in the Balkan peninsula since 1833 might have run in a different channel. A leader like Porfirio Diaz of Mexico, Charles of Roumania, or even Ferdinand of Bulgaria, would have taken the dream of the Greek race for his own political ideal, helped his subjects to realise unity of national thought and feeling, quickened within them a sense of their own potentialities, and heartened them to high resolve and unselfish action. Between such a course and self-abandonment to the action and passion of the pleasure-seeking world, whose ideal is to browse in a paddock of Parisian delight, lies the sheer abyss which now threatens to engulf King George's subjects. Neither King nor people ever broke away from the dusky depths of individualism, whence they had no glimpse of the highest goal, not even in such broken lights as come in defective vision.

The disastrous consequences which Sir Edward Grey retold for Egypt, if that country were prematurely endowed with constitutional government, ensued in Greece; — 'corruption, confusion, disorder, and oppression.' And these plagues have deprived King George's realm of national pith and sap, and left it helpless on the highway of nations. The forces of democracy were never organised in Greece; parliamentary life there was a vulgar farce with a tragic fifth act. The line of cleavage between parties was attachment to persons, not faith in principles. Around the leader who had most patronage to dispose of most followers flocked. Every change of Cabinet was followed by a general exodus of a whole army of officials from the posts in which they had been staying by money against a rainy day. Everybody, from the Prime Minister down to the street scavenger, was turned adrift. Judges were removable at the pleasure or displeasure of the Cabinet. Justice was a marketable commodity, like votes in parliament and votes in the constituencies, the prices of which were subject to slight

fluctuations. The press had to live on its wits, and could not afford to be squeamish as to expedients. 'Money does not smell,' was its maxim. The funds allotted to the defence of the country were squandered in discreditable ways, truth was sedulously adulterated, justice poisoned at its source, patriotism lost its meaning, and Greece was left drifting towards the maelstrom.

During this long period of political decay professional politicians had charge of the machinery of government. The King kept ostentatiously aloof. And this indifference has been lauded to the skies by his Majesty's apologists, while his critics, by way of counterpoise, term it the inexpressible sin, and point out that it would be deemed reprehensible in a steward, who, if conscientious, would not hesitate to punish waste and encourage thrift. The King of Italy was asked a few years ago to sign a document creating six new places in the Foreign Office. He enquired the motive. 'The work is too much for the present staff,' was the answer. 'Very good; remind me of it on Friday,' he said. Next morning the King went to the Foreign Office during the first hour of work and asked to see a certain official. 'He is absent,' said the servant. 'When will he be here?' 'As usual, about eleven.' That was two hours later than the time fixed by law. Further enquiry elicited the fact that the officials always worked several hours less than they were paid for working. And when Victor Emanuel was next asked by his Minister to ratify the order, he declined, gave his reason, and added, 'First let the regulations be observed, and then, if the pressure of business is too much, it will be time enough to appoint more officials.' In Athens too the public departments are empty in the early forenoon and at certain other times of the day when, according to regulations, work ought to be brisk. One may then enter freely from the street, wander through every room, and fail to find a human being astir. Last November a foreigner called at the Ministry of the Interior, found all the doors open, the lights burning, the tables full of documents, but no one to answer a question. Yet King George—his advisers declare—would sign an order to-morrow for increasing the number of officials if his Minister laid it before him.

Under every government, every leader, the sowing of

the wind went merrily forward. Between the two 'great statesmen' of the last century, Tricoupi and Delyanni, there was hardly a greater difference than between Pontius and Pilate. Each one contributed in turn to impair the vital interests of the nation. Tricoupi borrowed money with the recklessness of Dick Swiveller, and made promises to pay which were lighter than the breath that uttered them. He did worse: he 'commandeered' the proceeds of a railway loan and handed them over to the State. Unluckily for the Government they included German investments. Two reforming politicians, Rhalli and Sortiropoulo, coming into power vainly strove to undo the harm. Obtaining a moratorium, they issued bonds and intended to pay up. But Tricoupi, superseding them, repudiated their policy and went back to his system of extravagance. Subsequently, after having wasted the resources of the country, undermined its credit and brought down upon Greece the stigma of shiftiness in money matters, he rose in the Chamber and blandly said, 'I regret to announce, what you probably all know already, that we are unhappily insolvent.'

Delyanni, the rival 'great statesman,' struck out another line of action, but it led to the same goal. He economised some twenty-five to twenty-six million francs, declined to hand them over to the nation's creditors, and hoarded them until the war of 1897 broke out. At the close of the campaign German suggestion led to the establishment of a system of international financial control which still sadly hampers the movements of Hellas.

The war of 1897—a veritable catastrophe, not only for lesser Greece, which acknowledges the sway of King George, but for all Hellenes throughout the East—was a turning-point in the nation's destinies. By crippling the realm financially it took away the plenitude of the nation's independence and thrust it into the background of the Balkans. A hopeless struggle, which could only end in disaster, it injured the political credit of the Greeks for elementary common-sense. Then for the first time the world grew alive to the fact that of all the Balkan States Greece alone is, from a military angle of vision, a *quantité négligeable*; that her army is a crowd of undisciplined peasants, and her chief commanders are unversed in the elements of modern warfare. In short,

only a bitter enemy of Hellas would have welcomed the campaign against Turkey, which might aptly be likened to a war waged by the parish of St Pancras against the Ottoman Empire.

Now the one man who could easily have hindered that calamitous war was King George, and he held his hand. It cannot be argued in his defence that a constitutional monarch is invested with no such power of veto, and that it would be a breach of duty to usurp it. For, apart from the circumstance that exceptions are tolerated, it is an open secret that the King's continuous influence on the course of foreign policy had never been weakened by constitutional misgivings. Its source was the privileged relationship between him and the protecting Powers to whom the little State owes its existence and its well-being. Towards Greece they stood in the relation of an earthly providence from which all things might be hoped or feared, and King George's part was that of intercessor. Moreover, constitutional scruples did not deter him from seeking to obtain the island of Crete, not for Greece, but as his own fief. In 1898 Prince George, during his visit to Russia, when told that the union with Greece was for the moment impossible because subversive of the *status quo* which the Powers were concerned to uphold, requested Nicholas II to have Crete bestowed as a fief, not upon the kingdom of Greece, but upon his father, King George. But the Tsar, whose grasp of Near-Eastern questions is comprehensive, very properly declined to countenance this extravagant assertion of individuality.

It is manifest, therefore, that it was not constitutional scruples that kept George I from vetoing a war which was at once a folly and a crime. But what is less evident is the fact that the King helped actively and materially to bring it on, relying on the goodwill of the Powers to stay its progress, nay, to forbid its outbreak. Just a month before hostilities began, he had a long talk with a foreign diplomatist, which was destined for publication, and among other things he said :

'My patience has been exhausted. I now no longer ask anything of Europe, neither the independence of Crete nor its union with Greece. Consequently *I have myself decided to unite Crete to Greece.* . . . The Greek army has strict orders

to occupy and administer the island in my name. . . . It is possible that this, my unalterable decision, may displease the Great Powers, and it is also on the cards that they may take repressive measures. But in such case I am certain that I shall have on my side the whole of the Greek race, and this is the only lever I require.'

Language like this would have been at once dignified and inspiring if it stood for genuine feelings and real intentions. But this active stirring up of passion, this wilful toying with Greek fire, coming after a spell of the opposite policy, was but part of a poor game of bluff. The Powers were to be overawed, the Greek people conciliated and soothed, and the King to be lauded as the doughty champion in whose person the nation's ideals and strivings were gathered up. That, however, is a by-issue. The main point is that, as a consequence of fluctuant moods or of tactical considerations, the constitutional sovereign took upon himself to step beyond the limits set to his activity by the Constitution and to turn the scale when he should have contented himself with poising the beam. And then, after the disgraceful flight of the Greek forces from Larissa, the Crown Prince, whose conduct provoked caustic strictures from friend and foe, defended himself at an interview with a representative of the 'Acropolis' newspaper in the following suicidal terms:

'I was of opinion that we should not have entered upon a war. Nor did we believe that war would ensue. And I am not ashamed, nor do I hesitate, to tell you that when I went to Thessaly I did not think that we should really fight.'

During most of the period of darkness and decay that came after that crushing reverse, the Ionian party leader, M. Theotokis, was the guiding political spirit. Pliant and complaisant, he favoured the spread of Court influence from foreign to domestic policy, but confined it within constitutional forms. Corruption became the principal motive power of parliamentary activity, which was carried on by men of diseased self-consciousness or inordinate greed. Large sums of money were swallowed up in the administration by officials whose fingers were lime-twigs. For the proper training of public opinion a press syndicate was formed, which persuaded the banks to pay an annuity

to the newspapers composing it. M. Theotokis threw open the sluice-gates of the treasury resources and let a golden stream flow out upon the lucky supporters of the Government. Sinécures were created for the friends of the invisible wire-pullers, who set in motion the machinery that moved men's hopes and tempted their avarice. Gangs of parasites filled the government offices. In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, for instance, M. Rhalli found, last autumn, thirty-three military officers, who were absent from their regiments and in the employ of that department, solely because such was the will of the Crown Prince. Hordes of Greeks from Crete were in receipt of pensions and led lazy lives, of use to nobody. And while the resources of the nation were being thus wasted, the army and navy were neglected and the frontier left undefended. The outcome of this combination of political listlessness with an unceasing struggle of sordid interests, was the stifling of high ambition, the marring of national endeavour, the atrophy of the nation's noblest functions.

The ignominious issue of the war at first roused the nation from its coma. A genuine but shallow contrition for past sins began to be felt and uttered, accompanied by a resolution to make amends. But M. Theotokis diverted these wholesome national currents into the narrowest of channels. At the desire of the Court he used his parliamentary majority to create the post of Commander-in-chief of the forces for the young Crown Prince, and employed his suaveness to convince the country that that measure was the beginning of military regeneration. Public opinion, easily satisfied in Greece, gladly caught at this soothing affirmation and let things take their downward course. Military experts however warned the Minister and the Court that the measure would force the army into conflict with the Crown Prince and the parliament. One of the most competent and respected of them besought M. Theotokis to desist from his project in the interests not only of the army, but also of Prince Constantine himself, who had come out of the war damaged in prestige and bereft of popularity. But those warning voices died away unheeded and the inexperienced royal youth was placed in a position which enabled him to play havoc with the forces of his country. He alone

became competent to make appointments among the corps of officers and no one had the right of veto. This was a *reductio ad absurdum* of parliamentary institutions. On the one hand, the King could do nothing without his Ministers, nor the Cabinet without the assent of the King. On the other hand, this impulsive young Prince was made sole and absolute master of the army. His orders, which could make or mar it, needed neither the monarch's assent nor the approval of the Cabinet to give them force. And he was not chary of issuing them. In a couple of years the army was emasculated, the kingdom stripped of its defences, the union of Crete postponed indefinitely, and a crisis brought about to which the nation may ultimately succumb.

M. Theotokis perceived in the light of experience that, in using the army as a means of gratifying the young Prince's lust of power, he was sacrificing the weal of the nation to a whim of the monarch. The Minister frankly admitted to his friends that he had made a miscalculation, and promised to rectify his error by abolishing the post. But his hand was stayed once more. Again he hearkened to suasive voices from the Court and grew deaf to sterner promptings. Other years passed, the Crown Prince clung on to his post, and the army dwindled to a shadow. Each Premier in turn began by adjuring the King to abolish the office of Commander-in-chief, and ended by lending a hand to perpetuate the harm he deprecated. For the fond father was inexorable. At last the army, represented by the League, flung its sword into the scales of argument. And even then the sovereign continued to resist and let it be known to the Chamber that if the office were abolished he would vacate the throne. That move took the monarch beyond the bounds of constitutional prerogative and personal dignity. For when at last his will was overruled and the commandship abolished, the King not only acquiesced, but expressed regret that the Leaguers had not from the first communicated their patriotic programme to him, and enabled him to read their movement in favour of the sorely needed reforms.

This abrupt *volte-face*, thoroughly characteristic of the Court tactics, affords us a clue to the constitutional psychology of the monarch. Whenever, while swimming

against the stream of public opinion, he felt that he was about to be carried away by the headstrong current, he always tardily reversed his course. Nay, in such case it has been his wont to seek to head the movement in the contrary direction. These simple but ineffectual tactics, which have been adopted at every phase of the present crisis, show that the King has been caricatured by those critics who painted him as an inflexible, strong-willed absolutist. It is natural that he should seize as much power as he can get, and it is not surprising that he should cling to it tenaciously. But what few people suspected was that, once confronted with politicians or patriots who, like the Leaguers, cried 'thus far and no farther,' and evidently meant what they said, he not only gives way and does the will of the stronger, but finds appropriate words in which to prove that it was the one thing needful. A monarch endowed with this useful blend of human nature and constitutional pliancy would, in the hands of a deft parliamentary potter, be a heaven-sent ruler. But the Greek Parliament had no such potter, but only soot-coated pots which were lustily calling the kettles black.

During the years of corruption that coincided with M. Theotokis' tenure of office, justice was bought and sold almost openly. Among the Court favourites was a certain judge of a tribunal of the first instance, before whom cases were sent in which courtiers were interested. And his judgments habitually fell out as expected. From grateful friends he accepted presents of money and presents in kind; so catholic was his taste in these matters that he did not turn away a sheep fattened on milk which came bleating into his courtyard one day from the penfold of a grateful client. He subsequently sold it as a rare delicacy to a butcher, who paid for it accordingly. The butcher killed the sheep and offered the mutton for sale at a high price to indignant customers who wanted it at the usual rates. Declining these offers with scorn, the meat merchant explained, 'This sheep was fed on milk. There is not another like it in all Greece. It belonged to Judge X, and I paid him heavily for it.' The people caught up and repeated the piquant story, which spread over Athens. Further facts were divulged, the press inaugurated a campaign, and this time even high pro-

tection failed to save the judge from dismissal. The incident of the judge and the butcher is typical.

Despite all these provocations, neither the country nor the army had allowed itself to be betrayed into a word or act indicative of disloyalty or disaffection. It was only when the outlook seemed hopeless that a few officers of spirit, moved by patriotism and military pride, bestirred themselves, founded the League, drafted a programme of reform, and eliminated from its methods reprisals for the past. On this remarkable proof of self-mastery or moderation sufficient stress has not been laid by the friends or the adversaries of the reform movement. It is matter for surprise and admiration that the members of the League, when masters of the situation, did not, in an outburst of wild rage against the authority whom they deemed guilty, dash themselves wildly against its rule.

In August 1909 the Porte humbled Greece to the dust by summoning her to disclaim any intention of ever annexing Crete. M. Rhalli, who was then Prime Minister, replied that, since Crete was a deposit in the safe-keeping of the Powers, it was not for Greece to make declarations about its future. But the Turks refused to take this answer. They were spoiling for a fight. In their dealings with Bulgaria they had had to cool their ardour and weigh their words, for Ferdinand's subjects were as ready with the sword as with the pen. Here it was otherwise. Greece was unprotected. Her only hope was in the Powers, and Turkey's prime object was to detach the Powers from their *protégée*. Accordingly the Porte presented a fresh note on August 13 insisting on the issue of a self-denying declaration respecting Crete, and another about Macedonia, Epirus, and the Turkish isles of the Archipelago. This was too much even for King George's subjects. Greece called upon her guardians for succour. Her sovereign drew upon the generosity of his powerful patrons. But this time his draft was not honoured. The Powers, who had wofully mismanaged their Near-Eastern interests, finding themselves now compelled to choose between feeble Greece and powerful Turkey, espoused the cause of the Moslem. Stung to the quick by this double disaster, the Greeks crept under the yoke, and wrote the self-denying stipulation. What else was there to do? There was no army, no ammunition, no

hope from a Cretan rising, no friend among the Powers, no royal intercessor as of yore.

That, then, was the outcome of the forty odd years of national decline during which there had been no *annus mirabilis*, no awakening of poignant consciousness, no moments of culminating ardour, no attempt at a well ordered course of sanative action. Greece has never had a statesman capable of awakening the racial or national consciousness, still less of bracing it to heroic endeavour. The central influence of politics had been corrosive. Between the great spiritual forces of western Europe and the political spheres of Hellas there had been no vital, no fruitful, relation. And when the people, bereft of saving faith, overcome by a sense of its own powerlessness, had yielded to circumstances and crumbled away into three million individual wills and interests, when, in fact, the nation was at its last gasp, the Military League arose. Its aim was modest: to kindle public spirit, to get the nation to recognise its malady and heal it, to move politicians to take public life seriously, and to save what had not yet been irrevocably lost. Its members had noted with poignant grief how different had been Turkey's treatment of Greece and Bulgaria; they perceived the cause of this difference in the weakness of the one army and the strength of the other, and they realised that the forces to which they belonged were as useless as painted wooden cannon would be in war. They also held that, as parliamentarism run wild was the chief cause of the *arterio-sclerosis* from which the nation was prematurely suffering, that system must be modified. One may well ask therefore whether it is not the League which is in reality the champion of a genuine conservatism, while the anarchist movement is fomented by its enemies.

The Military League consisted of unsophisticated officers—some of them hot-headed and unreasonable at times—whose notions about politics were concrete and simple. But they were all the more fitted to grasp broad issues plainly put, and to discern the lines of approach to their solution. Thus they asked whether, if a well-trained, well-equipped army, proportionate to the wealth and numbers of the population, be a necessary condition of normal health in a nation, the leaders visible and in-

visible of that nation, acting in the people's name, should be allowed to nullify every effort made for the purpose of raising such an army. Again, if the Court be, as it seemingly is, the embodiment of the spirit of negation, should the weal of the community be sacrificed to its whims? Or if the Chamber, whose function it is to represent, not so much the people as the people's vital interests, is, on the contrary, the agent of those who are damaging systematically those interests, is it not a patriotic duty to check the power for evil of that legislative body? Finally, should the patriotic elements of the nation let themselves be intimidated in the exercise of their duty by the spectacle of foreign warships in Phaleron? Those were some of the plain questions which presented themselves to the minds of those simple patriots. They go to show that the misnamed 'anti-dynastic' element in the revolution is but a healthy desire for reasonable reform countered by a bluff-like resolve on the part of the King and the friends of parliamentary corruption to thwart the endeavours of the reformers; while the alleged 'anarchic element' of the movement is simply again that same wholesome craving for political and social betterment which the well-meaning Powers in their bewilderment are frustrating by means of their warships.

Against the Military organisation it has been objected that its origin is revolutionary and its mode of action unconstitutional. And the statement is a useless truism. The national grievances, to redress which the reform movement came into being, have their origin in flaws of the Constitution. Consequently the Constitution needs revision and must be treated as a faulty mechanism. The advocates of the League say, with a good show of reason, that while their procedure may be incompatible with the letter of the Constitution, the conduct of their opponents has been one continual violation of its spirit. Was the King's threat that he would abdicate if the post of Commander-in-chief were abolished, in accord with the Constitution, they ask? Was it constitutional for the Powers, with the assent of the Court, to despatch their warships to Phaleron in order to checkmate the League and hearten the perpetuators of the abuses that were sapping the vitality of the nation? The Powers succeeded; they weakened the League which was

working for the best interests of the community. But if they thus assert the right of supporting the monarch against the nation, should they not also recognise the corresponding obligation of checking the harmful use of the royal influence which they are keeping the League from checking? It seems fair to ask, these advocates conclude, whether the Powers have a clear perception of the issues, and whether they are not trying to apply a dead standard to living fluid fact?

Thus the Greek reform movement is a revolution not of interests but of ideas. They are homely feasible ideas, not metaphysical abstractions. The Military League took things just where it found them and sought to better them by such means as lay at hand. It failed to evoke enthusiasm, partly because of the nation's supineness of spirit, and largely because it did not ape the French revolutionary bodies, make a clean sweep of history and tradition, promulgate the rights of man, and promise a period of bliss. Leaving abstract rights alone, it concerned itself about the pressing needs of the people and the future of the nation, and endeavoured to attain its modest ends, not only without a volcanic upheaval, but without the effusion of blood. One of its greatest merits, in our judgment, is that, being itself the representative of brute force, it shrinks from all forms of violence and proclaims its belief in moral influences.

When the League resolved to cross the Rubicon and act, a number of its officers quitted Athens and formed a camp at Goudi, taking about 2000 soldiers with them. Four of their comrades, chivalrous monarchists who discerned their highest duty in strict fidelity to their oath of allegiance to the King, resolved to be faithful to that. They accordingly rode out to Goudi and called upon their soldiers to leave the mutineers' camp and return to Athens and their duty. Had they succeeded their revolutionary comrades would most probably have lost their lives. Aware of this, the insurgents, to be beforehand, rushed up to slay them. The president of the League, Colonel Tsorbas, sprang to the help of the quixotic monarchists. Their lives were spared, but they were subsequently tried and condemned to dismissal from the army for an act which was at once a plain duty and an heroic feat. But the cruel and unjust sentence could not be carried out

without the King's sanction, and everybody was convinced that his Majesty would withhold it. To his environment the monarch announced that he had made up his mind to abdicate rather than requite heroic loyalty with such base perfidy. But a few days later his Majesty gave way and expelled these officers from the army for devotion to his person and faithfulness to their duty. It was a new crime and a perilous precedent. Contemporary Europe has already branded with ignominy this unkingly and unmilitary act of surrender, and history will endorse the verdict. To the respectful remonstrance of friends the King is said to have replied, 'I am signing an enactment expelling my own sons from the army. Are the four officers more to me than my children?'

If the argument was worthless, the statement was correct. A Bill for removing all the King's sons from the army and navy was drafted and laid before the Chamber. That too was an ungenerous measure, which raised the King's resentment to its highest pitch. This, people said, is the issue on which the battle will be fought out between the sovereign and the League. At first it was publicly made known that if it passed the monarch would vacate the throne, quit the country, and take his family with him. But when he perceived that the League was unmoved by this threat, King George instructed his sons to write a letter to the Speaker requesting the Chamber to pass the Bill. And the Princes were accordingly dismissed from the army and navy and deprived of the right of wearing the King's uniform. It was a crushing and unnecessary humiliation. Yet a few days later the King eulogised the League. After these proofs of his Majesty's unbounded constitutional adaptability, the pulse of the royalist movement slackened. For there was a royalist party in Greece from the first, which, however, has not yet come in contact with an anti-dynastic current. Indeed, although dissatisfaction is widespread, disaffection is unknown. Open enemies to the dynasty there are hardly any; its dangerous back-friends consist of the male members of the royal family at home and the protecting Powers abroad.

The King has utilised to the full almost every opportunity that offered of overstepping the constitutional hedge which shielded him, and has thus hurt the sus-

ceptibilities and estranged the sympathies of his subjects. He baffled their exertions to create an army proportionate to their resources; he confided their interests abroad to his personal friends, of whom one was his *âme damnée*, and the other had not visited Greece for a quarter of a century; and when public spirited politicians were on the point of obliging him to effect desirable changes in the diplomatic staff, he induced a friendly sovereign to send him a telegram requesting that a certain Minister should be left at his post. Even respecting money matters—the most sordid cause of quarrels—the King managed to get at loggerheads with his people, refusing to vacate the stables—their own gift of half a century ago—the site of which, situate in the main street of Athens, has decupled its value, and is required by the city for trade purposes. Although the municipality offers an equally convenient site in another street, his Majesty obstinately refuses to vacate the stables for less than the full market value of the land. That, of course, is the King's right. But it is sometimes to a man's interest to waive his right. If George I had foresworn his right in this case, and asserted it when asked to punish four chivalrous officers for risking their lives in his cause, the dynasty would stand on a firmer basis to-day.

And the King's sons failed as hopelessly as their sire to gain the goodwill of the Greeks. Indeed it would be misleading to imply that they had ever tried. The Crown Prince, now become the impersonation of the forces that crushed the army, is more unpopular than his august father. Prince George, as High Commissioner in Crete, went far towards ruining the cause of that people. 'I am come to be your Peter the Great!' he told his advisers soon after his arrival, in reply to their suggestion that some consideration should be had for the wishes of his subjects. And he tried as hard to play the part as the suitors strove to bend Ulysses' bow, and with analogous results. He removed judges in violation of the Constitution, and to the astonished State Attorney* he intimated his intention to punish disobedience with the bastinado! He gagged the press, suppressed all

* A born Greek who is now living at Athens.

rnals but one, had the editor of that one put in prison, then forbade even this paper. He appointed mayors of the towns and also the town councillors. Coercion was the 'open sesame' by which he hoped to square the political circle. M. Yannaris, a Cretan who had been professor at the University of St Andrews, wrote a confidential letter to Prince Nicholas suggesting that Prince George should not protract his stay in Crete, and that Prince Nicholas might perhaps succeed where his brother had failed. That confidential letter was forwarded by Prince Nicholas to Prince George, who had the professor condemned for it to two years' imprisonment. To crown this he had the parliamentary Opposition put in prison, and even at last a humble petition was presented by the notables of the island, asking him to restore the constitutional régime, the Prince addressed them thus :

You say that the Constitution has been trodden underfoot. I have trodden it underfoot. I still trample it underfoot; and what's more I mean to go on trampling it underfoot. I will brook no Constitution, I will respect no law, in order to maintain union with Greece. Don't think that it was by your efforts, or your blood, that you freed yourselves from the Turkish yoke. Nothing of the kind. It was neither your efforts, nor your courage, nor your blood; it was solely through the intervention of the Tsar that you were emancipated. Therefore bow down your necks.'

One of the members, M. Georges Fournis, remarked, 'In that case, Monseigneur, you ought to administer oxen to these not independent citizens.'* The upshot of this young Prince's Cretan career was the intervention of the Powers, who had him smuggled out of the island.

Such are the domestic foes of the dynasty; they are the King's own household. Their potency for evil is heightened by the ill-judged action of the Powers, who dispatch their battleships to Phaleron whenever a sane Bill is about to become law or a rational reform measure is assuming shape, which the King dislikes to-day but will praise to the skies to-morrow. This 'intermeddling' is bringing the protecting Powers, their representatives, and the King their *protégé*, into utter

* This was in 1904, in the month of March.

discredit. The sovereign is in no danger. Converging complaints and grounded dissatisfaction make it seem to foreigners that the Greek people is anti-dynastic. They are not. They feel that George I and his dynasty have been appointed to rule them by a cruel fate which they cannot alter without aggravating. They resemble the Siamese twins, who would gladly have parted had parting been an improvement. Although the apprehensions of the protecting Powers are on their sharpest edge, it is unlikely that George I, who has sacrificed power, prestige, and the dignity of a king and parent for his crown, will ever spontaneously renounce it or force the latent opposition between himself and his people to a pitch which would necessitate deposition. As for the Crown Prince, whose temper is more impulsive and much less pliant, it is possible that, should he ever ascend the throne, public feeling against him might mount to the heat of aggressive disaffection.

In the attitude of the sovereign, as outlined by his Majesty's public acts, one seeks in vain for some stray token of vision, grasp, breadth of judgment, or even of that manly whole-heartedness from which, in moments of fierce duress, kingly self-respect draws nutrition. George I has never been able to lead, withstand, or accept the new forces that are constantly arising round him; nay, if one may reason from his public policy, he invariably misread the central issue of every dispute until the battle was over. The besetting sin with which Greek patriots reproach him is undue influence over his Ministers whose days have been long in the land when they showed themselves docile and brief if they set public duty before subservience to the Court. It was this attraction of Court gravitation, or the suspicion of it, that brought about the fall of the League's own Premier, M. Mavromichali. After having carried countless measures, many of them highly sanative, through the Chamber, this able Minister was believed to be compassing together with the Court the overthrow of the League. His resignation was called for, and in the nick of time the League sent for the Cretan leader, M. Venizelo, who, going straight to the root of the matter, proposed that a National Assembly be summoned to revise the Constitution.

But to hold the King and the dynasty answerable for all the evils that now beset the Greek people would be grossly unfair. It is urged by the King's censors that he allowed the national defences to dwindle to a mere semblance. And it is not easy to rebut the charge. But what if he also held that that was sound policy? And he may well have believed that his subjects could not do better than dispense with a costly army and navy and trust to the Powers to make up for the deficiency. That is the theory on which a special pleader would rest the case for the King. Efficient defences and good finances, it might be argued, are incompatible in Greece. A powerful army implies flourishing finances, but the finances cannot flourish if they have to keep the army and navy well supplied with men, arms, ammunition, and barracks. For defence, Greece would require, at the least, a force of 125,000 well trained men, with the requisite barracks and frontier strongholds. And for such a band of defenders the nation is unwilling, and, under the present circumstances, perhaps unable, to pay. But suppose a force of this strength could be organised, of what use would it be in war-time? The cost of mobilisation—about one hundred million francs—would alone be prohibitive; for the country has no resources for meeting such demands. It possesses no war fund such as Germany and Russia have, nor can it raise a loan for the purpose because of the certain veto of the international control. These limitations are set by Fate itself, which has given Greece only 2,663,952 inhabitants, whilst bestowing on Turkey 25,000,000. However efficient the Greek soldier may become, and however large a percentage of the male population bears arms, Turkey will always be able to overrun Thessaly with troops and to capture Athens. The biggest army Greece can afford will therefore be as useless as the smallest. Why should she ruin herself by paying the difference?

And of the navy the same remarks hold good. Formerly things were different. In Hamidian times Turkey had no seaworthy ships to send against the Hellenic navy which swept the waters that wash the shores of the Balkan Peninsula. The Greeks could seize Crete, bombard Salonica, annex Chios, capture Samos—in theory. But when war was declared, a political fiat

forbade her to make use of her naval superiority. Austria vetoed the bombardment of Salonica. The friendly Powers debarred her ships from entering Cretan waters, although Crete was the stake she was playing for. Chios and other islands might have been seized, but the inhabitants sent their heartfelt sympathy to their Greek brethren and besought them not to occupy the islands lest it should lead to a massacre by the Turks. The upshot of the matter was that the only Greek warship that ultimately set out against the Moslems had to turn back because its supply of projectiles was useless. Those considerations point plumb in the direction of disarmament and prompt Greece to put her trust in the Powers. At the worst she will be much better off than if she relied on herself.

Whether true or false, that theory of the interdependence of the finances and the defences of the little realms would go far to explain if not to justify certain aspects of the King's policy. And its force is heightened by reflections of another order. Greece, whose population if united with that of Crete, would not be much over three millions, is at bottom a protected not an independent State. The limitations set to her independence are of a twofold character, political and financial. In the first place she may not arbitrarily depose the King, pass over his rightful heir, or change the monarchy into a republic. That is the real meaning of the foreign warships in Phaleron. Consequently, against the King's rule, however baleful, so long as it is clad in constitutional forms, there is no redress. *Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*. The Powers are the backers of the dynasty; they may grow remiss in protecting Greece, but nothing shall keep them from befriending her ruler. A word addressed to a foreign Minister will bring formidable battleships into the Piræus or Phaleron, and British sailors into the tea-rooms of Chrysaki in Athens. The financial control, if less brutally irksome, is equally real. If a Cabinet seeks to raise money for defences in view of a possible campaign, the control will frown, and its frown will be translated into ruinous terms by the financial syndicate from which the money is expected. Practically, therefore, financial control connotes a veto on the national defences. Greece, thus hampered on all sides, is not an independent

State, and she needs no bigger army than the republics of San Marino and Andorra. After all, politics is the art of the possible, and the ideals that lure Greek patriots lie in the sphere of the unattainable. Such, in brief, are the views which would throw the least unpleasant light on the attitude of King George.

This doctrine, jejune though it be, if the King had had faith in it, would have borne him with dignity through the dreary period of decay with which his name is now indissolubly associated. But the country will look at it in the light of a personal excuse, not of a political theory. For there is not a shred of evidence to show that his Majesty had any perception of the needs of his people, or any grasp of the principles which, judiciously applied to them, would have enabled him to use this theory as his defence. The finances were squandered systematically, not only in feeding the channel of corruption, but in keeping up the semblance of efficient defences which only lulled the nation's fears. Nay, the friendliest eye looks in vain for a single thread of continuity of purpose during the King's long reign. He never once displayed in action a spirited insistence on determined political ends, still less on a coherent system of policy. The only practice from which he never deviated was to lay the blame for every new crisis on the Powers. But, as the American proverb coarsely puts it, 'cussing the weather is mighty poor farming.' At no period of his reign can the King be said to have had an eye to the requirements of the moment, or a steady will to pursue a set course of political action.

Whatever may have been the right course to strike out when Prince Wilhelm assumed the title of George I, forty-seven years ago, it is evident that money and money's worth in national defences constitute the key to the position to-day. In the future of Greece—if Greece have a political future—financial solvency and military efficiency will be the decisive factors. Well-trained troops, a well-filled treasury, and a master-mind to keep the ship of State from swerving from its course, would enable Greece to follow slowly in the steps of Bulgaria. But are these conditions of success possible in view of what has just been pointed out? And, if possible, are they likely to be realised by the highly cultured Hellenes?

We doubt it. For the effort now needed is almost superhuman, while the obstacles are not stationary but growing.

For the troubles that have sprung from the Cretan fiasco, politicians blame M. Theotokis and the King, who in turn shift responsibility on France, England, and Russia. For years the Powers had been preparing Crete for union with the mother country in the belief that Turkey was doomed to disappear from Europe. They had allowed the Cretans to have their militia and gendarmerie officered by Greeks, and their post-office and tribunals managed by subjects of King George, and they crowned their work by transferring the suzerain rights of the Sultan to the King of the Hellenes, who now appoints the High Commissioner of the island. Adjured to effect the union without delay, the Powers buoyed up Greeks and Cretans with the soothing assurance that Europe would shortly be ripe for the annexation. And the hour of destiny struck at last in October 1908, when Eastern Roumelia was welded in one with independent Bulgaria. But Turkey had not disappeared; she was alive, active, and indignant. This *contretemps* upset the well laid plans of the Powers. Moved by unerring instinct, Crete proclaimed the union, but Greece, on the advice of M. Theotokis and the King, shrank from recognising it. That was a fatal mistake. What made it all the more irritating was that it was committed by the same monarch who, in 1897, had actively helped to plunge the country in a hopeless, ruinous war for Crete. Had the union been accepted, every Power in Europe, including Turkey herself, would have been better for it to-day; and now they all admit it. The King's plea is that the Powers promised that if he held his subjects back the annexation would be proposed by France at the European Conference which 'was certain to meet in a few months.'

Thrice the Powers erred gravely in the short space of a few years, and one of the consequences of their shortsightedness was the crisis which still keeps Europe in a chronic fever of apprehension. They began by favouring the Greeks in the assumption that the sands of the Turk were run down, yet they were needlessly slow in detaching Crete from the Ottoman Empire, confident that in the Near East no deep-reaching change was to be looked for.

And when the most opportune moment had come for fusing the two countries in one, they light-heartedly sacrificed substance to form, assuming that the successful states of Europe, actuated by a spirit of brotherhood, would consent to meet at a round table and pay for acquisitions which they accounted lawful booty.

At present Crete is united with Greece in all but the name. The members of the Government have taken the oath of office to King George as their predecessors did. The Constitution is that of Greece, the stamps and coins and flag are Greek. In short, the last threads that once bound Minos' isle to Turkey are severed. Turkey is eager and able to assert her fictitious rights of suzerainty. Greece is impatient to enjoy the increase of prestige and strength which union with Crete will bring her. And between the ebb and flow of these two floods the protecting Powers are caught. Young Turkey is palpitating with passion. Crete and Greece are boiling with impotent rage. The spirits of the adversaries are rising, and the direction imparted to European politics may at any moment lead to disaster. And yet at bottom the real issues between Greece and Turkey are trivial. Come what may, the island of Minos can never again be made to acknowledge Ottoman sway. Crete is certain to be absorbed by Greece or to absorb her. Formal annexation, therefore, which would cost Turkey no material sacrifice, would be of measureless worth to Greece, whose demands on life are moderate. United, and concentrating their efforts on constructive work, Greeks and Cretans would be a help to their neighbours; sundered and straining after a forbidden goal, they constitute a chronic danger. At present Greece has lost caste in the world of nations. As a political factor she is not reckoned with by either friend or foe.

Summing up, one may describe political Hellas as almost at death's door, yet not wholly bereft of hope of recovery. For it is not impossible that heroic efforts may ultimately bring about convalescence; but it is inconceivable that she should ever again take over the inspiring part in the Balkan drama for which she seemed alike fitted and predestined half a century back. The propitious moment came and found her with unlit lamp and ungirt loin, and passed on to the Slav who was

ready. New conditions have sprung up in the Peninsula since then; hardy enterprising rivals have appeared on the scene, too well-equipped to be ignored even by the great Powers, and strongly backed by some of the greatest. In short, no politician of weight any longer fancies that, at the end of the rainbow vision of Hellenic greatness and power and glory, which still sends thrills of delight to Greek hearts throughout the world, there is any real gold to be hoped for.

But already steps have been taken in the direction of improvement. Out of the bottomless welter of strife and confusion which prevailed down to January, the Cretan leader, M. Venizelos, has evolved relative order. On his arrival in Athens at the invitation of the League, the King and Court uttered the usual cry of alarm, to which the whistles of the foreign battleships in Phaleron sounded the traditional response. But Venizelos went to work undaunted. The one salve he brought for the wounds of the nation was union. And to everybody's surprise, in a few weeks he bridged the chasms that had sundered parties and factions. He then proposed to have a National Assembly called, in order to bring the Constitution into line with contemporary requirements. But the mere mention of such a body was gall and wormwood to the King, who declared that the measure, if adopted, would add the last element needed to turn the mutiny into a revolution, to embitter the relations between ruler and people, and to force him to lay down the sceptre. The foreign diplomatists also blew the same horn right lustily. But within a few weeks M. Venizelos persuaded everybody that the one issue out of the 'no thoroughfare' led through the hall of the National Assembly. And the King, again tardily swimming with the current, extolled the proposal as ingenious and effective. Whatever may be thought of the royal tactics, the praise is merited, and M. Venizelos approved himself a benefactor to the sovereign as well as to the country. And now there seems no reason to doubt that the Assembly will meet in autumn and prune and trim the Constitution in harmony with latter-day needs.

The Greek Government might do worse than empower M. Venizelos, who has thus worked wonders as a peace-maker and negotiator, to tackle the delicate task of

approaching the Turks on the subject of Crete, which, as long as it remains an open question, will continue to be an open wound. To the request of the Powers, who displayed more craft than straightforwardness in their dealings with Turkey and Greece, the Porte naturally turns a deaf ear. But Turkish statesmen might be less obdurate to Greece, who disposes of a powerful lever in the influence of the Hellenic colonies of the Ottoman Empire. For, by scientifically pressing this lever at the right moment and in the proper place, some of the strongest ethnic currents which threaten the stability of the young Turkish fabric might be diverted into a harmless channel.

The most difficult of the domestic problems is the re-organisation of the army, which has been thrust into salient prominence by the agitation of the Military League. For there can be no doubt that a powerful army is the backbone of a State. Now, from this point of view, Greece is not a State at all, or at best but the pithless semblance of one. And she is condemned to linger on in this condition of helplessness unless and until her citizens assimilate the lesson of self-abnegation, and show by telling acts their readiness to be taxed for the weal of the whole community. This change of conduct, however, presupposes a sudden growth of those social instincts in which the Hellenic nation is characteristically deficient. And such an abrupt uncaused change would be a little less than a miracle.

Art. 10.—THE REFERENDUM AND ITS CRITICS.

1. *The Referendum in Switzerland.* By Simon Deploige advocate. London: Longmans, 1898.
2. *Popular Government.* Four essays. By Sir Henry S. Maine. London: Murray, 1885.
3. *The Crisis of Liberalism: New Issues of Democracy.* By J. A. Hobson. London: P. S. King and Son, 1900.
4. *By the People. Arguments and Authorities for Direct Legislation, or the Initiative and the Referendum. Direct Legislation Record.* By E. Pomeroy and others. Newark, N.J. (Published quarterly.)
5. *The American Commonwealth.* By James Bryce. Two vols. Third edition. London: Macmillan, 1893.
6. *The Reform of the House of Lords.* By W. S. McKechnie. Glasgow: MacLehose, 1909.

IN 1880 the name of the Referendum was unknown to Englishmen. In 1885 Maine revealed to his countrymen the existence in Switzerland of this 'most recent of democratic inventions.' His 'Popular Government' was marked by all his brilliancy of style. It lacked something of his usually sound judgment. It was nothing else than a clever diatribe against democracy. To Maine the Referendum was merely a *reductio ad absurdum* of democratic doctrine. No man of half his ability could in 1910 treat this constitutional invention after Maine's manner of supercilious superiority. The lapse of twenty-five years has worked a revolution in public opinion. The name of the Referendum is now on the lips of every person interested in political theory. The general nature of the institution is pretty well understood. The Referendum is perceived to be the formal acknowledgment in matters of legislation of the nation's veto. Under whatever shape it exists we all now know that the Referendum is the application of the following principle, namely, that—if for convenience I may use English parliamentary terms—no Bill of serious importance, e.g. a Bill changing the constitution of either House of Parliament, shall pass into law or become an Act of Parliament until and unless it has been submitted to, and received the sanction of, the electors who vote on the question, whether such Bill shall or shall not become an Act of

Parliament. This Referendum, or appeal to the people, or national veto, aims at achieving one or both of two compatible objects, namely, first, that a Bill of importance shall not, even though passed by both Houses of Parliament, become an Act or law of the land against the deliberate will of the nation; and secondly, that when a legislative deadlock arises through the one House of Parliament passing and the other rejecting a given Bill, the deadlock shall be terminated by such Referendum, or appeal to the electors as aforesaid, on the question whether the Bill shall or shall not become an Act of Parliament. The fact is, as is now well known, that, even when Maine wrote, the institution was not peculiar to Switzerland. It derives its name from that country, but it had long existed, if not in name yet in reality, in all the States of the American Commonwealth. The Referendum now forms part of the institutions of the Australian Commonwealth. It has been introduced into that new polity under the Constitution Act passed by the Imperial Parliament. At this time of day an institution which only amused or amazed Maine can no longer be treated as merely an absurd though legitimate deduction from fallacies which, as he held, vitiated the whole theory of popular government. Like other constitutional contrivances which have stood the test of time, the Referendum is the product of circumstances and experience. Lecky was no Radical. But he foretold, as early as 1896, that the idea embodied in the Referendum was destined to exert a wide influence, and might be used to temper the defects of parliamentary government. His forecast has been completely justified by the event. The Referendum at this moment arouses the attention and excites the hope of many reformers. But their approval of a democratic institution is not due to any increased enthusiasm for the principles preached by Rousseau and at one time adopted throughout the Continent of Europe by all Republicans. Even in France the principles of 1789 have lost much of their popularity.* Englishmen turn their eyes towards the Referendum because the last thirty years have gradually revealed to all candid observers

* See especially Chardon, 'L'Administration de la France: Les Fonctionnaires.'

some unsuspected weaknesses of parliamentary government. Obstruction has robbed the English House of Commons of half its dignity. The closure and the guillotine (necessary though they may be) have destroyed that free and rational debate which was once supposed to be the soul of the representative system. With unfettered debate has all but vanished the liberty of voting. Lowell's 'Government of England' demonstrates with arithmetical certainty that the rigidity of party discipline has increased year by year. Hence has perished, or is perishing, the silent authority exercised between 1832 and 1870 by the more moderate members of the House of Commons. No two statesmen ever differed more widely than Peel and Palmerston; they both however understood the House of Commons created by the Reform Act of 1832. Each of them exerted untold influence by his capacity for conciliating the actual, if not always the nominal, support of the moderate men of all parties. The crushing defeat of 1832 did not prevent Peel from reconstructing the Conservative party by 1835. He pursued with consummate skill a policy which was more attractive to moderate Whigs than the ideas—some of them very sound ideas—advocated by the Whig leaders, and which was more acceptable to sensible Tories than the high Toryism of Lord Eldon. Palmerston, at the height of his power, was in reality the representative of moderate opinion. He was the most popular leader of the Liberals. He was preferred by many Conservatives to Disraeli. The triumphs of Peel and of Palmerston do not now admit of imitation. Party discipline has created a machine which overpowers the independence of individual members. In 1893 the electorate of the United Kingdom, taken as a whole, detested the Home Rule Bill carried through the House of Commons by Mr Gladstone. The measure was never supported in that House by a majority of more than about forty members. No historian will doubt that many English Liberals regarded with anything but liking the Bill pushed through the House by their votes. Yet the faithful forty stood firm. They were not independent legislators, they were the trained soldiers of their party. But who can doubt that, but for the establishment of household suffrage, the conviction of independent mem-

bers of Parliament would have made it impossible for a majority of forty to have passed through the House of Commons a Bill which proposed to revolutionise the constitution of the United Kingdom? Nor does the lesson of 1893-1895 end here. The events of those years show that in the matter of Home Rule the deliberate will of the country was expressed, not by the representative and elected House of Commons, but by the hereditary and unelected House of Peers. An assembly freely chosen by the electors may fail then to represent the nation. This is the truth which was first forced home upon Englishmen in 1895. It is a truth which the exercise of the Swiss Referendum impresses on every student of constitutional history. This detected weakness in the working of representative government is the portentous addition to political knowledge supplied by the recent annals of democratic progress throughout the civilised world. It is the knowledge of this weakness which is yearly gaining in England adhesion to the principle of the Referendum from statesmen of the highest character and of the widest experience. Hear, for example, these words of Lord Rosebery:

'There is nothing I should rejoice at as much as any reference of that kind [i.e. an appeal to the people for assent or negation of the Budget], if there were any constitutional means of obtaining it without mixing it up with other issues foreign to it, and which may directly impair the directness and validity of the decision. If you had the Referendum in this country—and I for my part believe that you will never arrive at a final solution on questions of difference between the two Houses without some form of Referendum—I should vote for it on this occasion.'*

The spread of a new belief inevitably excites the increased opposition of those who do not become its converts. The idea of the nation's veto is abhorrent to Liberal-Conservatives, to Parliamentarians, and to Revolutionists, especially if they be Socialists.

The criticism of a Liberal-Conservative is still best expressed in a classical passage from Maine's 'Popular Government':

* Lord Rosebery's speech in House of Lords, 'Times,' November 25, 1909, p. 6; and 'The Lords' Debate on the Finance Bill,' published by 'The Times,' p. 75.

'I do not undertake' (he writes) 'to say that the expedient [of the Referendum] has failed [in Switzerland], but it can only be considered thoroughly successful by those who wish that there should be as little legislation as possible. Contrary to all expectations, to the bitter disappointment of the authors of the Referendum, laws of the highest importance, some of them openly framed for popularity, have been vetoed by the People after they had been adopted by the Federal or Cantonal Legislature. The result is sufficiently intelligible. It is possible, by agitation and exhortation, to produce in the mind of the average citizen a vague impression that he desires a particular change. But, when the agitation has settled down on the dregs, when the excitement has died away, when the subject has been threshed out, when the law is before him with all its detail, he is sure to find in it much that is likely to disturb his habits, his ideas, his prejudices, or his interests; and so, in the long run, he votes "No" to every proposal. The delusion that Democracy, when it has once had all things put under its feet, is a progressive form of government, lies deep in the convictions of a particular political school; but there can be no delusion grosser. . . . All that has made England famous, and all that has made England wealthy, has been the work of minorities, sometimes very small ones. It seems to me quite certain that, if for four centuries there had been a very widely extended franchise and a very large electoral body in this country, there would have been no reformation of religion, no change of dynasty, no toleration of Dissent, not even an accurate Calendar. The threshing-machine, the power-loom, the spinning-jenny, and possibly the steam-engine, would have been prohibited. Even in our day vaccination is in the utmost danger; and we may say generally that the gradual establishment of the masses in power is of the blackest omen for all legislation founded on scientific opinion, which requires tension of mind to understand it, and self-denial to submit to it.'

The essence of Maine's attack is that in his eyes the Referendum constitutes an appeal from knowledge to ignorance, from enlightenment to prejudice. His reasoning is surely not without force. But its effect is reduced, if not annihilated, by considerations which, even when he wrote, he overlooked, or by facts which in 1885 might well escape his notice. By his own admission the Referendum is the most powerful check hitherto invented on

* Maine, 'Popular Government,' pp. 96-98; conf. 41, 67.

the inconsiderate or foolish action of democracy; no one has a right to complain of an effective bridle that it is not a spur. Maine reasons with considerable effect against democracy. But he does not even attempt to show that where democratic government is established the representatives of the people are sure or even likely to be in all circumstances far wiser or more patriotic than the electors themselves. Still less does he prove that where party government is, as in England, fully developed, an elected House of Commons will display the wisdom or the independence assuredly possessed by some, though by no means the whole, of its members. He does not, as in 1886 was natural, even recognise the danger, which every one now knows to be a very pressing one, that representatives of the people may, consciously or unconsciously, place the interest of their party far above the welfare of the nation, or come *bona fide* to believe that the welfare of the nation can be absolutely identified with the success of a particular party. Maine's feeling when arguing apparently against the Referendum, but in reality against the supremacy of numbers, was that the House of Commons is certain to be far more trustworthy than the mass of the electors. Yet Maine himself had no profound belief in the wisdom of Parliament. He had attacked with vigour the abolition of Parliament of the old East India Company.* He admired, not without reason, the rigidity to be found in the Constitution of the United States. He assuredly distrusted the party system. But, with all his rare gifts, he seems, as a politician, to have lacked the sense of reality. He never perceives what is the true question at issue between the advocates and the opponents of the Referendum. The point in debate is whether the English democracy now established in power requires to be spurred on towards rapid legislation by the factitious and by no means always disinterested agitation that forms the life of the party system, or rather needs some strong check on the tendency to yield at once to the prevalent idea, sentiment, or passion of the moment. The aristocratic Parliament destroyed by the Reform Act of 1832 was, at any rate towards the end of its exist-

* See 'Maine: Life and Speeches,' pp. 15-17.

ence, too little disposed to move with the times. The middle-class Parliament which determined the destiny of the country between 1832 and 1866 was in many ways checked from, if not always indisposed to, vehement action. The traditions of an earlier time, the influence of statesmen such as Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, who had been trained during the existence of the unreformed Parliament, the ideas prevailing among the English middle class itself, were all guarantees against sudden or imprudent action. The electorate between 1832 and 1866, and their representatives, erred rather by a dislike for any bold and decisive policy than by the disposition to violent and hurried action even when carried through under legal forms. The parliaments of that era listened to the warning, again and again repeated by men such as Bagehot, that sound action is the fruit of long and hesitating thought, and that delay in attempting the solution of difficult political problems is worth the price, immensely heavy though it sometimes is, of permitting on all important subjects lengthy discussion to precede energetic legislation. Maine, oddly enough, distrustful though he was of democratic government, seems at any rate, when he criticises the Referendum, to have dismissed from his mind the idea that representatives elected by democratic constituencies might, especially when under the influence of a party machine, be inclined towards violent action and need the restraint imposed by some sort of veto. His whole charge against democracy seems to be that a popular government is not necessarily a progressive form of government. Admit, without hesitation, that this is so. Admit that during many periods of English history democratic institutions would have arrested salutary reforms. Admit, what is probably true, that, as Maine urges, the existence of a national veto would, at certain periods of English history, have delayed progress, and, to take two of his most striking illustrations, have prevented the toleration of Dissent, and the adoption of an accurate Calendar. From these concessions the indisputably sound conclusion follows, that there have been many times when, and that there are now many countries where, the establishment of democratic institutions would have been, or be, madness. But this conclusion hardly tends to prove that in all cases

and in all circumstances a flourishing democracy would act wisely in entrusting unrestrained legislative power to its elected representatives. Nor do the annals of modern Switzerland bear out Maine's assumption that progress is impossible where the veto of the electors can stop the legislative action of a representative assembly. No man of candour and knowledge will maintain that the Swiss have not from time to time erred in rejecting laws laid before the electorate by the Federal Assembly. To a foreign critic the errors committed are not very patent, and seem not very numerous. But it were folly to claim for the Swiss people an infallibility or even an unvarying good sense which certainly cannot be ascribed to the English Parliament. Maine's reference to vaccination in the celebrated passage already cited from his 'Popular Government' has turned out infelicitous. True it is that 'even in our day vaccination is in the utmost danger.' This may be a valid argument, as far as it goes, against popular government. But then is the enforcement of vaccination at all safe when left to the sole control of Parliament? What are we to say for the childish deference now paid in this matter to the conscientious objector? Is it not at least arguable that a system of compulsory vaccination, when once in working order, could be less easily upset in a country where a retrogressive change could not, owing to the existence of the Referendum, come into force unless such change were sanctioned by the majority of the electorate, than in a country such as modern England, where a government still commanding a parliamentary majority, but trembling at the result of each by-election, might purchase transitory success by abject submission to the commands of a fanatical minority of anti-vaccinators? The simple truth is that the experience of Switzerland tells, on the whole, in favour of the Referendum. Switzerland makes constant use of the new democratic invention, and Switzerland is not an unprogressive country, whilst the democratic government of Switzerland is armed with far stronger weapons for resistance to Socialism than is the parliamentary government of England. But, on the other hand, fairness requires the admission that the constitution, the traditions, the whole circumstances of Switzerland, differ so widely from those of England

that no candid advocate of the Referendum can, from the success of the Referendum in Switzerland, predict with confidence that it would work beneficially in England. What can fairly be urged on that point is this: In the opinion of many competent judges, one source of our constitutional difficulties is to be found in the increasing power of the party system, and the Referendum certainly does, in favourable circumstances, put a check on the power and the development of the machinery of partisanship. However this may be, Maine's criticism on the Referendum is for the most part irrelevant. He exposes the weaknesses of democracy, he does not show that they are increased rather than diminished by the institution of a national veto.

The objection of parliamentarians generally takes one of two forms.

The first form is summed up in the statement that a general election performs substantially in England the part of a Referendum in Switzerland. From a general election, it is said, you may in substance, though not in so many words, obtain the expression of the nation's will on the leading measures submitted, or to be submitted, by a government to the consideration of the country. This contention has one grave defect: it does not correspond with the facts of English public life. At times, no doubt, though the occasions are rare, an election may constitute an almost direct appeal to the people on the question whether a particular Bill shall pass into law? It then is a sort of informal Referendum. One instance of such an informal appeal to the people is to be found in the 'leading case,' to use legal phraseology, of the Great Reform Act. It was passed in 1832 to the cry of 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.' No man of competent knowledge doubts that it received the assent of the nation. But in 1832 the peculiar course of events placed the electors in a position very like that occupied by the people of Switzerland when asked under a Referendum to accept or reject a constitutional change which has been formally passed by the Federal Legislature. There have been one or two other crises in which a general election has been a rough kind of Referendum. But these instances of a genuine and definite appeal to the people are rare, and the further development of the party system is

making them year by year rarer. At the very best a general election confuses a question of persons with a question of measures. How is a reasonable man to vote squarely and fairly when forced to answer, by one and the same vote, two quite separate enquiries, namely, first, whether he prefers Mr Asquith as Prime Minister to Mr Balfour, and secondly, whether he does or does not wish for the destruction of the House of Lords? But when we take a general election, not at its best, but at its worst, it turns out to be for all practical purposes nothing like a Referendum. As the party system is now worked in England, a general election lays before the electorate a huge number of incongruous and confused issues on the whole of which it is absolutely impossible for the ablest and most temperate of electors to give a satisfactory reply; for note in passing that the voter has practically no other means of giving a verdict on the issues which he is supposed to determine than the very awkward and indirect one of voting for either a supporter or an opponent of the Government. Put the last point aside and let us consider for a moment a few among the numerous questions raised at the general election of January and February last. Had the House of Lords a constitutional right to reject a Finance Bill passed by the House of Commons, and reject it on the ground that it was condemned by the people? Was the Finance Bill, or Budget, in itself a just and wise measure? Is the policy of Tariff Reform preferable to the policy of Free-trade? Ought the House of Lords to be left unchanged, to be mended, or to be ended? Ought Home Rule to be granted to Ireland? Ought women to be admitted to the parliamentary franchise? These are a few among the most important of the enquiries to which a puzzled elector was supposed to give an answer. The perplexity of the situation was increased by the fact that neither the party leaders nor the candidates for a seat in Parliament would or could make up their minds, or at any rate state plainly, what was the main issue on which the electors were called upon to decide. The voter was told at one time that the matter in dispute was whether Free-trade was more beneficial to the nation than would be Tariff Reform. At another moment he was informed that the sole subject worth consideration was whether

the House of Lords had or had not unconstitutionally invaded the rights of 'the Commons'—an expression, by the way, which meant sometimes 'the privileges of the House of Commons' and sometimes 'the rights of the people.' The man about to give a vote was in reality in a position as grotesque as would be the situation of a jurymen who, being called upon to find a given prisoner 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' was told by the judge at one moment that the man in the dock was being tried for murder, and at another moment that he was being tried for larceny. An artificial system perverted by the arts of partisanship led to confusion worse confounded, of which the effects are too serious for jocosity, but the absurdity too ridiculous for anything but laughter. The Ministry went to the country, as the expression goes, on the strength of the so-called 'People's Budget.' It had been approved in the House of Commons by large majorities. The Peers appealed to the people against a Finance Bill which was no real Finance Bill but an attempt to work a social revolution by the authority, not of Parliament, but of the House of Commons alone. The Ministry obtained at the general election a majority of some 124 votes. The question of the Budget seemed settled. The fact soon, however, became as clear as day that the coalition which supported the Government could hardly hold together. It became equally clear that while all Unionists had denounced, every member from Ireland, whether a Unionist or a Nationalist, detested the Budget. The indisputable result was that, in regard to the Budget, the will of the nation was represented, not by the representative and elected House of Commons which passed the Finance Bill, but by the non-representative and hereditary House of Peers which refused to let the Finance Bill become an Act of Parliament. The People's Budget has been rejected by the people. No bribe which leads Irish Nationalists to accept for the moment financial proposals which all Ireland abhors, will deprive of their true meaning facts which no man can dispute. The general election of 1910 will remain for ever a satire upon the attempt to identify a general election with a Referendum.

The objection of parliamentarians to any form of national veto often assumes another and a different form.

The electors, it is urged, are able to decide whether a particular man is likely to be a wise and patriotic member of Parliament; they may even perhaps determine whether a particular leader, say in one age Chatham, in another Peel, in a third Palmerston, is the man most fit to be Prime Minister; the electorate or particular electors, in short, may form a sagacious judgment on personal character; but the opinion of the electors on matters of policy or legislation is hardly worth having. The duty, therefore, of a voter is to support a good man as his representative, or even to give a vote in favour of a Minister whom a large part of the nation admires; but when this is done an elector has fulfilled the whole of his duty and ought to leave the management of affairs in the hands of the excellent men who, on account of their public and private virtues, have obtained seats in the House of Commons. This, one is often told, is the principle which not only ought to govern, but does govern, the choice and the position of English members of Parliament. The principle sounds a fine one. The notion of a country ruled by all its best and wisest citizens, chosen for seats in Parliament solely on account of their conspicuous virtues and of their statesmanlike prudence, must, it would seem, meet with general approval. Unfortunately, the picture of a House of Commons consisting of good men to whom absolute power has been confided by wise electors, though it embodies some slight elements of truth, never really represented the nature of the English Parliament in any age. It is an absurdly false representation of the English House of Commons as it now exists. It is absolutely inconsistent with the actual working of our party system. In the present year of grace members of Parliament are and must be elected in England, not, of course, without reference to personal character and ability, but chiefly because they represent a party to which certain electors belong, and because they are in the main prepared to obey the directions of the leaders of that party. It was assuredly neither want of high character nor lack of marked and parliamentary ability which has, to the loss of the nation, closed to Mr Harold Cox and to Lord Robert Cecil the entrance into the present House of Commons. In plain truth, the principle of the Referen-

dum, by whatever name you call it, has for many years past been claiming a place among the ideas which make up the ruling maxims of English constitutionalism. No man can speak with more authority on any question of constitutional theory or practice than Mr Bryce. Listen to words published by him some seventeen years ago:

'A general election' (he writes), 'although in form a choice of particular persons as members, has now practically become an expression of popular opinion on the two or three leading measures then propounded and discussed by the party leaders, as well as a vote of confidence or no confidence in the Ministry of the day. It is in substance a vote upon those measures; although, of course, a vote only on their general principles, and not, like the Swiss Referendum, upon the statute which the Legislature has passed. Even, therefore, in a country which clings to and founds itself upon the absolute supremacy of its representative chamber, the notion of a direct appeal to the people has made progress.'*

His language is characteristically moderate. He in words overrates somewhat the superficial likeness between a Referendum and a general election, but he clearly recognises the fact that the nominal supremacy of the representative Chamber was, even in 1893, becoming in practice qualified by the notion of a direct appeal to the people. What was partially true in 1893 has become completely true in 1910. The time has arrived for the formal recognition of a principle which in fact, if not in theory, forms part of our constitutional morality.

Another and essentially different objection to the Referendum tells for much with parliamentarians. The Referendum, it is urged, must 'tend to paralyse any acute sense of responsibility in parliamentary life; members of the House of Commons might justify their ill-considered or interested votes on the ground that the last word rested with the people, who must accept the first responsibility.'† This criticism merits attention, but its importance may well be exaggerated. The 'acute sense of responsibility' attributed to the House of Commons is at the present moment not very easily discerned by an impartial observer. True it is that timid members of Parliament

* Bryce, 'American Commonwealth,' i, 466, 467.

† McKechnie, p. 90.

who, as the expression goes, are sitting on the fence, may try to shift the burden of decision from themselves to the people. But this is, after all, a less evil than the constant attempt to escape responsibility for dubious policies by placing the obligations of partisanship above duty to the country. The Referendum will be an untold blessing if it revives a sense of responsibility to the nation. The proper solution, further, of many, though assuredly not of all, political questions does, we must remember, rightly depend upon its being in accordance with the real will of the nation. If ever it should be clearly ascertained that the vast majority of the electors of the United Kingdom were opposed to the maintenance of the political union between England and Ireland, or had become zealots for bestowing parliamentary votes upon women, not the sternest opponent of Home Rule, or of Woman Suffrage, would in most cases deny the necessity for establishing a Parliament at Dublin or for the registration of women among parliamentary voters. Such concession on the part of Unionists or of opponents of Woman Suffrage would be no superstitious homage to the moral authority of the *vox populi*, but a simple acknowledgment of the fact that, under any form of popular government, it is an impossibility, and therefore not a duty, to maintain institutions which are permanently condemned by the will of the people. The Referendum gives expression to the will of the people, and under any form of popular government the people must be treated as the sovereign, and entitled to obedience.

But it is from revolutionists or Socialists inspired by the fanaticism of partisanship, rather than from Conservatives or Parliamentarians, that comes the most vehement of all the attacks on the Referendum. Let my readers weigh for a moment the following extracts from a political tract of no great merit, entitled 'Against the Referendum.'

'The Referendum would work steadily to the disadvantage of the Liberal Party.'

'It must surely be obvious that there would never be a sufficient number of voters enthusiastic enough about any one reform to carry it in the teeth of the formidable opposition that would make itself felt through the Referendum. When the people vote at an election, they vote for a number of reforms, both social and political; the man who cares for

one may be quite indifferent to another. The keen educationalist may have given no thought to licensing reform; the zealous advocate of old-age pensions may detest Home Rule.

'Imagine now that some great reforming measure, on which a Liberal Government has received a clear mandate from the country, has been rejected by the Lords, and that the rejection is accompanied with a demand for the Referendum. Would not money be spent like water by all those interests which imagined themselves assailed? Would not a thousand glozing orators be launched upon the constituencies, picking holes in the proposed legislation, seeking to arouse the basest and most selfish interests? Would not the anti-reforming press exhaust itself in malignant falsehoods calculated to deceive the people? And when the Bill—the child, perhaps, of the wisest and most enlightened brains in England—had been contemptuously flung out by a small but sufficient majority, what would be the position of the Government which was responsible for the defeated measure?'

This rant may all be summed up in one sentiment uttered some years ago, in a more or less public debate, by a speaker who inclined apparently towards Socialism. 'The people are too stupid to be entrusted with the Referendum.' And rant, which is of little value in itself, is of great importance as an indication of prevailing opinion. The author, whoever he be, of 'Against the Referendum,' betrays a belief by no means uncommon, that the constitution and the powers of government itself exist in a country such as England, not for the sake of giving effect to the will of the nation, but in order to secure the power and authority of a party. No doubt the fanatics of partisanship are often from their own point of view sincere patriots. A partisan of the higher type believes that the triumph of his own ideas will be the salvation of the country. He believes further that the victory of his convictions depends upon office being obtained by the party to which he belongs. Such a one may be a genuine enthusiast, he may call himself a Liberal or a Democrat. He has, whatever his virtues, no right to either title. He disbelieves in liberty if granted to his opponents. He disbelieves in the supremacy of the nation unless the nation has come round to his own faith. Such a man is, as things at present stand, likely enough to be a Socialist. And though it is quite true that many Socialists are as fair-minded as their opponents,

yet there exists a real reason why a certain kind of intolerance is likely to be found in connexion with Socialism. A Socialist may really be a democrat in the sense of being one who wishes that the powers of the State should be used for the benefit of the whole people. He may be a Liberal in the sense that he is willing to use parliamentary institutions for the attainment of socialistic ends. But for all this there exists, as many thinkers hold, an essential inconsistency, which is gradually becoming visible to every one, between the ideals of Socialism and the ideals of Democracy. Socialism tends towards the authoritative government of experts; Democracy tends towards the promotion of general prosperity through the protection of individual freedom and the stimulating of individual energy. In any case 'Against the Referendum' affords an argument of untold weight in favour of a national veto to men who feel that the Referendum is the strongest of protections against the pressing danger of the despotism of partisanship.

All opponents of the Referendum—Conservatives, Parliamentarians, Socialists, and that omnipotent 'man in the street,' of whom we hear so much and know so little—dispose of an innovation which they depreciate or detest by the one dogmatic plea that 'the Referendum will not work in England.' The boldness of this assertion is to half the world a guarantee of its self-evident truth, whilst its vagueness and ambiguity add to the difficulty of its confutation. Hence it is worth while to expose the hollowness of a dogma which rests upon slight, if any, basis of argument.

The plea that the Referendum will not work in England has at least three different meanings.

It may import that in this country it is impossible to establish by means of legislation an institution which will attain the objects for the sake of which the Referendum has been introduced into countries where it works effectively. Now these objects are, as has been already pointed out, twofold.

The first and the primary object of the Referendum is to ensure that the laws passed by a representative Assembly or Parliament shall be in conformity with the deliberate will of the nation; this is the main use of the Referendum under the Federal Constitution of

Switzerland. But it is certain that the Imperial Parliament could, if supported by the electors, easily carry through legislation which would greatly diminish, if not entirely get rid of, the risk of any law being enacted by Parliament which, though it fell in with the wish of a predominant party, was opposed to the deliberate will of the electors, that is, of the nation. The simplest method of attaining this end would be to pass a Referendum Act. Such a statute should contain two main provisions which I do not attempt to reduce to the technical language of parliamentary draftsmanship. The first provision should be that no Bill which repealed, changed, added to, or otherwise affected the Acts enumerated in the Schedule to the Referendum Act should, even though passed by both Houses of Parliament, become an Act of Parliament, i.e. a law, unless and until such Bill had been submitted to, and received the sanction of, the majority of the electors voting on the question whether the Bill should become an Act of Parliament. These scheduled Acts should at first, at any rate, be few in number, and should in any case be statutes of the highest importance, such, for example, as the Act of Settlement, the Union with Scotland Act, 1707, the Union with Ireland Act, 1800, and the various Parliamentary Reform Acts. Among such scheduled Acts ought to be included the Referendum Act itself. The second provision of the Referendum Act should be that any Bill, or so-called Act, passed by both Houses of Parliament and assented to by the Crown, which, whilst affecting any one of the scheduled Acts, had not been sanctioned by and on an appeal under the Referendum Act, should be held invalid by every court of law throughout the British Empire. Our supposed Referendum Act would clearly, as regards any enactment whatever included in its Schedule, e.g. the Act of Union with Ireland, make an alteration impossible without an appeal to the people. The Referendum Act would further in no way diminish the need for obtaining for every Bill whatever the sanction of both Houses of Parliament and of the Crown. It would do nothing more than require for any Bill affecting the statutes scheduled in the Referendum Act the sanction, not only of Parliament, but also of the electorate. Such an Act therefore provides the appropriate means for preventing legislation pleasing

to a party which for a time possesses a parliamentary majority, but opposed to the permanent will of the nation.

A Referendum Act, it is sometimes urged, would, after all, as long as the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament is acknowledged, be futile, for Parliament could clearly evade the Referendum Act by adding to any Bill which affected any scheduled Act (e.g. the Act of Union with Ireland) words exempting the Bill from the operation of the Referendum Act. This criticism is worth notice. It is verbally sound, but in reality it is, except in one possible case, without force. The electors may be trusted to resent an attempt to deprive them of legal power ensured to them by the Referendum Act. No party leader will risk this resentment. The Referendum Act will be less subject to change, except by way of extension, than any enactment in the statute book. In one exceptional state of circumstances, and in one alone, the Referendum Act might in fact be overridden by Parliament. If the safety of the country imperatively demanded rapid and immediate legislation, Parliament might assuredly, with the approval of all loyal citizens, escape from the bonds of the Referendum Act, just as, at the present moment, if the safety of England is at stake, a Government may break, and ought to break, the law of the land, and rely on an Act of Indemnity to cover conduct which, though technically criminal, is dictated by the necessity of protecting the State against imminent peril, e.g. of foreign invasion. The latent sovereignty of Parliament is in truth an argument, not against, but in favour of the Referendum. It preserves to the English Constitution that degree of flexibility which, in the changing circumstances of the world, cannot be absolutely sacrificed without imperilling the welfare of the United Kingdom.*

It is then, in reality, past a doubt that in England, as elsewhere, a Referendum can by proper legislation be created which will secure for the country one of the main

* The Swiss Constitution itself in effect allows the necessity for a Referendum to be in effect dispensed with by the Federal Parliament in the case of laws 'of an urgent nature,' and leaves to the Parliament the sole and final decision of the question whether a given law is of an urgent nature. (See Federal Constitution of Switzerland, Art. 89.)

objects for the sake of which a Referendum is called into existence.

The second object of a Referendum—the main purpose, indeed, for which it exists in the Commonwealth of Australia—is the termination of the kind of deadlock which sometimes arises when the two Houses of Parliament differ as to the passing of a given law. There is, it is suggested, some difficulty in determining how in this case the Referendum ought to be brought into play. The simplest, though certainly not the only method suitable for this purpose would appear to be the passing of an Act which should give to either House of Parliament, on any occasion when the House of Lords and the House of Commons could not agree as to the passing of a particular Bill, the legal right to demand that the Bill should be made the subject of a Referendum, or an appeal to the electors, and that the result of such appeal should decide whether the Bill should or should not become an Act of Parliament. There is, it is submitted, no reason whatever to doubt that an Act of Parliament, though it might necessarily contain some rather complicated provisions,* could easily be drawn which would make it possible to terminate a legislative deadlock of the kind referred to by the use of the Referendum. And, if this be so, there is not the least ground for the assertion that a Referendum might not be introduced into England which would so work as to secure for the country the second object for the sake of which the institution exists. But, even to earnest advocates of the Referendum, it may appear a question still open to discussion whether it be expedient to use the Referendum as a means for removing legislative deadlocks arising from disagreement between the two Houses of Parliament, and this for the following reasons: (1) We have as yet a comparatively small amount of experience as to the success of the Referendum when used for this purpose; (2) the Referendum, nominally used merely to remove a parliamentary deadlock, might occasionally, though not often, operate, not as a check upon, but as an incitement to, hasty legislation; (3) the end proposed might be attained by a different and possibly better method. The experience

* See Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act, s. 128 and s. 57.

of the French Senate suggests that, if the House of Lords were improved or reformed by being reduced for legislative purposes to, say, 300 persons, the kind of legislative deadlock might be removed by an enactment that the two Houses, if they could not finally agree as to the passing of a Bill, should sit, debate, and vote together as one assembly, and that the vote of such assembly should determine whether the Bill should or should not pass.

The assertion that the Referendum will not work in England may again mean that it is impossible to provide with us the almost mechanical means by which the electors may vote 'Aye' or 'No' on the question whether a given Bill shall become an Act of Parliament. This statement needs no elaborate refutation. A mode of voting which is practised with success in Switzerland, in almost every State of the American Commonwealth, and in the Commonwealth of Australia, can assuredly be successfully practised in England also. Among Englishmen of otherwise sound sense there exists a curious habit of asserting that institutions which flourish abroad cannot be made to work in England. A sensible solicitor will tell you that the sale and purchase of English land does not admit of simplification. He treats as of no importance the fact that the sale of land in France is carried out with an ease unknown to sellers or purchasers of land in England. Let the principle of the Referendum be once accepted by Englishmen as sound and the difficulties of putting it into practice will vanish.

The statement, lastly, that the Referendum will not work in England may mean that the creation of the nation's veto is inconsistent with the further development, and even to some extent with the actual working, of party government as now understood among Englishmen. This is profoundly true; but then we shall find that, to the advocates of the Referendum, its recommendation to a great extent lies in its tendency to correct the defects and to check the further development of a party system which they believe is working injury to the nation.

Before stating the arguments in favour of making trial in England of an institution abhorrent to Conservatism, to parliamentarianism and to dogmatic Socialism, it is well to note two circumstances which

tell in favour of giving a trial to a novel proposal. The first of these circumstances is that the change advocated is one of those very rare constitutional innovations which may be the object of real experiment. In this it differs from proposals to give parliamentary votes to women, or to place the government of Ireland in the hands of an Irish Parliament, guided by an Irish executive. Common-sense tells us that either of these steps, when once taken, can never be retraced. With the Referendum it is otherwise. There is not the remotest reason why it should not be tried in some special case, and then, if it be found not to answer, never be tried again. The second circumstance is that the national veto is perfectly compatible with any other change, such as the reform of the House of Lords, or the adoption of proportional representation, which may commend itself to thinkers or statesmen. The experiment of the Referendum can certainly be tried without peril. The direct reasons in favour of such trial may be broadly summed up under two heads:

First: The Referendum makes it possible, in a way which in England it is now impossible, to get on any matter of real importance a clear and distinct expression of the will of the nation.

The Referendum submits to the electors a clear and distinct issue to which Englishmen can give as decided an answer as the Swiss. It may be absolutely decisive one way or the other of the matter on which the opinion of the nation has been obtained. Let the question, shall a Bill giving parliamentary votes to women either be accepted or rejected by the undoubted majority of the electors of the United Kingdom, and we may be certain that the question which now harasses, though it certainly does not excite, the country, will be for a considerable time set at rest.

The Referendum is the only check as yet suggested strong enough for its purpose. A reformed Second Chamber might possess a veto more powerful than any check on legislation possessed by the present House of Lords, but the authority of the very best constituted Second Chamber would be far less potent than the authentic voice of the nation. The strength of the Referendum lies in its being at once a conservative and a

democratic check on the power of any party which, though supreme in the House of Commons, did not in reality represent the settled will of the English people. It is easy for a disbeliever in democracy to find forcible arguments against the newest democratic invention. But the genuine democrat is estopped from denying the validity of a direct appeal to the people. The democrat who prefers the verdict given on the confused issues raised by a general election to the verdict of electors who are consulted on a separate, limited, and distinct issue, is driven to the absurdity of maintaining that he will hear with deference the decision of Philip drunk, but will refuse attention to the decision of Philip sober. A democratic institution may, I fully admit, be a faulty and an undesirable institution; my sole contention is that, if you wish to place a check on rash or impolitic legislation, that check is strongest which falls in with the democratic belief and sentiment of the age. The Referendum further, as applied to the United Kingdom, provides for the equal representation of every part of the United Kingdom. The predominant partner will, if we create a national veto, for the first time exert his legitimate and beneficial authority. The Referendum, further, cannot so easily as can the vote of the electorate be perverted from its proper use by the ingenuity and unscrupulousness of party managers. They will do their best, or their worst, to subject the national veto to the control of the 'Machine.' They will sometimes succeed; but, on the whole, they will find it difficult to coerce or to corrupt the majority of the electorate.

Secondly: The Referendum, and the Referendum alone, holds out the hope that some limit may be placed on the ever increasing power of the party system.

Thus the action of the nation's veto will of itself revive a recognition of the now far too little respected authority of the nation. Even party managers and wire-pullers will be forced to remember that they owe obedience to the will of the country when the nation on a critical occasion utters with its own voice its undoubted command. The Referendum again may give a new freedom to all persons who take part in public life. A voter may feel himself delivered from bondage to the despotism of party spirit when he finds that he may vote against a

measure which he condemns without voting for the expulsion from office of Ministers who command his approval. The possibility of a Government remaining in office when the country disapproves of some measure which Ministers recommend to the electors for acceptance, seems a strange thing to Englishmen of to-day, though it was perfectly familiar to their grandfathers, who had again and again seen Pitt, the most powerful of Prime Ministers, forced to acquiesce in the defeat of his proposals, and to acquiesce without a thought of resigning in consequence. And to a Swiss citizen it seems at least as strange that Ministers who propose a measure to which the country does not assent should of necessity cease to be the servants of the nation. To him it appears the most natural thing in the world that, when once the will of the nation has been pronounced, statesmen should obey the national command and continue to render loyal service to the country. If once Englishmen adopt, not only the Referendum, but also the spirit in which the Referendum is worked in Switzerland, some other changes of considerable benefit to England might ensue. An administrator, whose talent and character every one respects, might remain in a Cabinet without agreeing with every measure advocated by the Government. There does not appear in the nature of things to be any clear reason why a Chancellor of the highest legal eminence should not remain a member of a Cabinet though he does not agree with all the political views of his colleagues. No doubt this suggestion is foreign to the customs of the English Constitution as they now exist. It is alien to party government as at this moment carried on in England. But it is opposed to no rule either of honesty or of common-sense. The nation would gain a good deal, though party organisation would be weakened, if officials, such as the Lord Chancellor or the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who ought to possess very special aptitudes, and ought not to be very ardent partisans, did not necessarily go out of office with every change of Cabinet. The Referendum would certainly facilitate the continuous employment in successive Cabinets of men who, whilst holding a particular office, such as that of the Chancellorship, acted rather as experts than as men who shared the political opinions held by their colleagues. The existence of the national

veto might, lastly, give new honesty—a thing certainly much wanted—to the public life of our country. The party system introduces into the working of the constitution a host of shams and fictions; but shams and fictions inevitably foster insincerity. The fiction (for it is nothing better) that the members of a Cabinet always act together in perfect agreement leads at times to studied misrepresentation, which, as it hardly deceives the public, ought not, perhaps, to be characterised as mendacity. A Minister, again, is often not only driven to support a policy from which he partially dissents, and which he accepts in reality because it is approved of by the nation, but is also induced to pretend, which is a pure evil, that he heartily agrees with measures which his judgment condemns. The Referendum would at any rate lessen the need for constitutional pretences. There is nothing disgraceful or dishonest in a statesman obeying the commands of the country. The dishonesty begins when he pretends that he approves every order which he obeys. There is, of course, no doubt that if the Referendum once took root in England it would give rise to changes in the working and in the morality—if I may use the expression—of the Constitution. Hence parliamentarians who hold that the Constitution is working admirably, naturally object to any fundamental change in its character.

On this point it may be allowable to cite words written some twenty years ago:

'Of speculations which have some family similarity to the ideas propounded in this article, my friend Mr Morley (whose zeal for party takes me by surprise) warns us that they "must be viewed with lively suspicion by everybody who believes that party is an essential element in the wholesome working of parliamentary government." * To this suspicion all who call attention to the merits of the Referendum are, it is to be feared, obnoxious. . . . The party system, whatever its advantages, and they are not insignificant, is opposed to the sovereignty of the people, which is the fundamental dogma of modern democracy. That system throws the

* Lord Morley re-echoes and re-affirms Mr Morley's convictions of 1890. 'I hold firmly that all this idea of an election *ad hoc*, of a Referendum, a *plébiscite*, and a mandate is a complete departure from the wholesome usages of this country.' ('The Lords' Debate on the Finance Bill, 1909,' 'Times' ed., p. 107.)

control of legislation first into the hands of a party, and then into the hands of the most active or the most numerous section of that party. But the part of a party may be, and probably is, a mere fraction of the nation. The principle of the Referendum, on the other hand, is to place, at any rate as regards important legislation, parties, factions, and sections under the control of the national majority. The creation of a popular veto is open . . . to grave objections. The consideration, however, which, more than any other, may commend it to the favourable attention of thoughtful men, is its tendency to revive, in democratic societies, the idea which the influence of partisanship threatens with death, that allegiance to party must, in the minds of good citizens, yield to the claims of loyalty to the nation.*

The language here cited is as true in 1910 as in 1890—perhaps truer. To contented parliamentarians in office it naturally seems that all is going on for the best under the best of all possible Constitutions, and that the Referendum is as odious as it is unnecessary. But a different view may as naturally present itself to observers who stand quite outside parliamentary life and have taken no hand in the party game as played at Westminster. Such men are no more dogmatic democrats than is Lord Morley. But to them it seems that evils which in 1890 were latent in the party system have now become a patent disease which threatens to destroy the healthiness of English public life and the welfare of England. Such observers are no worshippers of democracy, but they acknowledge the existence of popular government and the democratic spirit. They hold that the worst form of popular government is democracy corrupted by the party system. They know as well as any one that the more or less mechanical devices of Constitution makers or Constitution menders, can, however ingenious, never accomplish as much good as is always expected by its inventors from political machinery. But these critics of the English party system are convinced that the heart of England is sound, and hope that the veto of the nation may, if once constituted and honestly used, rescue the Constitution from the perils with which it is threatened.

A. V. DICEY.

* 'Contemporary Review,' April 1890, pp. 510, 511.

11.—ANCIENT AND MODERN STOICISM.

a morale stoïcienne en face de la morale chrétienne. By l'Abbé A. Chollet. Paris: Lethielleux, 1898.

The Religion of Plutarch, a Pagan Creed of Apostolic Times. By J. Oakesmith. London: Longmans, 1902.

The Stoa. By Paul Barth. Stuttgart: Frommann, 1903.

Stoic and Christian in the Second Century. By Leonard Easton. London: Longmans, 1906.

Silanus the Christian. By Edwin A. Abbott. London: Black, 1906.

The Stoic Creed. By William L. Davidson. Edinburgh: Black and T. Clark, 1907.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to himself. By Gerald B. Rendall. London: Macmillan, 1901.

The Creed of a Layman; Apologia pro Fide Mea. By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan, 1907.

And other works.

As related that, when Pope Leo XIII was *in articulo mortis*, his memory failed him, and his mind fastened on his childhood and youth. Then those about him heard him repeating the meditations of Marcus Aurelius. It is one instance out of many of the persistent influence of Stoicism and its undiminished fascination for the unreflecting of any creed, or no creed, in almost every age and country in the civilised world. In its modern form it has become, to use an expression of Amiel, 'the resource of doubt,' the evangel of those who have lost their faith in the supernatural, a kind of refuge in religious despair.

Matthew Arnold, in one of his 'Essays in Criticism,' and Prof. Abbott, in his recent work on 'Silanus the Christian,' following the lines of M. Renan's matchless presentation of M. Aurelius and his time, have endeavoured to estimate the relative importance of Stoicism and Christianity as the two great moving forces in the generation of the Roman world. Others of more recent date have dwelt on the special claims of Stoicism as a system of ethics, its pathetic appeal to the autonomy of science, its peremptory command 'to live by law' and to follow nature, at a time when the religious sanctions

of morality no longer exercise unquestioned authority. The scientific temper of mind which refuses to acknowledge any other guide but reason, readily turns the rationalistic and critical theory of the universe offered by Stoicism as a philosophy of life. The agnostic, again, finds in it a more congenial view of the universe than that offered by any of the religions. For, like him, the Stoics 'found in the progress towards virtue a sufficient end in existence.' In its materialism, spiritualism and pantheistic mysticism, its implicit trust in the world-order and belief in moral evolution, its yearning for the simple life, the *mediocritas aurea*—'plain living and high thinking'—we note a further blending of Stoic conceptions and modern modes of thought; while in its altruistic cosmopolitanism, regarding humanity as a living organism, and in its humanitarian sociology, it is in close touch with Positivism or the 'Religion of human duty.'

Another modern creed, or philosophy, which finds a kindred spirit in Stoicism is what is called pragmatism, which makes the value of truth depend on its application. Stoicism sets up an exalted sense of duty against the apathy of nescience, and so, somewhat like pragmatism, becomes a working hypothesis for practically disposing of minds, for all those who, with the Stoic in the purple, resolve 'to do the work in hand with scrupulous and unaffected dignity, affectionately, freely, justly.' FREDERICK HUXLEY, in one of his letters, speaks of Stoicism as the 'Grin-and-bear-it philosophy'; and its appeal to common sense has a bracing effect on character and conduct. In what M. RENAN calls its 'frénésie de renoncement', its resolute protest against self-indulgence and self-seeking, it endeavours to counteract the corroding effects of modern scepticism and cynicism in private and public life. And still to-day, as on its original appearance, it bears traces of the influence of Oriental modes of thought. Hence the tinge of sadness and resignation in its speculations, so that even in its eudæmonistic aspirations it seeks no other satisfaction than that which comes from the sense of fulfilled duty.

Such, in brief, is modern Stoicism as a philosophy of life, appearing and reappearing at different epochs of intellectual restlessness consequent upon the unsettle-

at of religious convictions; and as such it made its mark at different times, notably at the period of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. Montaigne reads Plutarch 'since he speaks French' (in Amyot's translation), and sees in Seneca a kindred spirit, 'ondoyant et divers,' like himself; and he speaks of the works of both these writers as 'the prime and sum of philosophy.' Erasmus, as Lord Acton reminds us, esteemed Seneca more highly than any Christian writer, and among other diligent students of the same writer were Zwingli and Calvin. In the seventeenth century Epictetus is held in such high esteem among the orthodox that a saying is ascribed to a devout German prior that it were well if no other books existed besides the Holy Scriptures except Seneca and Epictetus, for these two would put to shame professed Christians, who failed in everyday life to reach their high standard of holiness. François de la Mothe-le-Vayer, a religious sceptic, is a disciple of Epictetus; and Leibnitz accuses Spinoza of having revived Stoicism in his ethic. Justus Lipsius and Lord Herbert of Cherbury are under stoical influence; and M. Faguet sees traces of it in the great French tragedians. From Roman Stoicism Rousseau's 'The Saints of the Encyclopædia' learn their own purification of Nature; and, as J. R. Green points out in one of his letters, from it the leaders of the Revolution derive their stern severity in applying its principles to political life. Pope's 'Essay on Man,' as a characteristic production of the eighteenth century, has been described as 'Stoicism in verse'; and finally, in the 'Prelude' Wordsworth speaks like a Stoic of 'The calm existence that is mine When I am worthy of myself!' thus affirming its continuity, as an ideal to satisfy the demands of the spiritual life, almost down to our own age. Stoicism's part is still conspicuous in the present day. As from its first appearance in the world, it still offers fixed principles of thought and action to minds and wills paralysed by doubt. Thus the late J. Addington Symonds, speaking of the need of a deep firm faith to escape from the misery of scepticism, says:

these difficulties I fall back on a kind of stoical mysticism in the prayer of Cleanthes, the proem of Goethe's "Gottol. 212.—No. 423. 2 P

und die Welt," the phrase of Faust, "Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren," the almost brutal optimism of Walt Whitman's "I cry to the Cosmos, 'Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee.'" Can a religion be constructed out of these elements? Not a tangible one, perhaps; nothing commensurable to another heart. But a religious mood of mind may be engendered sufficient for the purpose of living not ignobly.

This is the very essence of modern Stoicism, and similar thoughts may be read between the lines of Paul Heyse's tragedy of Hadrian, which serves to show how Stoicism dignified the old Imperialism, whilst Emerson's writings are full of stoical optimism and the enthusiasm for the passionless state of the philosophic mind in the midst of the whirlpool of modern life. So, too, the academic school of poetry in France yearns with Aubrey de Vère in this country for the 'soul's marmoreal calmness'; and Maeterlinck, assuming for the nonce the *toga* of the Roman Stoic in the proud self-contained determination to become a law unto himself, says in 'Wisdom and Destiny':

'Let us not forget that it is from the very non-morality of destiny that a nobler morality must spring into life; for here as everywhere, man is never so strong with his own native strength as when he realises that he stands entirely alone.'

All the moderns are in search of 'composure and ethical fortitude' amid the turmoil of a restless environment. Overpowered by a sense of the insignificance of life and the vastness of the engulfing Cosmos, in the face of so many enigmas which defy solution, they feel what 'the apostle of philosophic calm' expresses in the following lines written in Kensington Gardens:

'Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.'

Sainte-Beuve, Arnold's ideal critic, says of himself that after attaining what he had hoped for in life, and as it approached its termination, 'I sought to arrange my

tence with quietness and dignity.' His aim is to have 'a good healthy stolidity,' and with steady firmness to perform the necessary functions of existence, to face the facts of life fairly and fully, 'to keep his eyes steadily fixed on one unattainable ideal,' as Mr. Craigie puts it in 'Life and To-morrow,' 'and condemn myself all that falls short of it; do that and I will call myself happy.'

As to the future life, the modern, like the ancient Stoic, leaves the question unsolved, and for that very reason feels the need for a profound readjustment of his general views of the meaning of life and of the structure of the universe,' as Mr F. W. H. Myers says in 'Science and a Future Life.' This is what the Stoics would have attempted in similar circumstances—to satisfy the earnest enquirers after truth, to discover new rules of conduct, to fortify irresolute consciences, to reconcile materialism in science with spiritual aspirations, and, if possible, to find a way of escape from the dualism of matter and mind in some kind of system of cosmic unity. Then, as now, the need was felt of a corrective of excessive individualism with its all-absorbing pursuit of wealth as a means of irresponsible self-indulgence. As now, men were seeking for a higher ideal to give direction and force to the movement for self-representation and unselfish devotion to the common good.

To complete the parallel, Stoicism, in some of its aspects, reflects the hopelessness and world-weariness which sees in modern progress only 'an endless advance and endless effort, and, if need be, by endless pain.' The pessimistic tendency sees in evolution nothing but a long series of cycles of death and revival, of endless fluctuations in constant progression: 'Tout lasse, tout se, tout passe, tout se refait.' Yet, in strange contradiction with this, there is the unalterable conviction too of a perfection in nature, of harmonious development according to law, and a wistful outlook towards the distant goal, not unlike the prophetic vision of Seneca:

'Venient annis secula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
Nec sit terris ultima Thule.'

We note a similar contradiction in both the ancient Stoic conception of fate and modern fatalism—'Mérimee's characters are puppets at the mercy of fate'—between a pronounced insistence on the force of will and an uncompromising determinism. On the one hand, M. Aurelius says to himself, 'Put yourself frankly into the hands of fate'; on the other, 'If things are left to themselves and set adrift, do not thus float at random with them.' So the modern believer in 'the fatalism of physics,' seeing himself wire-netted in the 'ring of necessity,' the chain of causality, the force of impersonal law, 'irrevocable as fate,' speaks with Emerson of 'the right use of fate,' which 'is to bring up our conduct to the loftiness of nature.' He declares 'that the best use of fate is to teach a fatal courage'; 'that pure sympathy with universal ends is an infinite force, and cannot be bribed or bent'; that intellect annuls fate. As the ancient Stoic steelled his courage by a firm belief in moral 'tension' as part of the universal law of nature, so the modern Stoic has recourse to ethical kinetics in an age 'smitten with the malady of will.'

Some one has called Stoicism a luminous chapter in the history of theology, and Sir Thomas Browne held that the doctrine of the Stoics might pass for current divinity if delivered in the pulpit. So far as it can be called a theology, it is in full sympathy with Modernism in a larger sense, that is, as a belief in the divine immanence in the universe, and man, a return to simplicity in statement, and the preaching of an 'ethical gospel.' In short, Stoicism is a kind of vague Theism, a reverential disposition towards the deity as identified with nature. What was called by the ancient Stoics the 'seminal reason,' or 'universal source of all being,' the moderns call the Unknowable cause of the Cosmos as inseparable from it, 'the personified whole of things,' 'the God within,' or still more indeterminately, as 'the Eternal not ourselves, making for righteousness.' The feeling of veneration becomes 'cosmic emotion'; piety is exhibited in ethical fervour; religion in the end resolves itself into a scheme of moral obligation. Thus, as a French writer puts it, 'le matérialisme stoïcien' becomes 'le pantéisme moral.' In short, modern Stoicism establishes some kind of relation between the universe and human ideals, a kind of ethical

creed, 'la plus belle tentative d'École laïque de vertu que le monde ait connue jusqu'ici.'

The keystone of this Neo-Stoic creed, the paramount idea dominating it throughout, is its high sense of duty, an idea which the Stoics may be said to have first introduced into European ethics, and which has become since the parent of scientific deontology, having for its basis the identification of knowledge and virtue. Duty, the 'stern daughter of the voice of God,' is that which the modern poet of nature appeals to in order to calm 'the weary strife of frail humanity'; duty, that is, not imposed by authority from without, but the following-up of the rational impulse of the mind in harmony with the cosmic order, the framing of the individual life according to the conditions of social vitality.' It means the unreserved acknowledgment of the sovereignty of conscience—another term come down to us from the Stoics. It is the voice speaking within the man in unison with the conscience of mankind, counselling self-subjection as a means for attaining moral freedom—'only the wise are free'; dutiful self-determination to be one's own master as the highest conception of human dignity. Self-conquest becomes thus the summit of all heroism, which implies the self-sufficiency of virtue as the highest ideal of perfection, and the virtual possession of the highest good.

Happiness, in the sense of joyousness, consists in virtuous activity. 'He who is virtuous is wise, and he who is wise is good, and he who is good is happy,' is a saying quoted from Boëtius, 'the last of the Stoics,' in Lord Avebury's 'Pleasures of Life.' Some of our modern Stoics, less optimistic, are apt to agree rather with Sir Leslie Stephen when he says that 'the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness.' Their aim is simply a balanced state of mind, the exercise of self-restraint without asceticism, frugality without taking a morbid pleasure in misery, severe rectitude without inhuman indifference, independence of externals without insensibility, studied tranquillity as a safeguard against intellectual restlessness, a yearning for 'a repose that ever is the same,' and, above all, an utter contempt of those 'moral bugbears,' rewards and punishments here or hereafter. It is summed up in the saying of Marcus Aurelius;

'Spend your brief moment then according to nature's law, and serenely greet the journey's end, as the olive falls when it is ripe, blessing the branch that bear it, and giving thanks to the tree which gave it life.'

But modern Stoicism is less inclined to stand alone, and has a deeper sense of human solidarity and altruistic duty as distinguished from public beneficence. It also has a higher conception of the dignity of labour, occupying an entirely different standpoint in consequence of the moral and social atmosphere created by the introduction of Christianity. It is, moreover, inclined to join modern pragmatism in placing the effort of providing for human needs and their satisfaction above the intellectual pursuit of truth for its own sake. The best man, in the opinion of Sir Leslie Stephen, is he who conforms to 'the type defined by the healthy condition of the Social organism.'

Here as elsewhere Stoicism challenges comparison with Christian ethics, and we proceed, therefore, to consider its relation to Christianity, and their respective claims as two moral agencies, sometimes found moving on parallel lines, and sometimes again diverging from each other.

The spurious correspondence of Paul and Seneca, and the bold attempt of a Christian writer in the days of Justinian to edit the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus, as a manual of Christian morals, are indications of a spiritual affinity between the two in the past. St Jerome speaks of 'our Seneca'; and a Christian writer of the third century speaks of M. Aurelius as 'the great and good.' Calvin's first literary venture, his commentary on Seneca's treatise on clemency, is, perhaps, the first instance of articulated differentiation of the two systems, although the fatalism of the one and the determinism of the other are closely akin; and Geneva has even been called 'the spiritual city built up of Stoicism upon the rock of predestination.' Plutarch's lectures or moral theses probably differed in form rather than in substance from papers read at the meetings of our ethical societies; and Fleury, though unwilling to call Seneca a Christian in disguise, refers to his philosophy as Neo-Stoicism with an infusion of Christianity. Dr E. Caird, in his work on the evolution of theology, speaks of the Stoic philosophy as pro-

foundly influencing the course of religious thought in the early development of Christian doctrine.

But, if some of the most cultured Christian converts, like Justin and Augustine, have passed into the Church through the portals of the Stoic philosophy in the past, not a few of our modern thinkers have passed through the open door of the Church into the porch of Neo-Stoicism. If Stoicism, as 'the pagan creed of apostolic times,' fructified Christianity intellectually by the application of reason to religion, Neo-Stoicism owes not a little of its contents, its earnestness, and moral ardour, to the influence of early Christian nurture upon those who have turned to it in later life. In consequence of this, there are innumerable coincidences and also contrasts which make a comparison of the two systems desirable. Both systems, it is true, contain terms and phrases of similar import which owe their resemblance to a common source. Other resemblances are due to circumstances, such as the facts that Tarsus, the birthplace of St Paul, was a locality more especially subject to Stoic influences, and that Seneca, the brother of Gallio, could not have failed to come into contact with persons acquainted with some of the Christian writings. For instance, the expression, '*intelligo me non emendari tantum, sed transfigurari*,' may perhaps contain an allusion to the transfiguration. But the resemblances are by no means all equally dependent on personal accidents of this kind.

Matthew Arnold has shown that the peculiar charm pervading the meditations of M. Aurelius consists in their being 'suffused and softened by something of this very sentiment whence Christian morality draws its best power.' There is also a passage in Epictetus where he expresses the wish to be a nightingale, or a swan, to sing God's praises, which curiously reminds us of similar utterances of St Francis. Therefore, without multiplying instances unduly, we may yet be permitted to mention a few of the most striking coincidences and contrasts which go far to explain the mutual attraction and repulsion of Stoicism and Christianity, and so defining their relative position and taking the measure of their comparative influence on the course of European thought and life. In so doing we may feel about our modern Stoics what Erasmus is reported to have said about

Seneca: 'If you read him as a heathen, he wrote like a Christian; if you read him like a Christian, he wrote like a heathen.'

Our modern Stoics do not accept all the tenets of their spiritual ancestors any more than our modern Christians feel themselves invariably bound to accept literally all the religious formulæ that have come down to us from the past. Still, with all these modern modifications, we find that, in their main features, they have much in common. Both modern Stoics and modern Christians 'stand up against the great and tragical calamities of human life.' Both, in their writings, afford opportunities for the study of moral pathology, while their ideas of human degeneracy and their belief in the amelioration of the species have become considerably modified by the teaching of evolutionary science. Both profess some kind of *contemptus mundi*, a theoretic scorn for external benefits which, like Seneca, they do not invariably carry out in practice. Both make heavy demands on human nature to reach a higher level of perfection by the cultivation of self-denial and self-sacrifice, though, as M. Maeterlinck remarks, 'Sacrifice should never be the means of ennoblement, but only the sign of our being ennobled.'

Both endeavour to liberate piety, the communing of the soul with the world unseen in moments of spiritual abstraction, from the fetters of ceremonial or doctrinal observances, forming thus a junction as movements directed against what is mechanical in religion. Both alike give themselves largely to efforts for social improvement and tend to become more and more a 'propaganda of beneficence' rather than of faith, Stoic benevolence and Christian philanthropy joining forces by an adaptation of Seneca's principle to modern needs, 'Homo sacra res homini.' There is the same resemblance in their cosmopolitan aspiration to realise the panacea dreamt by Zeno of a commonwealth where all shall be as one fold under one shepherd, 'where men should not be separated by cities, states, and laws, but all should be considered as fellow-citizens, partakers of one life, and the whole world, like a united flock, should be governed by one common law.'

The contrasts are at once more numerous and more subtle. There is the primary antithesis between reason

and faith, a purely natural interpretation of the universe in the one case, and the supernatural theory of it in the other. Again, the Stoic ideal of humanity is completeness of character, that of Christianity is holiness. Here we have 'rational departure,' there 'the devout life'—the difference, in short, between sage and saint. The saint at times may lag behind the sage. La mère Angélique says in one of her letters :

'If we will not renounce that which we know to win the unknown—which, if one may so speak, is God Himself in His essence and not in His gifts—we are guilty of a sort of idolatry that will involve us in darkness as dense as though we were the prey of perpetual distractions.'

A modern Stoic, rising above the common aspirations of the mere sage, speaks of the sweetness of dutiful renouncement, though without the happy anticipation of ever discovering the unknown source of all things. On the other hand, Christian sympathy may far outstrip in its range and intensity that of the Neo-Stoic, though the latter is far from being insensible to human suffering. Even the ancient Stoics discriminated between a legitimate form of dispassionateness, and apathy, or insensibility. The modern Stoic, in the cultivation of *apatheia*, may approach, but cannot altogether attain to, that complete symmetry of sentiment between the human and divine which is peculiarly Christian and culminates in compassionate tenderness.

There is also a marked difference between the Stoic and Christian conception of fortitude. 'Be no coward!' exclaims the Stoic professor of the 'non-religion of the future' when the graceful author of 'The House of Quiet' speaks of 'the Stoic hardening of the heart' at the sight of powerful and triumphant evil inspired by a better hope in the religious potentialities of the future. There is a superabundance of resolute will-force in a modern Stoic which fully enables him to face the facts of life ; but when Mr E. Gosse speaks of 'the spectacle of so blind a Roman firmness' as that displayed in his father's spiritual attitude, he gives us clearly to understand that this fortitude was sustained by a faith which nothing could shake. The all but ascetic austerity of Stoic fortitude, whether old or new, amounts to a determination to

maintain complete balance of mind against all odds; it rests on the creed of science, which differs little from the ancient belief in Fate, and is apt to become, in its rigid obedience to law and in its stern detachment from real life, 'faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.' Christianity adds the touch of gentleness to force and so sweetens it, as in the case of even so austere a nature as the late Archbishop Temple, of whom it is related that when, as an octogenarian invalid, he attended service for the last time in his own cathedral, he determined to kneel down, though scarcely able by reason of physical infirmity to do so, and said to his chaplain who begged him to desist, 'No, I must; my mother taught me to do so,' thus in this act of simple piety illustrating in the most emphatic manner the peculiar charm of Christian as distinguished from unchristian Stoicism.

There is the same distinction between the idea of stoical self-conquest and Christian self-surrender. The latter is entirely free from the taint of self-assertion which detracts from the nobility of the former; it is the difference between excess of self-esteem—'I must be an emerald, and I must keep my colour,' says M. Aurelius—and reverent self-abasement. What F. W. H. Myers says of Stoicism in his essay on M. Aurelius is true still, that it 'prescribed the curbing and checking of those natural emotions which Christianity at once guided and intensified by her new ideal.'

Again, we may contrast the Stoic calm of forced self-repression, 'poised as a sphere self-orbed,' tenacious of the 'freehold of the mind,' and only yielding to the coercive force of destiny, with the attitude of cheerful acquiescence of the Christian in submission to the divine will. Dignity and composure predominate in the former. Madame Geoffrin, the friend of D'Alembert, we are told, was 'one who was always mistress of herself, temperate and calm; fitness and moderation were the constant study as they were the rule of her life.' There is no lack of deliberate and reasoned self-repression here, but it scarcely reaches the higher level of imperturbable serenity of mind of Christian resignation. As the Abbé Chollet remarks in the work mentioned above (p. 236):

'Si le stoïcien cherche le calme de l'intelligence, le chrétien poursuit la force de la volonté et la liberté du cœur. Se

détachant de la créature, il veut aimer son Dieu avec plus d'énergie, le servir plus entièrement et plus fidèlement.'

From this it follows that Stoicism, with a disposition to regard man as a self-sufficing unit, becomes aristocratic, whereas Christianity in its essential characteristics is democratic. Both have the regeneration of society at heart, but there is an air of cautious, if not contemptuous, condescension towards the vulgar in the attitude of the former, whilst an equalitarian fellow feeling, founded on the Christian principle of the brotherhood of man, distinguishes the latter.

As a system of ethical propagandism Stoicism is lacking in sympathy in dealing with the mass; it may excite admiration by its moral grandeur, but leaves the heart cold and so lacks motive force. What Bishop Creighton says on this point deserves consideration so far as our modern Stoics are concerned :

'M. Aurelius, M. Antoninus, and Julian were probably much more admirable men than the mass of contemporary bishops. They uttered nobler sentiments, they behaved in an exemplary manner; but there was no motive which they could communicate to others, no power which they could infuse into society. At the present day there are numbers of men like them; but "the least in the kingdom of heaven are greater than they." You say truly that they are not happy. They are working for results which they know they cannot obtain. More and more they grimly do their duty—both the sense of duty and the definition of its contents coming to them from Christianity. They have a horrible feeling of insecurity; for if they turned their scepticism against this sense of duty as they have done against Christianity, duty would go at once.' ('Life and Letters,' ii, 258.)

In the discussion of this matter there is the danger of forming an unfair estimate of either system on the score of religious bias. Thus the Port-Royalists, in their edition of Pascal's '*Entretien de Saci*,' suppressed, as too favourable to Stoicism, the high encomium which, in the original unaltered dialogue, he bestows on Epictetus, '*J'ose dire qu'il mériterait d'être adoré*,' i.e. if only he had had humility. On the other hand, Prof. Chollet, in the work already referred to, points out how Positivists, in holding up Stoic morality to our admiration, pass over

in silence its illusions and failures, whilst at the same time emptying Christian morality of one of its principal characteristics, namely, the supernatural element, without which it is incomplete. We have endeavoured to do full justice to each without prejudice, and would only add here that, judging by results, and also bearing in mind that one of the chief elements of success, systematic organisation, is wanting in Stoicism, the superiority of Christianity would appear to us to consist in satisfying more completely the demands of the imagination and the heart in its appeal to the people at large. Stoicism only succeeds in making an impact on the fit and few; its operations are restricted to a limited area; it only reaches directly the aristocracy of intellect. Schopenhauer accounts for the same fact, with his characteristic severity, when he speaks of Stoicism personified as a stiff, wooden automaton in complete contradiction with real human nature, and therefore doomed to failure. He compares it with the teaching of Christ,

‘that noble figure full of life, containing the greatest poetic truth and depth of meaning, standing before us in perfect virtue, holiness, and loftiness, though at the same time under conditions of the highest form of suffering.’

This naturally suggests the further consideration of modern Stoicism in relation to modern pessimism, or ‘the ethics of pain.’ Schopenhauer quotes a sentence from the last letter of Seneca, ‘*bonum tunc habebis tuum, quum intelliges infelicissimos esse felices*,’ in confirmation of his own dismal theory of life. There are other passages in Seneca’s writings of similar import, but these threnodies of ancient Stoicism find their explanation in the circumstances of the time, which gave a peculiarly gloomy tinge to the meditations of men of thought in the first century. The circumstances of the present day are different; still, we too have our disillusionments and disappointments, which find their expression in the literature of modern pessimism.

A French writer living in the time of the Terror tells us that before that event he was repelled by the gloomy tone of Seneca’s writings, but that he began to read him with much relish, as affording comfort during the worst days of revolutionary tyranny. In the same way F. W. H.

Myers, in his essay on the disenchantment of France, written in 1888, quotes a passage from M. Bourget in which the latter refers to the class of *savants* whose stoical candour and personal virtue are beyond doubt, yet who express the utter hopelessness of science in its inability to answer the questionings of the mind, or to satisfy the cravings of the heart. He also points to M. Renan as a remarkable example of disenchanted optimism which can scarcely be distinguished from the pessimism of the ideologists, who, in the presence of the irresistible and irresponsible forces of nature, uncontrolled by a higher power, despair of finding a solution of the mystery of the universe. There are those, too, who see in the rise of a school of decadents the latest result of a grand but exhausted civilisation.

It may be that for this reason there is at present so large a demand for the meditations of M. Aurelius, which has called into existence several admirable translations of this unique soliloquy. Yet M. Aurelius, unlike our modern Stoics, despairs of the regeneration of average humanity because of the stolid indifference of the mass to those moral ideals to which he himself clings so tenaciously. Hence his lofty melancholy, which, indeed, is a characteristic of many noble minds, but is especially accentuated in this example of 'enthroned virtue.' But, while the Imperial Stoic can find his happiness in contentment of spirit, his modern successors, who do not share his ethical optimism, are at best meliorists who require activities as the result of speculation; so that with them the intellectual factor counts less than the practical effort to realise experimentally the higher life in man and society. To aim at rounding the headland amid the storms of life, 'to find calm, still waters, and a waveless bay,' is incompatible with the modern spirit. 'Calm's not life's crown'; the ancient Stoic's self-imposed imperturbable attitude of mind, the laboriously acquired serenity, a joyousness nearer to tears than smiles, has been replaced by a Stoicism which associates a mild cheerfulness with assiduous effort for the common good. James Spedding, in a letter to Donne, calls Edward Fitzgerald 'the prince of quietists,' and says that 'his tranquillity is like a pirated copy of the peace of God,' because it was not natural but acquired. Fitzgerald, indeed, was

not a professed Stoic, but his acquired tranquillity bears a curious resemblance to that of the Stoic and indicates the indirect influences of Stoicism on modern minds. Stoical tranquillity by itself scarcely satisfies idealists under modern conditions. They are more inclined to follow Landor, who wanted to walk with Lucretius on his right and Epictetus on his left, and said some years before his death :

‘I warmed both hands against the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.’

In a somewhat different way George Meredith, in ‘A Reading of Earth,’ though not blind to the darker aspects of life and nature ‘at her grindstone set,’ reminds us that ‘the sharpened life commands its course,’

‘Through conquest of the inner beast,
Which Measure tames to movement sane,
In harmony with what is fair.’

In his stoical optimism, or joyous Stoicism, he speaks of ‘just reason based on valiant blood,’ and bids us step through life ‘firm in footing’ with ‘Fortitude quiet as earth’s at the shedding of leaves.’ Dwelling on the mysterious synthesis of Life and Death, he says in the grand ‘Hymn to Colour,’ which speaks of colour as ‘the Soul’s bridegroom,’ thus :

‘Death begs of Life his blush; Life Death persuades
To keep long day with his caresses graced.
He is the heart of light, the wing of shades,
The crown of beauty; never soul embraced
Of him can harbour unfaith; soul of him
Possessed walks never dim.’

Here, as in other modern Stoics, we see nothing of the *libido moriendi* of the old Stoicism, scarcely the resignation of their *decenter mori*, even though death be nothing but a dissolution into the elements and the future life nothing but a dream, as most of our modern Stoics assume. Still the final dismissal may be accepted with perfect composure though without eagerness. They are not afraid of final extinction, yet would say with Eléonore de Condé, ‘It is not for us to desert the garrison.’ Carlyle declined to commit suicide on these grounds. To give ‘the slip to life’ is no longer considered permissible; but

still it behoves the actor to leave the stage with dignity when bidden to go down. Renan said to his wife, a few hours before his death:

'Be calm and resigned; we undergo the laws of nature of which we are a manifestation. We perish, we disappear, but heaven and earth remain, and the march of time goes on for ever.'

After all, if the modern Stoic no longer believes in personal survival, he still has the consoling thought of the endless continuity of noble thoughts, the persistent force of pure emotions, the posthumous immortality of noble deeds which link the living with the dead, the undying influences of those who have departed as a power felt if not seen by their survivors.

'We may comfort ourselves, if comfort be needed, by the reflection that, though the memory may be transitory, the good done by a noble life and character may last far beyond any horizon which can be realised by our imaginations.'

These were the last words of Sir Leslie Stephen in the essay on 'Forgotten Benefactors,' quoted at the end of his life by Maitland. Stephen was no Positivist; but this language cannot but suggest the doctrine of subjective immortality, which is part of the creed of Positivism. And to Positivism, as another modern manifestation of Stoicism, specially considered in its sociological aspects and in its scientific pretensions, we may now direct the reader's attention.

Here we may note the curious connexion between science and Stoicism from the very first. Thus Zeno anticipates modern philology in his five fragments of Homeric questions, and Seneca uses almost the same language as Kant in his contemplation of the starry heavens. On the other hand, Mr Frederic Harrison, the chief representative of Positivism in this country, speaks almost like an ancient Stoic when he says in his 'Creed of a Layman' that Positivism is 'the true relation of man to the universe in the relation proved by science,' and that 'the source and canon of man's duty is to be found in a true and full knowledge of human nature' (p. 241). At the same time, however, he tells us that stoic pantheism and nature-worship have no place in the

religion of humanity. It is 'human providence' that 'controls man's destiny on earth.' There is no room left here for 'the contingent remainder' of a 'Grand Peut-être'; humanity becomes the only object of worship. Accordingly, the hymn-book compiled by Mrs Harrison for public worship contains the following lines:

'In sorrow and humility,
Great human heart we fly to thee,
To gather comfort from thy store
And strength and love to serve thee more.'

Disinterested morality becomes the whole duty of man; 'death ennobles, consummates, and gives a real, albeit a humble, sainthood to every true and worthy life.' Immortality consists in 'the indefinite persistence of human activity.'

From this it follows that self-development for social ends becomes the sole aim of existence, and the study of sociology the all-embracing subject of enquiry. The individual, as a constituent member of the social organism, lives *for* others so that he may live *in* others, and, as Comte puts it, 'life in all its thoughts as well as actions is brought under the inspiring charm of social affection.' Since civilisation is simply 'a constantly increasing co-ordination, consensus, and sympathy of the vast human organism, though it be indeed a subtler co-ordination, a more rational consensus, a more equable sympathy,' what is wanted is, as another Positivist puts it, 'the conscious cultivation, enlightened by science, of society as a whole.' At the same time Cotter Morrison,* the writer here referred to, says in his 'Service of Man,' that some amount of congenital altruism there must be before this can be even attempted, and that, if we are wholly selfish, no teaching will persuade us to be heroic and self-sacrificing. Nevertheless, since we are made for co-operation, solidarity must be the principle of human conduct, and the training of social affections will form the chief end of any system of ethics founded on positive science. 'The main and essential condition of morality,'

* 'Mr Morrison's life,' says Lady Dorothy Nevill in her 'Reminiscences' (p. 273), 'was one at which not even the most stern religious bigot could cavil, for, though constantly oppressed by ill-health, he bore his lot with a stoicism—nay, a very contentment—which a Christian saint might envy.'

says Sir Leslie Stephen in his 'Science of Ethics' (p. 308), 'is the altruism which enables a man to appropriate the feelings of others, and so to acquire instincts with a reference to the social good.'

This, again, corresponds to the importance attached by the Roman Stoics to the organisation of the state and the humanisation of society by the rational development of law' as the primary condition of all moral progress. By this idea they rendered a conspicuous service to civilisation, as it contained the fruitful idea of a state governed by wisdom, resting, as Wordsworth puts it,

'On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,
As just in regulation and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.'

For should it be forgotten in this connexion that our modern idea of the supremacy of law is a curious blend of the *jus naturale* of Roman Stoicism, resuscitated both in 'the law of Nature' of the French legists, and the Code de la Nature' of the revolutionary socialists, with the modern scientific idea of law, 'that nothing is that exists from law.' From this law of nature, and the *jus gentium*, the supposed law common to all nations, the Stoics and the Roman Jurisconsults after them, deduced the principles of equity and the humanitarian ideal of the equal rights of all men, which grew out of the stoical conception of the dignity of human nature conferring on all the rights, and imposing on all the duties, of cosmopolitan citizenship.* Thus the description of 'the austere rule of living' in Mr Wells' 'Modern Utopia,' with its rigid coordination of human activities in order 'to produce the maximum cooperation of all men of good intent in a state of bodily health and efficiency,' represents not only, as he suggests, 'the Stoicism of the Bushido Cult,' but may be regarded as a reminiscence of European Stoicism with its ideal of universal citizenship, its noble conception of humanity as 'one great society alone on earth; the noble living and the noble dead.'

We may close our survey of the recent manifestations of Stoicism with a brief estimate of its merits and

* 'Ancient Law,' by Sir H. S. Maine, ch. iii, pp. 49-57.

demerits as one of the most important influences on contemporary life and thought. There have been different times adverse critics who have ridiculed its pretensions, from Lucian down to Mommsen; and these have not been slow in drawing attention to its weak points as an exotic system of philosophy fit only for the select few. And it has never wanted its distinguished admirers from Tacitus down to Lecky, who calls the Stoics 'moral beacons of the civilised globe.' But even some of its avowed friends have reluctantly acknowledged that, though bracing in its effects, Stoicism is not exhilarating or even consolatory, but 'melancholy, circumscribed, and ineffectual.' Others have dwelt on its 'precision' and 'elated haughtiness' as offensive to modern sensitiveness, which shrinks from the self-sufficient sense of superiority it assumes. Others again, like Montesquieu, have compared it in its lofty aims to those Alpine flowers which bloom unseen on inaccessible heights far above the level of ordinary capacity. This straining after unattainable perfection by ethical aeronauts in the 'inverted austerity' and passionless indifference, it is asserted, can only attract a very small number of votaries with a natural predisposition to 'cloistered virtue' and is utterly unsuitable for the work-a-day life of ordinary mortals.

It is impossible to deny this defect of soaring aloft, but, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that, if not directly, yet mediately through the few influences on the many, its effects for good are incalculable, and that regarded from this point of view, Neo-Stoicism counts as an important asset among the moral forces of our own day. By itself it may be incapable of remodelling human nature, that is, the nature of the plain man, just as neither M. Aurelius, 'the Saint of Agnosticism,' nor other high-souled men of the Stoic school of his day could save the decaying Roman society of the second century. However, the parallel must not be pressed too far, since our modern Stoics are less stern, less impassive, less contemptuous of the ordinary foibles of humanity, less exacting and unsympathetic in their demands on human nature, and therefore more likely to succeed in their efforts in stimulating the laggards and steadying the irresolute in their struggle after the higher life.

These and other marked differences should not be overlooked in any fair estimate of the moral potentialities of Neo-Stoicism as one of the regenerating influences in modern society. The Stoic of to-day cannot be described as 'self-centred and unsocial.' 'A strong man has living fire in his veins, and shows his character, not by denying, still less in denying, his emotions, but in controlling them,' says one of them, though, it should be added, a Christian Stoic of the present day.

The God of ancient Stoicism was described as having neither head nor heart; 'le Dieu des savants' of the moderns, 'God the spirit of goodness, and truth, and duty,' whose blessing is invoked by Haeckel at the close of his monistic creed, is not an unintelligent and unfeeling, though an unknown God; and whilst there is no doubt, among Stoics a strong desire to escape from the supernatural, there is also a more friendly leaning towards Christianity, stripped of its dogmatic trappings, which brings modern Stoicism into unexpected proximity to modern Christianity. Thus, e.g., the author of 'Beside Still Waters' speaks 'of the grave, yet, gracious life' of the matured man of culture, who has arrived at 'valuing sincerity, sympathy, simplicity, and candour above dogma and accumulated beliefs,' and who expresses gratitude for the balance, the serenity, that such a life has brought him.

Here and elsewhere we note a coalescence of the two systems in their latest developments. The modern Stoic is no longer a 'self-sufficing unit,' who lives in 'le sommet de la glace,' the refrigerated atmosphere of ascetic self-restraint. The modernised Christian has ceased to be self-absorbed in the inwardness of his religious subjectivity, or in the pursuit of ceremonial self-externalisation. Both are apt to take for their motto, 'True piety is acting what one owes,' and by a careful cultivation of the social affections cooperate in the common effort for raising and enlarging the life of every member of the human family.

But, it may be said, granted this to be the dominant principle of action among the few select spirits who form the aristocracy of intellect, there still remains the objection of Pascal that the Stoics 'concluent qu'on peut vivre sans Dieu, ce qu'on peut quelquefois,' and further, that they forget that what is possible to the few is not possible to the fit and few is

not possible to the mass of mankind. And, moreover, there is always the question, as far as the vast majority is concerned, why any one (in the absence of a recognised authority) should follow out the Stoic precept, 'abstine et sustine,' rather than yield to his own natural propensities?

The answer to this is that, though, as a philosophy of redemption, Stoicism *per se* may be inadequate, yet that concurrently, if not conjointly, with Christianity it may be of considerable use in forwarding what Browning calls 'the general plan.' For it provides excellent models of moral heroism, invigorating instances of moral efficiency, whilst Christianity adds ardour to tranquillity and supplies the enthusiasm inspired by the love of Christ as the motive force and sustaining power in those who try to follow its counsels of perfection. 'What does Christian law become without the sentiment of love, without the impulse of mercy, but a sort of moral Stoicism, rigid and severe?' says M. A. Sabatier. The question may be met by another: What would become of Stoicism with its proud reserve, its private rehearsals of self-scrutiny, and its frosty rigour in the performance of public duty, without the warm touch of religion, without the fuller influences of Christianity to melt and mellow its harder features? In its unflinching adherence to moral rectitude, in its uncompromising hardihood as a protest against unmanly selfishness and weak self-indulgence, in its generous idealism pitted against the ethical materialism of the day, Stoicism will prove the best antidote against all forms of emasculated religiosity. The world was in need of moral and religious reform when Roman Stoicism appeared on the scene. The intellectual exigencies of our own time stand in need of a similar force. In the growing tendency to separate morality from theology, at this moment when the lapse of religious faith or, at least, the loose adherence to uncertain creeds renders the basis of morality somewhat insecure, Stoicism in its modern form will afford a temporary resting-place to men and women with high moral aims but disturbed by intellectual perplexities. Thus Mr Algernon Cecil, in his 'Christian Thinkers,' published recently, speaks of Lord Blackburn as having fallen back on a phil.

entirely different from Stoicism. 'With the gospel of uncertainty in his hand, he requires of all men a rigid, strenuous life. Behind stern, sad faces we are to conceal our doubting hearts' (p. 285). Others, again, who are struggling with intellectual difficulties, yet, at the same time, unwilling to abandon the essentials of the religion in which they were reared, and to which they are still attached, are in the position of the late J. Addington Symonds, who died with a little volume of prayers, originally given him by his mother, by his side, and who had placed on his tombstone the epitaph, consisting of his own translation of the following lines from the hymn of Cleanthes:

'Lead thou me, God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!
All names for Thee alike are vain and hollow.
Lead me, for I will follow without strife,
Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow!'

Such a conjunction of Neo-Stoicism and modern Christianity may eventually produce a union of opposites in the formation of character which will, on the one hand, prevent moral earnestness from degenerating into an 'apotheosis of human virtue,' and, on the other, tend to preserve the gentler virtues of Christianity from degenerating into religious sentimentalism. In their combined opposition to the invasion of moral laxity they may prove an irresistible force in counteracting the debilitating effects of an over-refined, self-indulgent Epicureanism, gradually relapsing into a kind of ostensibly self-depreciating, but in reality self-complacent decadence.

Art. 12.—REVOLUTION OR REFORM.

THE general election of 1910 has resulted in the assembling of a Parliament different from any of its recent predecessors. In 1895, 1900 and 1906 one coherent party obtained a majority—and a very large majority—of the whole House. Now no party has a majority. The Liberal party is greater than the Unionist only by two votes; and among its ranks it reckons Mr Gibson Bowles, who is in fact, as well as in name, an independent member. Should he vote on any occasion with the Unionists, the two parties would be absolutely equal. The Liberal Government is thus driven to rely upon the support of two parties whose main purposes do not entirely coincide with those of the Liberals, and who depend upon electoral support which is in some respects alien from Liberalism.

It may, indeed, be recalled that the Liberal party was even weaker in numbers in the Parliament that assembled in 1892. But its relations with the Irish party were less difficult than at present, for both were whole-heartedly united in favour of Home Rule, and Home Rule was indisputably the first question with which that Parliament had to deal. Nor were the Labour members in those days formally organised into a detached party, and obliged to justify their existence as such by at least an appearance of independent action. But the greatest difference of all between the situation in the present Parliament and that in the first year of the Parliament of 1892 is to be observed in the absence of Mr Gladstone. His commanding personality and unfaltering strength of purpose dominated and held together all the members, whether from Great Britain or Ireland, who supported his policy. Mr Asquith has many parliamentary talents; but his ascendancy even over the Liberal party is not assured, and he has but little personal influence either over the Labour or the Irish group. Nor does his influence seem to gather strength as time goes on. Whether through his own fault or that of his colleagues, his methods are ominously vacillating, and he has already deeply incurred the imputation—of all others perhaps the most fatal to a leader—that he yields unstably to the pressure of his nominal followers. The upshot is that,

although the Liberal party is more numerous in this Parliament than it was in that of 1892, the Liberal Government seems possessed of far less of the elements of a strong and durable administration.

And that party, though very much the largest section of the coalition that supports the Ministry, is also the least interesting. It suffers indeed from having been for four years a Ministerial party. In such a position, individual ability gets but little chance of display. All except the most vigorous and energetic natures tend to become discouraged and apathetic in their parliamentary life when their only opportunities are to speak on behalf of the party policy with less effect than their leaders and at the worst and least convenient times. This discouragement drives some members into an attitude of independence. It is less insipid to criticise than to praise; and the independent critic of his party is usually sure of an interested audience. That this general law of politics is operating on the Radical back benches there have been some signs since the opening of Parliament. Mr Belloc, Mr Wedgwood, and Sir Henry Dalziel have made speeches in the note of candid friends. For the rest, the appearance of the Radical ranks is dull and gloomy, as of a party not deeply interested and not sanguine of success. The contrast between the opening of this Parliament and that of the last is evidently appreciated by those Conservative members who sat in both. Then the Ministerial party, overpowering in numbers, were confident to the point of arrogance, and would scarcely accord a courteous hearing to their opponents. Now they seem out of heart and out of spirits, in striking contrast to the aggressive confidence which prevails among Unionists. The Labour party seem also to be suffering from a sense of discouragement; but it may be conjectured that the reasons for their depression are not altogether the same as in the case of the Radicals. They do indeed share in the anxieties of the whole Ministerial party in respect to tactics and policy; but they have besides some special griefs of their own. The truth is that the Labour members are in a false position. They claim with ostentation to be independent; and many of the objects they have in view are in fact different from those which could be accepted by moderate Liberals, and stitute a policy properly

called 'independent.' But though much of their policy is independent, the party itself could hardly afford to quarrel with its Liberal allies. A bitter struggle with Liberals all over the country would doubtless result in great loss on both sides; but it could hardly end otherwise than in the annihilation of three-fourths of the Labour party. It is true that they might recover from such a defeat, and in the end be stronger for having resolved to rely only on the support that their own and their policy's merits can obtain, and not on that which can be gained by bargaining with Liberalism. But at the outset most of their seats would fall.

It is natural to shrink from such a catastrophe, and accordingly the Labour party prefers the friendship of Liberalism to its enmity. But the friendship between a small party and a large one inevitably means that the smaller sinks into a dependent position. Nor do the Labour party show enough ability to play the part of the wing of a party with much effect. There are indeed in their ranks speakers of not inconsiderable power; but they cannot be said to have any orator of the first rank, or any personality which naturally dominates and leads. Nor have they shown much tactical dexterity in the manoeuvres they have so far attempted. The general effect has not been impressive; and it is probable that they will not much longer be able to put off the choice between insignificance in alliance with Liberalism and a temporary destruction at the hands of its hostility.

The Irish party finds itself, in the new Parliament, in a position to which it has long been unaccustomed. For the first time since the early years of the Parliament of 1895 there is a substantial split in the Nationalist ranks; and now the split is of a much more formidable character than it was in 1892 or 1895. Curiously, Mr Redmond is now in the position of the leader of the majority, and Mr O'Brien occupies Mr Redmond's old place as the leader of the minority in the Nationalist ranks. And Mr O'Brien seems both a stronger and more popular leader of insurgents than was Mr Redmond. No one who is not intimately acquainted with Ireland can pretend to judge how the contest between the two sections will terminate. But it certainly seems that the Independent Nationalists are growing in strength; and it can hardly

doubted that it is the apprehension of their attack that makes Mr Redmond so uncertain and so uneasy as to what course he will adopt in respect to the ratification of last year's Budget. The strange spectacle is thus presented of Mr Asquith afraid of Mr Redmond, and Mr Redmond afraid of Mr O'Brien. But for Mr Redmond, Mr Asquith would certainly have begun by carrying the Budget; but for Mr O'Brien, it is likely that Mr Redmond would have supported Mr Asquith in that course. This implication of instability has undoubtedly contributed much to the hesitations and vacillations of the Government and to its consequent discredit. But it may safely be laid down that no government which is entirely united within itself hesitates or vacillates in this disastrous way. The Cabinet, of course, keeps its secrets. But some signs of disagreement have been allowed to escape which confirm the voice of many rumours. Indeed the disagreements on the subject of the reform of the House of Lords are almost open. The language of Sir Edward Grey at the Eighty Club is scarcely to be reconciled with the course which the Government has in the end taken. And the language of Mr Haldane in introducing his army estimates seems to foreshadow that he does not intend himself long to remain a member of the Government. Other Ministers are reported to have been on the point of resigning. These signs and stories of disunion are the worst of all the omens that are against the Government. And they have been confirmed by the manner in which the Ministry have handled the difficulties of their situation. The King's Speech itself displayed in its confused language the perplexities and hesitations of the Ministers whose advice it had been framed. It was very short, and besides the customary and formal references to the reign and Imperial situation, referred to but little save the constitutional crisis. But in the brief reference to that crisis two phrases at once attracted notice. The speech ran:

Proposals will be laid before you, with all convenient speed, to define the relations between the Houses of Parliament, so as to secure the undivided authority of the House of Commons over Finance, and its predominance in Legislation. These measures, in the opinion of My advisers, should provide that this House should be so constituted and empowered as to

exercise impartially, in regard to proposed legislation, the functions of initiation, revision, and, subject to proper safeguards, of delay.'

It was immediately remarked that it was not usual for the Sovereign expressly to throw upon his advisers a responsibility which is, as a rule, taken for granted. It almost seemed as if he was anxious to take the opportunity to warn the public that he would not necessarily concur in all that his Ministers might advise in pursuance of their policy. Secondly, the clumsy and almost ungrammatical attempt to weld into one sentence a reference both to the powers and to the constitution of the House of Lords seemed to bear the marks of a half-adjusted quarrel in the Cabinet. Rumour was not tardy in adding that the uncouth insertion of the word 'constituted' was due to a threat of resignation by Sir Edward Grey. The debate on the Address followed, and the first stir was created by the explicit declaration of the Prime Minister that, when he spoke of 'safeguards' in the Albert Hall, he did not mean that he would, after the general election, ask the royal consent to the creation of peers in order, if need be, to overwhelm the judgment of the House of Lords, but only that he would promote legislation which would deprive that House of its veto. He went on to explain that the financial situation would require immediate attention; that the supplies required by law must be voted before March 31; that measures must be taken to make good the anticipated deficit in the revenue, and that for these purposes he must take the whole time of the House. Finally, he announced that both the Budget and the Resolutions relating to the House of Lords' Veto must be passed before any holiday more than a brief adjournment over Good Friday and Easter Monday could be permitted. The Budget was to be passed without alteration, except 'in some comparatively immaterial points, mainly matters of date.' He did not state expressly whether the Budget or the Lords' Resolutions were first to be entered upon, but appeared to imply that the Budget would take precedence. For he emphasised that before the Budget passed from the control of the House of Commons, that House should have an opportunity of 'expressing its opinions upon the main principles embodied in the Resolutions.' These

Resolutions, when passed, were not to be sent to the House of Lords, but a Bill was to be founded upon them which would embody their principles. The speech concluded with a few words, delivered in the manner of a quiet, strong man, full of reserve force, which Mr Asquith is accustomed to assume on critical occasions.

'That' (he said) 'is the mode of procedure which, after much consideration, the Government have determined to recommend to the House. If the majority of the House are content with it, well and good; if not, well of course we must bow to their decision. . . . Speaking for myself and my colleagues, I can say with a clear conscience we have, in this matter, only two objects in view. The first is, as far as we are responsible for it, to carry on the King's Government with credit and efficiency, and, on the other hand, to put an end at the earliest possible moment, by the wisest and most adequate methods we can devise, to the constitutional condition which enables a non-representative and irresponsible authority to thwart the purposes and mutilate the handiwork of the chosen exponents of the people's will.'

We have set out the details of this speech at some length because of the striking contrast in many of its more important points between the Government's subsequent action and this first formal declaration. Within a week the policy of the Government had undergone substantial modifications. In moving to take the time of the House up to Easter, Mr Asquith announced that the Veto Resolutions were to be submitted to the House of Lords without waiting for the formulation of a Bill; and it also became clear that the Budget was not to be entered upon until after the Veto Resolutions had passed the House of Commons. For the rest, the Prime Minister sketched the business that was to be taken before Easter, and a serious defect in the Government plan began to attract attention. The postponement of the Budget until a period considerably beyond Easter created a grave financial difficulty, and this difficulty the Government refused adequately to meet. They proposed indeed to borrow money to carry on the public service, but they made no plan for the collection of the revenue. It soon appeared that there would have been plenty of time before Easter to deal with the matter. The Government could easily have

found as much as a parliamentary week for the business of ways and means, and in that week they could have carried a temporary Bill authorising the collection of income tax and other non-contentious taxes until the complete Budget was dealt with. But this they declined to do on the alleged ground that it would increase the control of the House of Lords over finance. That the ordinary practice of uniting all the taxing proposals of the year in one Bill does restrict the powers of the Lords in respect to finance is quite true; but there would have been no departure from that practice by the passage of a temporary Bill which would have regulated the financial situation only for three or four months, and left unaffected the ordinary annual settlement of the revenue. In a series of debates that ensued at various opportunities, the necessity of giving proper authority to the collection of revenue was strongly pressed upon the Government by the Opposition. But Ministers remained obstinate. They would not even carry an income tax resolution which might afterwards be incorporated in their Budget, although by custom such a resolution would have enabled them to draw many millions into the Exchequer. The arguments put forward in defence of this strange obstinacy, such as that they lacked time, or that they could not divide the Resolutions of the Budget, or that a resolution which was not to be followed by a Bill would lack legal authority, were so manifestly insufficient that conjecture was active as to what could be the real reasons for the course taken. Probably they were two. Mr Redmond is supposed to have laid it down as an absolute condition of his support that the Budget should not be entered upon until the Veto Resolutions had been disposed of. And this rule seems to have been founded upon the theory that the non-adoption of the Budget gave a hold against the House of Lords. The Government have never assented to the doctrine that the Budget could be used as a weapon in the constitutional struggle, but they were probably obliged to defer to Mr Redmond's wishes. The second imputed motive for the strange neglect of Mr Asquith's own maxim, that the first object of Ministers must be to carry on the King's Government with credit and efficiency, was even less estimable. It was a design to

throw upon the House of Lords the blame for the financial confusion. In so far as this was their purpose they have certainly overreached themselves. Their excuses were altogether unconvincing, and the actual mischief that has resulted from the delay in collecting the revenue has, we believe, been generally and rightly laid at their door. A deficit of 25,000,000 is the consequence of their management; and though this sum will no doubt be wholly, or almost wholly, recovered from the taxpayer, the interest of it is permanently lost. For the Government have been in the absurd position of being constrained to borrow money to carry on the public service while great sums were owed to them in respect of taxation which it needed only a formal resolution of the House of Commons to bring into their exchequer.

While the mischiefs of the Government's methods in finance were becoming every day more and more clear, it was apparent that incessant negotiations were going on to adjust the difficulties that existed between them and various sections of their supporters. It is of course impossible to know exactly what has passed. But three points seem to have been the topic of these negotiations. First, was the Government to include the reform of the House of Lords as well as the restriction of its powers among their resolutions? Secondly, was the Budget to be passed into law before the House of Lords came to a decision on the proposal to restrict its veto? Thirdly, what is to happen when, as is anticipated, the House of Lords do reject that proposal? On only one of these issues is the decision at the time we write yet known. The reformers of the House of Lords, though led by Sir Edward Grey, have been completely defeated. No mention of reform appears in the Government's Resolutions, and the debate that has taken place makes it clear that so large a proportion of the Ministerial coalition are firmly opposed to reform that there is no prospect that the Liberal party will ever succeed in carrying it. Some surprise has been felt and expressed that in the circumstances men of the character and talent of Sir Edward Grey and Mr Haldane should remain in the Cabinet. But in truth their position is a weak, because a false, one. The policy of reform is essentially inconsistent with the policy of the limitation of the Veto. The policy of reform contemplates the

creation of a Second Chamber which should enjoy the full confidence of the whole country, of Liberals as well as Conservatives. It is manifest that if such a Chamber were brought into being it could not be the dummy that the abolition of the Veto would make the House of Lords. Naturally and rightly, therefore, those who wish for a single-chamber system or, failing that, are willing to accept a dummy Second Chamber, are obstinately opposed to reform. And the moment Sir Edward Grey consented to the policy of the limitation of the Veto he put an end to any prospect of effectual reform by the Liberal party. For, once the Veto is dead, the single-chamber men will never consent to a reform which would bring it to life again. Lord Rosebery, in the House of Lords, had no difficulty in exposing the utter absurdity of the position of Liberal reformers. They were, he said, going first to hamstring their horse, and then enter it for the Derby. And this figure is not too strong to illustrate the position of Sir Edward Grey. He seems unable to face the fact that the destruction of the Veto is really the destruction of all the legislative authority of the Second Chamber; and that to reform an assembly which has no powers is absurd and self-contradictory. Reform implies public confidence, and public confidence implies power. The policy of reforming the Second Chamber is the policy of having a strong Second Chamber. The policy of restricting the Veto is the policy of having a weak Second Chamber, or rather of having no Second Chamber at all. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in a futile and ignominious position, like every one else who attempts to achieve contradictory objects. Nothing is more pregnant of failure and humiliation than to attempt to make the same thing both black and white.

The position of the Budget remains in doubt at the time at which we write. Mr Redmond declared at Tipperary that he would support the Budget, but only on conditions which appear to amount to three in number. First, the final third reading stage of the Budget must not be disposed of until the Lords' decision on the Veto Resolutions shall be known. Secondly, the Government must pledge themselves to ask the King either to consent to create peers in sufficient numbers to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords, immediately on the

rejection of the Veto Resolutions, or else to promise to make such a creation if the result of another general election is favourable to the Government. Thirdly, that substantial concessions should be made in the terms of the Budget itself in the interests of the Irish taxpayers. As far as at present it is possible to judge, it would appear that the Government are disposed to concede the third of Mr Redmond's terms, and possibly the second, but are reluctant to yield the first. Indeed their language clearly points to passing the Budget through the House of Commons before the Lords can have time to pronounce upon the Veto Resolutions. Whether in the upshot Mr Redmond will rigorously adhere to his position is doubtful. The best opinion appears to be that the dispute will somehow or another be adjusted, and the Budget passed. The whole episode, however, clearly shows that whatever may happen to the Lords, the modifications that have recently taken place in the working of the Constitution have gone far to diminish the power and importance of the House of Commons. The fate of the Budget manifestly depends, not on what may be said in debate on the floor of the House, not on the convictions of the members of the House as to the merits of the Budget, but on how far private colloquies and negotiations can persuade a majority of the House, by arguments which have nothing to do with the merits of the Budget, to give it their approval. The real debate is now, not between orators addressing the Speaker's chair in the presence of the whole House of Commons, and indirectly of the whole country, but between three or four negotiators whose conversations are private and unreported, and who may use any argument that they think useful without regard to the opinion of the House of Commons or of the country. There is something singular in this object-lesson of the mechanism of the First Chamber at the very moment when it is proposed to restrict the powers of the Second. It would hardly be possible to imagine an illustration of the working of the House of Commons which more vividly shows the dangers of single-chamber Government. Here we have a financial proposal of the highest importance. No one disputes that, purely on its merits, it does not commend itself to a majority of the House of Commons. Yet its passage into law is possible.

likely, not by reason of any persuasiveness of its advocates in public debate, but because of their skill in using the bait of Home Rule to procure the votes of Irish opponents whose constituents altogether disapprove of the new taxes proposed. Manifestly if the Budget passes, it will pass, not in virtue of popular sanction, nor in virtue of the free consent of the representatives of the people, but because a majority has been coaxed together by irrelevant considerations which differ from bribes in their freedom from a corrupt character, but not in their power of inducing members of Parliament to suppress their true convictions. A system of government under which this can be done cannot be regarded as democratic. The Government does not depend upon the people; it depends on that adjustment of partisan and sectional considerations which is called log-rolling.

It is an interesting question how far, in the light of current events, the House of Lords may claim to be justified in their rejection of the Budget last December. Of the constitutional propriety of that rejection there seems little ground for doubting. The Ministry and their supporters do indeed continue to affirm that the House of Lords cannot constitutionally reject a Finance Bill; but this contention is more nearly destitute of any valid authority even than most partisan arguments. The Journals of the two Houses of Parliament, which alone in such a question can claim to be authoritative, contain no resolution condemning the Lords for rejecting, as distinct from initiating or amending, a Money Bill. Nor does an appeal to the authority of statesmen in the past, whatever may be thought of the value of their authority, change the case. The preponderating weight of witness in favour of the right of the Lords to reject is positively overwhelming. And it is urged that if the exertion of the Lords' constitutional powers in respect to Money Bills is ever to be justified, it must be in respect to a new proposal which, by the confession, or rather by the boast, of its authors, is the initiation of a great scheme of social change. Here would seem to be a case, if ever there was one, where an appeal to the people was required. Nor can it be said that the appeal has been unsuccessful. It has long been, and still is, doubtful whether the Budget will pass at all; and it seems most probable that if it

passes at all it will be with some substantial amendments. This seems to make a very strong case for the rejection. But the constitutional propriety of an action is one thing, its wisdom is another. It may perhaps be doubted whether the interests of the stability of property and the safety of the Constitution would not have been better consulted by the passage rather than the rejection of the Budget last December. Whatever may be the result of the present controversy, it is impossible not to regret the violent disturbance of the very foundations of the Constitution in which it has resulted. The tranquillity in respect to political fundamentals, which five or six years ago was a striking phenomenon in English politics, has been lost and may not be recovered for many years. The reform of the Constitution of the House of Lords, the determination of the limits of its powers, are problems more easily raised than solved, and will no doubt occupy public attention for years to come. At the same time a large section of the Liberal party, which seems likely to sway the counsels of the whole, are becoming more and more committed to an attitude of hostility to property, especially landed property, and to a policy directed towards levelling down inequalities of wealth. Had the Lords passed the Budget the constitutional issues would have been avoided, or at least postponed for some years; and in the sharp reaction that would almost certainly have ensued on a few months' experience of the Budget, its harsher features might have been modified and the dangerous doctrine of taxing wealth according to its origin definitely repudiated and disallowed. Against this must be set the possibility that the Budget might be destroyed in the present Parliament. The balance of advantage is not easily weighed; but upon the whole we incline to the opinion that, though the Lords had every right to reject the Budget, it is a right they would have been more judicious not to exercise.

But this question belongs to the region of history. Politicians have now to deal with the situation as it is. The proposal put forward by the Ministry is to destroy the power of the Second Chamber over finance, and to limit its control over ordinary legislation to the right of requiring the House of Commons to adopt a Bill in three successive sessions. Such a proposal leaves no effectual

authority to the House of Lords. The most far-reaching legislative changes can be embodied in Bills for levying taxes or appropriating supplies. Land might be nationalised by appropriating a certain quantity of money to buy land for the State, and imposing penal taxation on those who refuse to sell. By similar methods railways or any of the means of production might be acquired by the nation. None of these extreme courses are very likely to be taken at one step. But if the whole of the value of land, or of railways, or of any other form of property may be acquired by the State through taxation and appropriation, it is manifest that a part of the value can be not less easily impounded. The functions of the State may be extended at the expense of the rights of individuals to any degree which may suit the claims of the majority of the House of Commons for the time being. This can be done merely by using the financial powers of the House of Commons, which, under the Government plan, are to be subjected to no check whatever. But the checks on general legislation are only a little less alarmingly insufficient. A Bill must pass the House of Commons in three sessions, and the whole process must take two years before the House of Commons can override the House of Lords. But any one who has watched the proceedings of the House of Commons in recent years knows very well that, as soon as a question has become one of acute party conflict, the independence of the House of Commons is at an end. The second and third considerations of Bills would be mere matters of form. At the beginning of each session of a parliament after the first, all the Bills that had been sent up to the House of Lords and had failed to pass would be rapidly and formally assented to without any reality of discussion. This is actually what was done in respect to the two Scottish Bills which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman insisted on passing a second time through the House of Commons after they had failed in the Lords. The readiness of the Government to propose guillotine resolutions to the House of Commons plainly shows how very subordinate the rights of that House are to the party interests of its majority. It is quite safe to say that no consideration for the freedom of debate or reality of deliberation in the House of Commons would be allowed to weigh for

a moment against any important point in the party game. Nor, as existing events make abundantly clear, is it at all necessary that the whole of the Ministerial party should be convinced of the propriety of any such measure. If an active section are ardently in favour of a particular Bill, they can easily compel their more languid colleagues to acquiesce in it by threatening to withdraw their support from the Government which is at once the creature and the master of the whole party. To say, therefore, that the Ministry's proposals establish single-chamber government is to understate the case. A process has been going on for years by which the real authority of the House of Commons has been transferred to the Cabinet and to the party which forms the majority of that House. This process has proceeded with accelerated speed as time has passed, and under the present Government it has gone so far as to leave little more to the House of Commons than two functions. First, the House is still the legal mechanism by which sections of the party majority make their will effective; for of course the threat which gives power to this group of members or to that in the controversies that take place within the precincts of the dominant party, is always that the Government will be displaced by a hostile vote in the House of Commons. This function will, doubtless, always remain to the House. But it may become as purely mechanical as the function of the American College of Electors in electing the President. Even now we see that the decisions of the House of Commons are completely discounted the moment the opinion of the Irish party, of the Labour party, or of the discontented Liberals is known. When the debate on the Budget opens the only anxiety will be to know what has already been decided by Mr Redmond and his friends. The actual proceedings of the House of Commons will be only of formal importance; the real decision will already have been made. The second function that remains to the House of Commons is that of a forum for public discussion, by which the mind of the electorate can be instructed and enlightened. This function it shares with the House of Lords; but unhappily, unlike the House of Lords, it exercises it with ever less and less freedom. The restrictions on debate, which were on

ally designed merely as a protection against obstruction, are now with little dissembling used for purposes of party advantage, or even for mere convenience. If prolonged discussion is likely to do a Government harm, if it is likely even to keep Ministers away from a holiday which they want, that is quite a good enough reason for curtailing debate by a guillotine resolution. What we are therefore faced by in the Government's attack on the House of Lords is the destruction of the last effectual barrier in the way of the absolute authority of the Cabinet and of the party which supports it. The House of Commons has been slowly losing its power of resistance to that authority until no more than is negligible remains. But hitherto a Liberal Cabinet and a Liberal Government has had to face the much more formidable opposition of the House of Lords.

It is admittedly this very circumstance, that the House of Lords is a serious obstacle which can often hinder the Liberal party from getting its own way, that is the foundation of the case for abolishing the Lords' Veto. Over and over again it is said by Liberal speakers that their party is not fairly treated because the Lords hinder them and do not hinder the Conservatives. It may at once be admitted that the Constitution at present affords only dangerously slight checks on any Ministry, and that those checks are almost non-existent when the Ministry is Conservative. But it is necessary to remember that a Conservative Government and party, by its inherent character of conservatism, stands less in need of restraint than do their Radical opponents. Conservatism and Radicalism are not mere names. They express different human tendencies, the one towards preserving what exists, which sometimes lapses into mere sluggish inaction; the other to seeking improvement in change, which sometimes lapses into reckless, unjust, or destructive revolutions. Plainly, the latter temperament is the one that stands most in need of check. This would be, perhaps, a sufficient answer if Conservatism were always conservative. But, though the Conservative party is in the main really averse from change as change, there are within its ranks movements of opinion which are not, in the true sense of the word, conservative at all. These currents of feeling at present run in the direction of Tariff Reform.

But there is no reason to think that their activity will necessarily be limited to tariff questions. Many speakers and writers who are advocating the Unionist cause are also prominent in urging extensive changes in the region of land-laws and poor-laws and unemployment. Doubtless many weighty arguments may be used for these schemes, as for Tariff Reform itself. But we cannot reasonably deny that they are not, in the strict sense of the word, conservative. And the circumstance that influential sections of the Unionist party are advocating change, gives some force to the Radical complaint that the Second Chamber checks Radical Governments, but does not check Unionist.

It is clear, however, that it is worse than no remedy for this evil to remove the checks on Radicalism. Put it as high as you please, the Conservative zeal for changes falls far short of that which is found in the Radical party. To leave the whole institutions of the country, every scrap of property, and every right of personal liberty, at the disposal of a modern Radical party, acting under the propulsion of an Irish or Labour group, resembles rather a nightmare than a sober political programme. The remedy for the faults which may reasonably be found in the Constitution as it now is, is not the diminution but the increase of checks on the authority of the Cabinet and its attendant party. We are already much too near the absolutism of the Cabinet and its caucuses to be pleasant. What ought to be done is first to reform and strengthen the Second Chamber so as to make it a more efficient check if possible on both parties, and then to restore the independence of the First Chamber so that it may no longer be merely the docile instrument of the party which holds the majority within its walls.

These objects are widely approved; but the difficulties that lie in the way of attaining them have not as yet been overcome. These difficulties arise mainly from the circumstance that the question of constitutional reform has been rapidly thrust to the forefront of political controversy, and that, so far, politicians have rather had an opportunity for excited dispute than for sober reflection. Consequently many schemes are put forward; every one has his own plan, and no one is prepared to subordinate his own views to his neighbour's.

This is true both in respect to the House of Lords and the House of Commons ; but it is especially obvious in the debates about the House of Lords. A great variety of plans have been suggested. Some people, like Sir Edward Grey and Mr Haldane, want to create an elected Senate. Others, like Lord Rosebery, want to strengthen the House of Lords by applying to it the principle of selection from among its members, and by reinforcing the selected Lords of Parliament by others chosen from outside, or sitting in virtue of their tenure of some office or qualification held by them. Another set of reformers would prefer the principle of nomination for life by the Crown on the advice of its Ministers. Yet another more conservative body of opinion desire only to exclude unworthy members from the existing House, and to strengthen it by the addition of life peers. And these are only the main divisions of opinion. Every kind of variety of view may be found as to matters of detail in which the changes are rung on the principles of election and selection, nomination and heredity. This multiplicity of schemes of reform is a hindrance to rapid progress on behalf of any particular plan. The strength of the reformers is destroyed by division, and an opportunity the more is given to those who are opposed to reform altogether because they wish to destroy either the existence or the powers of the Second Chamber. What is wanted is leisure for discussion and reflection, so that the reformers may close their ranks and agree among themselves on a plan which will secure their unanimous support. Pending such opportunity, it will be wisest for all sorts of reformers to recognise that any scheme of reform of the Second Chamber is better than the alternative plan of destroying its powers. By such a recognition a provisional union may be effected, and the whole strength of the reformers directed to resist the proposals of the Government.

The situation in respect to reforming the House of Commons is different, but not wholly different. There is a very widespread consensus of opinion that the existing condition of the House is not satisfactory ; that the party system has grown dangerously strong and is still growing to a power yet more dangerous ; that the proceedings of the House, through the combined action of obstruction and closure, are very far from the ideal of a deliberative

assembly; that the 'swing of the pendulum' and the consequent disproportion of majorities go far to destroy the true representative character of the Commons' House, and to deprive it of that moral authority without which its legal prerogatives are of little value. All these propositions are accepted by many people on both sides of politics. But, as in the case of the House of Lords, time is still wanted to think out a remedy. A good many people are inclined to some plan for securing a more proportional representation; but their inclination has not yet hardened into a conviction, still less into a motive for active propaganda. While the mischiefs that exist in the existing state of the House of Commons are patent and undeniable, there is a natural apprehension lest, in embarking hastily upon a supposed cure, other and perhaps worse evils might be induced. To strengthen the independence of individual members, to weaken the rigour of the party system, to diminish the size of party majorities, would have some good results, but might also have some bad. The restoration of the House to something more resembling its freedom of deliberation in the palmy days of Sir Robert Peel or Mr Gladstone might be purchased too dearly if, by the same process, the whole executive administration of the Empire was weakened, and for the strong, if partisan administrations of our time, a series of feeble and transient Ministries were substituted. Accordingly, in respect to the reform of the Commons, as of the Lords, there is rather an agreement that something ought to be done, than a clear vision of what that something ought to be.

Reformers will best make progress by fixing their minds on the root of the mischief. Plainly, the evil under which both Houses are suffering is fundamentally the exaggeration of party feeling. What is the real grievance of which Liberals complain in the House of Lords? It is its partisanship. The Liberal party do not find the House of Lords intolerable because it is an hereditary chamber, although that may be one of the grounds they allege upon the platform. They find it intolerable because they think that it is the obedient instrument in the hand of their political opponents. If the House of Lords continued purely hereditary, but yet sometimes voted for the Liberal and against the Conservative party,

pensable to parliamentary government as it has existed in our country for much more than a hundred years. What is needed is not the abolition of the party system, but a certain diminution in the power and rigidity of party. This is needed in both Houses; and in both Houses can be attained only in two ways. The first is the reduction of the size of party majorities. The second is the preservation or restoration of a moderate degree of independence among the members of both Houses. If these be clearly recognised to be the objects in view, the path of reform is to a great extent made clear. In the case of the Lords, the merits of any plan depending on election or selection or nomination, or on all these principles mixed together, is at once brought to a test. How far will it make for a fair balance of parties; how far will it safeguard the independence of individual members of the Upper House? It will be no use introducing the elective principle unless we can be sure of two things; that it will operate in favour of equalising parties, and that it will not imply the introduction of that influence of the caucus which has done so much to injure the independence of the House of Commons. It will be no use selecting from among the peerage if the only result is to get a body of very able but very unpromising partisans who will be less disposed than ever to make concessions to the House of Commons. We must carefully frame our scheme of reform so as to secure that the final voice in the Upper Chamber will be in the hands of no obstinate majority, but of a majority which depends on the cooperation of its more moderate and independent members.

The like considerations seem to point, in the case of the Commons, to establishing proportional representation. But here, as already stated, we have to meet a weighty objection. How can the strength of party majorities be diminished, and their authority be made to depend on securing the support of moderate and independent men, without dangerously weakening the executive government? The answer is that the influences that make for the cohesion of parties are so strong that it is very unlikely that independence will ever become sufficiently common easily to jeopardise the existence even of a small majority. Doubtless it would be necessary, if we once

partly constituted by men of independent judgment, would use the legal prerogatives of either House in a more conciliatory spirit, and to a more serene issue.

But we are wandering into the region of abstract discussion far from the emergencies of the present situation. The immediate duty of every patriotic citizen is to guard the Second Chamber against the attack that threatens it, and to stand for the cause of reform as against that of revolution. It is to this broadly outlined policy that the Unionist party is committed. They have not yet identified themselves with any particular schemes of reform that individuals have put forward. But they stand clearly for the reform, as against the alternative policy of restricting the powers, of the Upper House. It is upon this issue that the next election will be fought. How exactly the battle will begin is still doubtful. Sometimes it is thought that the Irish will reject the Budget and so bring the present Government to a premature end. Some prophets again declare that the Government will go to the Crown and demand permission to create sufficient peers to carry their Veto proposals so soon as the House of Lords has dissented from them. Other prophets, not less confident, are certain that Mr Asquith will never risk the unpopularity of an attack upon the Throne, but will try a second dissolution in the hope that, if successful, he may, without dispute, secure from the King the needed promise of the exercise of the prerogative. Extreme Radical writers and speakers are vehement that the dissolution should not be allowed to take place until the promise from the Crown has been asked for and refused. Calmer critics may think that, whatever other tactics may be good, it cannot be otherwise than madness for the Liberal party to place themselves in hostility to the King. But however these controversies are decided, the main issue will be between those who accept the policy of reforming the House of Lords and those who are in favour of destroying its powers. And on the side of reform will be the whole strength of those influences in our country which may be reckoned conservative.

The decision at the general election will further be complicated by the presence, if only in the background of the stage, of the fiscal controversy. In part this

circumstance will make for the advantage of Unionists. Whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the proposal to tax manufactured goods, its popularity is hardly open to question. But unhappily the same thing cannot be said of the proposal to tax corn and meat. On the contrary, the taxation of food is as certainly unpopular as the taxation of manufactured goods is popular. Many people are therefore urging that the Unionist leaders would be wise to imitate the tactics of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906 in respect to Home Rule, and give a promise that during the course of the next Parliament no tax on corn or meat should be proposed. It is not, of course, suggested that the Unionist leaders should change, or pretend to change, their minds on the main question of policy involved. But it is thought that to postpone one part of the policy of Tariff Reform would do no harm to that policy generally and would remove from the backs of Unionist candidates a heavy and perhaps a crushing burden. Certainly it behoves the Unionist party to bear in mind the solemn responsibility that has fallen upon them. The Constitution, if destroyed, cannot be restored to its old stability. The immense advantage which this country, almost quite alone among the nations of the world, has possessed, of a Constitution historically developed and not artificially manufactured, will be gone. Henceforth constitutional revision will be with us as it has been with others, a commonplace of political controversy. We shall have lost the peace and the security that once was ours. If, then, by a temporary postponement of a part of their policy of Tariff Reform, the Unionist leaders could gain a victory in this great conflict, and so maintain the stability of the Constitution, they will be greatly to blame if motives of pride or temper or personal dignity are allowed to hinder them from following the path of prudence. If the country is converted to the main principles of Tariff Reform, sooner or later it will be possible to carry the policy in its entirety. But by pressing the most unpopular side of Tariff Reform we imperil all parts of the Unionist programme. If we combine together the defence of the Constitution and the taxation of food, we may well fail in both objects and be left with our Constitution destroyed and our fiscal system still unchanged.

POSTSCRIPT.

This article was already in type when Mr Asquith, on the 14th of April, made the momentous announcement which has removed several of the problems discussed in the previous pages from the region of speculation into that of fact. The Prime Minister has publicly promised that, if the Lords decline to accept the Resolutions he has carried in the House of Commons, he will ask the King's consent to the creation of the four or five hundred peers necessary to force the policy embodied in those Resolutions through the Upper House. No secret is made of the reason for this humiliating reversal of the principles described by the same Mr Asquith on the first day of the session as those which ought to actuate a First Minister of the Crown. Mr Redmond was inexorable. He had the power, and he convinced Mr Asquith, at any rate, that he meant to use it. Against that no publicly proclaimed principles, no sense of personal dignity, no feeling, such as would have so strongly influenced Mr Gladstone, of the Minister's duty to shield the Sovereign from controversy, have been allowed to stand in the way. There seems no doubt that, if he has sacrificed political consistency, personal honour, and the old traditions of loyalty which made Ministers the devoted guardians of the august impartiality of the Crown, he has at least gained Mr Redmond. The prophets whom we mentioned above as confident that Mr Asquith would not risk the unpopularity of bringing the Throne into a party dispute, have proved wrong; and the extreme Radicals have, as usual, proved right, because they added to prophecy the more potent weapon of pressure.

The Budget, it seems certain, will now pass. And, as no one thinks it likely either that the Lords will accept the Resolutions of the Government, or that the King will feel able to accede to the demand for the creation of peers, interest will pass from the barren discussions accompanying the passage into law of a bought Budget to the dissolution which must lie in the very near future. Whether it be Mr Asquith or Mr Balfour who actually takes the Ministerial responsibility of advising it, it seems now quite inevitable. What will its result be? To begin with Ireland, nobody supposes that the Budget has gained

in popularity there since January. Mr Redmond has, no doubt, extorted a humiliatingly high price from Mr Asquith; but, weak as Mr Asquith has shown himself, he has got something too; and is it not possible that Ireland may think the acceptance of the actual and present Budget a high price to pay for the vision of a very problematic Home Rule? Is it certain that the future may not have its humiliations in store for Mr Redmond also? And if Mr O'Brien gains ground in Ireland at the expense of Mr Redmond, it will not require the gain of many English seats by the Unionists to put the continuance of the policy of the Budget in a very precarious position.

Then can the Liberal leaders hold together much longer? Politicians generally manage to go on acting with their colleagues longer than impartial onlookers expect. But whatever be Sir Edward Grey's loyalty to the Liberal party, this final and abject surrender to the Irish and the extremists is making people ask more than ever whether it is credible that he should long continue to accept a nominal responsibility for a policy which is plainly leading to an indefinite postponement of the reconstitution of the Second Chamber to which he has always been committed and on the importance of which he has publicly insisted so lately as on April 11. On that day he wrote a letter to the chairman of the Berwick Liberal Association in which he stated that he intended to ask his constituents at the next election to give their attention to 'the constitution of a proper Second Chamber and a definition of its powers.' Does anybody suppose, does Sir Edward Grey himself suppose, that, whatever attention he may obtain from the electors of Berwick for this problem, he will obtain much from his party in the next or any other House of Commons? And if not, how long will his position as a Liberal leader remain a possible one?

For Unionists, at any rate, the issue is clear. The Unionist party must strain every nerve to prevent the destruction of the ancient Constitution of the country. Their candidates will have great allies. There is the historical feeling that lies deep in the mind of the average Englishman and makes him disinclined to sudden breaches with the traditional past; the just indignation which

is so widely felt at Mr Asquith's indecent treatment of the Crown; the equally widespread indignation at the ignominious surrender of the Prime Minister of England to the dictation of an Irish leader who parades his indifference to the most vital interests of Great Britain; and there is the impatience and disgust of all classes of the business community at the neglect of the most urgent financial affairs of the country in order to find time for playing with revolutionary changes which, as all men of common sense will agree, should certainly never be undertaken in a hurry. All these forces will work in favour of the Unionist party at the general election. Only once or twice in their long history have the English people been ready to tread the path of revolution, and then only when the path of reform appeared closed and inaccessible. That is not the case now. It is the essence of the Unionist policy to show the way to the reasonable reform of the Constitution and to ask the country to unite upon it. That way is open. The Lords have shown their willingness to enter upon the discussion of the reform of their House, and have accepted resolutions which lay the necessary foundation for a great change from a Chamber purely hereditary to one including many members who neither inherit their seats from their fathers nor will transmit them to their sons. The practical choice which the country will have before it at the election is that between a real but reformed Second Chamber on the one hand, and, on the other, a Second Chamber at once unreformed, impotent, and unreal. The policy of the Government is to retain whatever abuses there may be in the constitution of the Upper House in order to create prejudice against it, and prevent it from discharging any useful function. The policy of the Opposition is to remove the abuses in order that the reformed House may have the full confidence of the country and may play that secondary but important part in the working of the Constitution which all other great countries have assigned to their Second Chambers with admittedly good results. That is the issue which is to be tried. The Unionist party enter upon it with a full sense of its gravity, but also with the best hopes of a successful result. There seems no conceivable reason why anybody who voted against the Government three months ago

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